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THE GOLDEN HORSESHOE



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THE GOLDEN HORSESHOE

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THE GOLDEN HORSESHOE

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF CAPTAIN H. L. HERN-
DON OF THE 21ST U. S. INFANTRY, ON DUTY IN THE
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, AND LIEUTENANT LAW-
RENCE GILL, A.D.C. TO THE MILITARY GOV-
ERNOR OF PUERTO RICO. WITH A POST-
SCRIPT BY J. SHERMAN, PRIVATE,
CO. D, 21ST INFANTRY

EDITED BY

STEPHEN BONSAL

AUTHOR OF "THE FIGHT FOR SANTIAGO," ETC.

New York

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"The Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands, and the vast regions beyond will become the chief theatre of events in the world's great hereafter."

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, 1869.

"Whereas Oceana . . . is a commonwealth for increase and upon the mightiest foundation that any has been laid from the beginning of the world to this day. The Sea gives the law to the growth of Venice but the growth of Oceana gives the law to the Sea."

SIR JAMES HARRINGTON, 1656.

EDITOR'S PREFACE

As I read and read again the following correspondence between two inconspicuous actors in some of the stirring events that have marked the closing year, my impression that these letters constitute a document of history almost indispensable for the understanding of the new era, which began with the Treaty of Paris, grew into a settled conviction. Strong in this belief I spared no effort, and have at last been successful in overcoming the natural reluctance of those to whom the letters were addressed, to seeing words, which were written for the information and the consolation of a narrow circle of family and friends, laid bare to the colder scrutiny of the greater public.

It was my fortune to spend the years of 1895 and 1896 in the Far East, and my travels extended along the east coast of Asia, from Siberia to Sumatra. Many of these journeys were made in an official capacity, and all were certainly undertaken under circumstances which were most favorable to observation, yet I must confess that I utterly failed to grasp the meaning of the political panorama which the east coast of Asia, with its civilization in decay, its tottering thrones and vanishing races, and the flourishing colonies of the European powers, with their promise of growth and expansion, presents to the observer to-day, until these notes of

things seen and experienced by Captain Herndon during the eventful voyage of the U. S. transport *Sherman* to the Philippines fell into my hands.

I may say that the incidents of the Westward movement of our race, slow but irresistible, like the progress of a glacier, moving in obedience to natural laws, have always been with me a study of absorbing interest. Yet until this correspondence, in which the story of expansion is told with unstudied simplicity and unconscious force, was opened to me, I did not realize the historical connection, the natural sequence of the generations, between the men of Devon who left England, then but a "swan's nest in a quiet pool," to cross the stormy Atlantic, between the knights of the Golden Horseshoe who followed Alexander Spotswood across the barrier of the Blue Ridge, between all those stalwart pioneers and pathfinders who won the West, and the exploits of Perry and Dewey, who, following the path of civilizing empire, carried our flag across the Pacific.

Although in the course of the Westward movement to the East we have climbed mountains, in comparison with which the peaks of the Blue Ridge, that seemed impassable to the Virginia planters, are but foot-hills, and crossed a spacious sea, to which the Atlantic is but indeed a narrow pond, yet it was only yesterday that we reached the goal which the early navigators and settlers, whose blood is our blood, sought to find between the Virginia Capes, and in sailing up to the headwaters of the James and the Potomac. "For Sir Francis Drake was on the back side of Virginia in his voyage about the world in thirty-seven degrees, and now all the question is, only how broad the land may be to that place [*i.e.* California] from the head of James River

above the falls. By prosecuting discoveries in this direction the planters in Virginia shall gain the rich trade of the East Indies." These are sentiments not of an expansionist of to-day, but the words of the unknown author of *A Perfect Description of Virginia*, of which he delivered himself in the year 1649.

To-day when, by the grace of Admiral Dewey's victory in Manila Bay, we stand at the cross-roads of the Eastern seas, and China, once, as Marco Polo truly wrote, "Ye greatest kyngdome" in the world, lies before us in hopeless decline, the question of the hour by which we are confronted is whether the door of China is to be opened to or closed upon our trade and our civilization; whether the policy of fair trade and equal opportunity for all, which is honored in the English-speaking world, is to be maintained, or whether the Plantation System, long since discarded by us, but still regarded with favor by Russia, Germany, and France, is to take its place. In a word, whether the last market of the world, with its six hundred millions of people, is to become a closed preserve and a forbidden land, with defences far more formidable than ever crowned the legendary wall of China, or the natural field of expansion for our trade and commerce. With the opinions which Captain Herndon expresses as to our duty in this crisis, both toward the people of Asia and those who come after us, I am in complete accord.

To these letters I find I am indebted for a better understanding, which has brought with it a greater confidence, in the men who are engaged upon the problems of peace in the West Indies and the task of pacification in the East Indies, which the irresistible course of events has imposed upon us. More closely even than by our

solicitude the administrators of our new possessions are followed by the eyes of the greater world, and from the manner in which they acquit themselves the measure of the new power, which was called into the service of civilization and of humanity as a result of the Spanish-American War, will be taken. I, for one, have never permitted myself to doubt but what these new problems will be resolved in a way worthy of our deeds in the past and our promise for the future. Should a feeling of similar confidence be aroused in the breasts of any into whose hands these pages may fall, the publication of a private correspondence will be more than justified as a public benefit.

For obvious reasons, the names of the writers have been changed, and some portions of the correspondence have been omitted as immaterial or of an entirely personal nature, but with these exceptions and omissions noted, the letters stand as they were written in camp and in the field, upon the firing line and in the hospital, upon strange seas and at home, in storm-swept Puerto Rico, and in the jungles and rice-fields of Luzon. Indeed, under all the various circumstances and the strange vicissitudes which have attended the incidents of the wonderful year upon which the leaves are falling now.

STEPHEN BONSAI.

HAYDEN ISLAND,
ALEXANDRIA BAY, N.Y.,
October 25, 1899.

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THE GOLDEN HORSESHOE

TOWSON, MD.,
December 2, 1898.

DEAR HERNDON:—

Seeing you registered at the Ebbitt House, I telegraphed to ask you to come over (I am only two hours away from the Capital) and have a talk about the campaign and the reorganization of the army. There are plenty of listeners here, but I hunger for a discussion or even a controversy to stir my blood, and the doctor also thinks that this would prove beneficial. Why should the generals have all the fun after the campaign as well as in it? So for these various reasons I was indeed sorry to get your reply saying it was impossible for you to come, and that you are under orders to report immediately for duty at Plattsburg Barracks. I wonder what they are going to do with you. Please let me know the moment you get an inkling. I suppose you have seen in the Register that the Sixth Infantry, or what is left of them, is back at Fort Thomas trying to recruit three hundred men worthy to replace those brave fellows who followed Egbert and fell on the slopes of San Juan Hill. As you know, the Sixth will probably be the first of the reënforcements sent to the

Philippines. Now I am going to confide in you a secret, or at least about half of one, and you must not breathe it even to your "bunkie." I am not to follow the old regiment, because the Board of Medical Survey has condemned me. I am to keep away from active service for at least six months, and in the meantime I go to Puerto Rico about January 1st, to act as personal aide to General Davis, who is expected to take over the government of that island with the new year.

I can quite well understand you feeling a little hurt at not having heard from me the moment I was able to write. Certainly, after all you and Sherman and "Long John" Waters did for me after I had stopped my bullet, it was the very least I could have done to show my appreciation; and, dear man, I did it. I can cross my fingers and swear that the first letter I wrote after I was able to sit up was addressed to you. I sent it to Montauk or to the adjutant-general's office,—I do not remember which very clearly,—and I suppose the letter has been lost in the shuffle. This, however, should in a way be for you a matter of congratulation, for the present epistle will not prove as long as the previous one. I have been reading the other fellows' yarns, and the conclusion is forced upon me that my experiences, however startling they seemed at the time, were not singular, and that we all fared and shared pretty much alike.

Do you ever sit down and hold your head and think hard to try and take in all the things that have happened since the day the *Maine* was blown up less

than a year ago, and you and I cut Dickman's lecture on tactics, and bought Spanish grammars, and sat up nights over railway maps of Cuba, all that was available at Leavenworth, while the other fellows laughed and said, "There will be no war" — a strange tangle it has been truly, and we are only beginning to see our way clear now.

But here goes for the yarn, and don't interrupt me once I get started, for you have brought it all upon yourself. Well, the last I saw of you after you dragged me out of the line of fire and put me down under the cottonwood tree, you were following McKibbin, who looked as tall as a beanpole, and the Twenty-first, stretched out in line of battle, was sweeping down into the valley by the side of San Juan Fort, and going up the second hill on the left at the double quick, and it looked as though you were going in to Santiago then and there. I felt a lot better the moment you got me out of the sun, and tried to take an interest in the things that were going on about me, though I confess it was all very confused, and I am afraid I shall not be able to give a straight account of how the battle was fought and won until my grandchildren come upon the scene, when of course it will be absolutely necessary to do so. Soon what they call in the story books the tide of battle swept away from my particular neighborhood, leaving me an interested spectator of an apparently empty field. Out of sheer loneliness I tried to feel like a hero, and tried to think a hero's thoughts, and say what he says under his breath, so low that only the author can hear him;

but you know somehow I couldn't manage it—the whole thing was too confoundedly real for that. To tell you the truth, what I thought about most was whether they would court-martial me for having become impatient and started up the side of the hill without any particular orders, simply because I couldn't stand still any longer and had a feeling that the man who had been sent with the orders to charge had been shot, or that the man who didn't give the orders ought to be shot,—it never was quite clear in my mind which and it isn't to this day,—and of course all the time I was hoping and praying that the boys would succeed all along the line, and then of course there would be no court-martial.

Then, though it seemed to me I was the only man in sight, I began to notice the guinea grass in the meadow below and on the lower slopes of the hills falling in swathes as though mowed down by the sweep of some great invisible scythe, and the sweep came nearer and nearer until it was high time to think, and I did think a great deal as to whether the cottonwood tree, which I was hugging so close, was tough enough to stop a bullet. For a long time—indeed not until hours after I was knocked over did I feel in the least hurt. The sensation was at first as though some one had sneaked up behind me and given me a blow with a baseball bat. I could not say exactly where the blow had fallen. I wasn't particularly hurt anywhere, only I had no control over my body and lower limbs. I could move my right hand a little and my neck, which was

useful; so I spent the time in chewing grass that was damp and moist and helped to quench my burning thirst, and every now and then in peeping an inch or two around the trunk of the tree to have a look at what was going on. Perhaps, for all the sensation I had of being "all there" with the limitations I have mentioned, my eyes had lost their power of sight and my ears the faculty of hearing, for it is a fact that for a long time now I saw and heard nothing. The whole battle-field seemed deserted, and I did not catch the crack of a single rifle, though the tassels of the guinea grass continued to fall all around me. I imagine I was in a state of physical collapse without being unconscious, and the first thing that aroused me was a low humming noise as if you fellows were cheering about ten miles away on the left, and then I saw the cavalrymen swarming down one hill and plodding up the next, and so I guessed everything had gone all right. Then I began to get cross, in fact, I soon became raving mad at those artillerymen of ours back on El Pozo Hill, who it seemed had only gotten the range of San Juan Hill when our men had taken it. Just as I decided to have the whole outfit placed in arrest, to give the finishing touch to my bad humor, one of their shells came screaming along and knocked off a big branch of my tree which fell with a crashing noise within a foot of my head. But at last they understood the signals; the firing died away, and I saw there was still a slim chance of my finishing that course of tactics at Leavenworth.

Then there was another pause (for stillness and tranquillity the Maine woods or a Colorado cañon could not touch some of the odd corners of the San Juan field), but I did not want this rest cure, anything but that, it made me more nervous and uneasy than the racket of a few moments before, and then I suppose it was, when my hearing came back to me, I heard a rustling in the grass and the dry wood breaking under a heavy tread. At first I thought it was a horse that was advancing so steadily up behind me on all fours — then it breathed like a man — well, if I had done what I wanted to, I should have yelled for dear life; but I argued that would be unsoldierly and useless as well, for as far as I could see there was not a bluecoat in sight except those heaps of them lying so still along the line of the wire fence in the meadow below. There was now no doubt in my mind but what it was a “gorilla,” as Sherman and Waters called the Spanish irregulars, and that one of them was coming to make short work of me. “Well, who cares,” I thought; “better that than to live a cripple,” and then a familiar face appeared over my shoulder, and a voice I should have known among a thousand said, “Well, boy, have you stopped a bullet too?” and my “gorilla” turned out to be M—— of the Sixteenth, with a good-natured smile upon his face, though he certainly had nothing to be thankful for. He had been struck with a piece of one of our own shells, and as he crawled along one of his legs trailed behind, looking as though it did not belong to him. I said nothing; I guess the effort to meet my fate fairly

and squarely had taken it out of me, not a little. Then the whole business began to dance around, and my teeth to chatter. It grew dark and so cold very suddenly, and the last thing I remember was M——, God bless him for it! squeezing his canteen to give me the last few drops of coffee and water he had, and putting his arm on my shoulder, and saying, "That will pass, my boy, and you'll be all right; we've got the hill, that's the main thing, and the hospital men and the doctors will come along soon."

When I came to I felt much better; I could move my neck and hands more freely. I would have sprung to my feet, I felt so restored in every way, only it seemed that my feet did not belong to me and a heavy weight across my thighs pinned me to the ground, so I only peeped around the tree and saw our flag waving from the blockhouse, and that, I can tell you, set the blood in circulation better than a good stiff drink, or at least just as well. I shouted for M——, I wanted to tell him all about it, but there was not a sign of him, and this puzzled me not a little, for he was not the man to desert his pal; then I thought, he has crawled down into the valley to call the stretcher men. If I could only get that weight off my hip, perhaps I could move, certainly I would be a lot more comfortable; so I made a great effort to roll and turned over and over, and as I rolled a foot or two away from the tree something heavy fell to the ground, and I saw it was M——, who had been shot, and fallen over me, and lay there now before me with his face to the ground.

At last the hospital men appeared. When they turned M—— over and saw he was dead they left him and came on to me. Then I had another fainting spell and that saved me from leaving M—— alone out there in the long grass. When I came to they were carrying me down the jungle road swung in a damp blanket; all the rush and excitement of the morning, of when we were advancing under such a heavy fire to make our jump in the dark was gone now, I can assure you. They carried me till we came to the "bend" where the road again crosses the San Juan; here was the dressing station; and on the near side of the stream, protected in a measure by the high bank, hundreds upon hundreds of our poor fellows were stretched out in rows and files awaiting the coming of the doctors. Some were long since dead, others past all helping, and they all lay there shoulder to shoulder in the chill air of the evening. Nearly all of them were stripped to the waist, and indeed many of them were absolutely without any covering except the blood-stained first aid bandages that some comrade had wrapped about their wounds when they fell.

Word was passed to us by the hospital men, as they hurried back to the hill, that we were to wait here for the ambulances to carry us back to the division hospital. Had we taken them literally at their word we would all be lying in the "bloody bend" still, for, as it turned out, the ambulances had been left behind at Tampa. That was a ghastly choice that General Shafter had to make when he learned how limited were the transport facilities that the Government could place at his disposal. When

it narrowed down, as it did, to choosing between ambulances and the medical stores and appliances for the wounded, and the men that were necessary to carry the enemy's position, of course he was right in choosing the latter, though it was a cruel alternative, and one which we should see is never imposed upon an American general again.

There was so much natural indignation, after the campaign was over, about the embalmed beef and the other shortcomings in preparation and outfit, that to me it has seemed, in the popular clamor and outcry, the principal feature of the campaign has been lost sight of, and little credit has been given for what was accomplished. The great mass of our people, and indeed many who took part in the campaign, have been so carried away by the flood of controversy, that they seem to have quite lost sight of the fact that the Fifth Corps was sent up against a "tough proposition," and that we only pulled through by the skin of our teeth. For my own part, I confess, when I remember what we had to encounter, how considerable were the odds against us, I am at times inclined, not only to doubt the accuracy of the other fellows' narratives of how we succeeded, but even my own recollection of the results secured.

Have you ever had time to think it all over? I imagine not, so, at the risk of boring you, I am going to state my conception of the campaign, as I have studied it out during the many hours that fell heavy on my hands in the hospital, and this is how it looks to me.

On a small island, several hundred miles from a suitable base on our shores, were 200,000 troops of the enemy, all, without exception, well armed and with the experience of two or three seasons in the country where the campaign had to be fought, so they were not only acclimated, but should have been thoroughly conversant with the nature of the ground. To meet the emergency, our army, a skeleton corps of improvised regiments, hastily jumbled together and numbering in all, including 2000 volunteers, only 16,000 men, was sent across the sea, and it was expected of us, with the coöperation of the navy, that we should capture one of the chief towns of the island, known to be a strong place by nature, fortified with considerable engineering skill, and defended by from 12,000 to 15,000 rifles. It should be borne in mind, that there were not only 200,000 Spanish soldiers on the island of Cuba, but that in the military department of Santiago, that is, within a hundred miles of the city we were sent to capture, there were from 15,000 to 20,000 other troops who, it was to be expected, would push to the relief of their threatened stronghold, as indeed some of them—about 4000 men—did succeed in doing.

Now of course to the merest tyro in military affairs, this proposition has only to be presented to be rejected as a foolhardy venture, that is, unless assurances were given which justified the authorities in Washington in believing that under the circumstances and the conditions existing on the spot (of which they of course had no information but what the naval officers on the scene had

given them) that the coöperation and support which the navy would be in a position to furnish the landing parties would prove to be of the greatest value and assistance, and indeed, as it appears now, such assurances and of the most unreserved and outspoken character had been received in Washington before the military expedition was decided upon. In his official despatches, since made public, Admiral Sampson stated that with an army of 10,000 men once landed, the Spaniards could not maintain their positions around Santiago, and that within forty-eight hours the city must fall.

Any one reading the despatches from the naval commander-in-chief would conclude, and indeed no one in Washington or with the army doubted for a moment, but what the land defences and the sea batteries had suffered most severely during the various bombardments by the fleet, and that the Spanish guns for the most part had been silenced. Now, so far from this being the case, as we learnt to our cost, practically both the sea and land batteries of the Spaniards were as effective for the defence of the place, and perhaps more so, on the day of the surrender, as they had been when the American fleet first appeared in the offing. The North Atlantic squadron destroyed the Spanish fleet in short order, when the opportunity came, and so of course cut Santiago off from reënforcements by sea; but beyond the moral effect of this victory upon the Spanish land forces they did not render the slightest assistance to our army in carrying out what was for us the principal object of the expedition, namely, the capture of the city

and garrison of Santiago, which, as I have said, would never have been for a moment taken into consideration had not more, a very great deal more, been expected from the navy in the way of coöperation.

You will remember what our feelings were after we had been ashore a few days, how great was our surprise when we found ourselves quite isolated, and saw that as far as the land side of the venture was concerned, we should have to stand or fall quite alone. Perhaps Admiral Sampson was only oversanguine in reporting the damage inflicted by his ships upon the Spanish land defences; perhaps he was at fault, in the beginning, in underestimating the strength of the Spanish position and the facilities which they possessed for defending the place; still, nothing at the time could account for the inexplicable way in which he held aloof with his fleet, and, as it seemed to us, left the army to shift for itself in getting out of a very tight place which it had entered at his invitation and suggestion; and of course no one in Washington, and no one with the army, would, for a moment, have countenanced the campaign in the conditions I have outlined, and under which it was fought out, had not such great reliance been placed upon the effective coöperation of the navy.

To-day much has been cleared up by the publication of the despatches of the Navy Department, and I cannot sufficiently regret the grumbling and worse which, at about this time, was loud throughout the army against Sampson and the fleet, though under the circumstances it was all natural enough — now, however, the mystery

is explained. It was about this time that our relations with Germany, though officially all right, had actually become strained, owing to the equivocal attitude of the German admiral at Manila, and Sampson had received orders which had to be obeyed, however disagreeable they may have been, to the effect that he was not to attempt to enter the harbor of Santiago, or undertake any other operation that would endanger the safety of any of his armored vessels.

Well, we went ahead, alone and unassisted practically, and we succeeded, and 23,000 men of the enemy, all behind intrenchments, surrendered to our expedition of 16,000 after a three weeks' campaign, and we received their surrender at a time when we had not more than 8000 men effective for duty.

I am not at all jealous of the navy and I glory in their exploits, and I am sure that the success of the navy is a success for the army, and glorious for all of us; but facts are facts, and credit and honor should be given where they are due;—as the opening of a new era in the East Dewey's bloodless victory in Manila Bay is worthy of every consideration, in fact it is epoch-making, but as a naval exploit it was insignificant. Dewey had every advantage that better ships and better guns can give, and he availed himself of his every advantage most intelligently. The battle of Manila would, however, only deserve to be recorded as a great naval victory had Dewey fought the Spanish ships, the Spaniards ours, and our gunners have still secured the victory.

But there, as you see, like all the Santiago veterans, I have wandered from the subject in hand and fallen quite naturally into controversy. I believe, however, that these facts will not escape history, and that the land fighting around Santiago will come to be regarded as the most creditable performance of American arms during the Spanish war, and that due honor will be given to the men who bore the brunt of the fighting. . . .

I think I left off my personal narrative and began this military disquisition at about the moment when I found myself dumped out of my blanket stretcher and left to shift for myself among the heaps of wounded huddled together on the banks of the San Juan. As you know, the ambulances never did come, and the army wagons, that were to replace them, came late. Hurriedly and with scant ceremony as were the wounded slung into these rough carts and carried three miles back to the division hospital, our transportation did not keep pace with the throngs of wounded that were now coming in or being brought down in every conceivable way from the slopes of the hill where they had fallen; so the later it grew the crowds of wounded, in our improvised dressing station, far from diminishing, became larger, and the inadequacy of our facilities for caring for the wounded only more glaringly apparent.

The stretcher men, as was natural, dropped their burdens of groaning flesh as near to the road as possible, and these, of course, being the nearest to hand, were the first to be slung into the wagons and sent

back to the rear; so it soon became apparent that the wounded who, like myself, had been brought in at a comparatively early hour would be the last to reach the hospital. That night, as ill luck would have it, you will remember, the brightest and most brilliant moon I have ever seen rose early and shed its cold penetrating light over all the horrors, — nothing was hid to the eye. The night was clear and still, and we heard every moan of our neighbors and every death-rattle as we lay in the damp grass awaiting our turn for whatever was to come.

How long this lasted I haven't the most remote idea; every now and then I would lose consciousness and then come to again only to find myself surrounded by the same familiar scenes, and to note here and there a new face among the sufferers or that a familiar one was gone. At last I saw "Long John" Waters and Sherman walking slowly up and down through the rows of the wounded, and I knew they were looking for me. I tried to cry out to direct their footsteps and to hasten their coming, but I found I could not raise my voice above a whisper, so I kept my eyes glued upon them and waited patiently until they reached me. When I felt Sherman's arm about my shoulders, and he gave me the drink of coffee you had sent down, I can tell you I felt better immediately, — almost up to my fighting weight. Ewers had sent them down to bring in a wounded man and to keep an eye on me, and I can tell you they did it. They loaded me into the next wagon that came and kept close to me

all the way down to the hospital. It must have been two o'clock in the morning, I should say, when they carried me into the bamboo enclosure. After waiting a few minutes in the guinea grass, which, thank God, kept me from seeing what was going on, Sherman and Waters stripped me and carried me to the surgeon's table, and there, in the glare of the lanterns and the smoke of the pine torches, I believe they dug several bullets out of me, but you had better ask Sherman about that. He asked for permission to keep one as a souvenir and as a sure cure against warts, and I have another; then they took me back again away from the crowd and put me down in a quiet corner where I would have been very comfortable but for the cold. They both hustled about for a few minutes and then Sherman returned with a blanket which, he said, he had picked up in the road. It was not a likely tale, and I am quite confident it was his own. I tried to refuse, but he would not hear of it. "There is many a man lying on San Juan Hill to-night," he said, "who don't need any blanket at all any more, and I will make free with one of theirs." They wrapped me up carefully, and soon I was as warm as toast, and only then they hurried back to the front to be ready for the fighting at daybreak.

The ride of ten miles back to Siboney which I made a few hours later, also in an army wagon, must have been a terrible experience, but I can only judge of it from the scars and bruises I received, some of which I carry to this day. Fortunately for me, I was un-

conscious throughout the journey, so I can't tell that yarn. I only remember waiting in the wagon for what seemed an eternity outside the narrow gate of the hospital, awaiting our quota of men, and then the crack of the whip and the mules backing and filling, as they always do before they take to pulling, and then I knew no more until I awoke under a tent at Siboney. Here they dug out another bullet, which the surgeon at the front had overlooked. Not that I blame him, for he only had two minutes to give me!

When I began to take notice of things again, many days had passed, all the rush and hurry was over, the high pressure had been removed, convalescents limped along the beach and through the hospital streets, waiting for something to happen, and nothing ever did. We had only one interest in life, and that was whether the inevitable afternoon rain would come early or late; and this was, I can assure you, a question of vital importance to us. If it came early, there would still be enough sunlight to dry out in after the shower had passed. If it came late, then we had to spend the night soaked through to the skin, and every night it was growing colder and colder. But we could have stood all manner of discomforts, if only something had happened, and if only we had received now and again a bit of news to let us know that we were still on the same planet with the other fellows. Siboney seemed, during these days, to be under a spell. On shore there was utter stagnation. Outside, the transports were circling idly about like great gulls. After a while we

came to regard them simply as painted ships upon a painted ocean, and not real although they did move.

I was rather hot, I can tell you, with our fellows, for the way they were neglecting me. They might have dropped in every now and then—especially during the armistice—to find out how I was getting along and to bring me the news; but now I absolve them from all blame. They had diligently traced me through all my wanderings, and, as perhaps you know, received documentary evidence to the effect that I had been sent home on the *Seneca*. But at the time I knew nothing of this; and you may imagine my surprise, when one morning I lit my pipe with a whisp of newspaper, to read upon it my own name in a headline, and my still greater astonishment, as I read on, to learn that Lieutenant Lawrence Gill, one of the San Juan heroes, had reached New York, where he was met at quarantine by his father and mother, and that the meeting, copious details of which were given, was affecting. I have no doubt it was, but not more affecting, I think, than the scene at Siboney, when I read of my good fortune which some other hero was enjoying. As it turned out, the hero was Johnstone of the Thirteenth. The hospital men had gotten our tickets mixed up as we lay side by side in the field hospital, and he had gone home in my berth and on my billet,—a piece of dumb luck for him, if I ever heard of one. In the meantime, I sat day after day wondering who in the dickens the fellow was who looked and felt so much like the shadow of my former

self, but who, instead of being in New York and in the embrace of fond parents, sat and waited for something to happen on the beach at Siboney. It was about this time that they decided to burn the village in a belated effort to stamp out the yellow fever, and it was interesting to watch the columns of smoke which curled up on every side, but somewhat monotonous. Then a band of Cuban patriots of the stripe that was very careful to keep away from the front, came marching and counter-marching up and down the hospital streets, full of aguar-diente and threats to murder every one of us in revenge for the burning of their pigsties. We only had about ten able-bodied soldiers in the place, — this was before the Twenty-fourth came back to guard the hospital, — and there were moments when it looked as though something were going to happen, if that something were only a massacre, but I was mistaken. Soon the Cubans went sour on their tippie and disappeared like snakes in the jungle.

I kept quiet, and every morning the doctor would drop in and look me over, say I was doing nicely, and pass on to the next man. One morning he surprised me by not making use of his encouraging if somewhat stereotyped words. He returned in an hour or two and took my temperature and pulled down my eyelids as though he had never seen green eyes before. A few minutes later four men of the hospital corps came along, sprinkled me with disinfectants, and loaded me on a stretcher without so much as touching me. "Well, where am I bound now?" I asked. "You go to the

yellow fever hospital," said one of them, with a good-natured grin. They were as good as their word, and in a few minutes they loaded me on to one of the flat ore-cars with about a dozen other suspects and two real yellow fever patients. Here we lay for some hours, until the old engine, which the Spaniards had set fire to and we had fitted up, was coupled on, and then we started for the mines, three or four miles into the interior, where the yellow fever hospital had been finally located.

Of course that engine broke down, and of course in the hottest hour of the day and in the sunniest spot in Cuba. We lay there until evening, when the crippled engine was detached and we were rolled up to our gloomy quarters by man power. In about a week, when the scare had subsided, they found out that I didn't have the fever at all, and after burning all my belongings so variously acquired, I came back on the ore-cars and began life all over again on the beach with a flannel shirt for all my outfit. I did not want the Siboney doctors to be prying into my eyes again. They didn't look right, even to me. I had a terror of again being condemned as a yellow fever suspect and sent back to the mines for my sins, so I preferred to give the wound hospital a wide berth and take chances with what I could pick up on the shore, and it was not so bad. I took possession of a comfortable tent with luxurious furnishings and etceteras which a mess of newspaper men had left standing just as it was when they went home the moment they learned of the surrender, an event which, of course,

knocked all the news value out of the campaign. At first I called my new residence "Lonesomeville." Soon, however, a number of discharged men and convalescents came to bunk with me, and whatever else we may have lacked it certainly wasn't company.

Some of these fellows had been ordered to report to their regiments, but were too weak to make the journey to the front on foot. Though many of them made the attempt, it seemed to me hardly worth while to order them up, as after the surrender men were not so urgently needed. We got no more information from the outside world than if we had been marooned on Robinson Crusoe's Island. We didn't hear of the surrender until four days after it took place, but we had suspected it the moment the fleet of transports, that had been drifting idly in the offing for so many weeks, got up full steam and disappeared in the west. One night, at last, we were awakened by hearing a ship blowing off steam and emptying her ashes out in the bay. How we did it I don't know, but we got on board that ship, every one of us in about ten minutes. When we told them who we were, for at first they had thought we were buccaneers come over from the Spanish Main, we were informed that this heaven-sent vessel was a transport from Ponce bound for Fortress Monroe with wounded and sick. She was not overloaded, there was room on board for all of us, and we never went back to "Lonesomeville" to get our kits. The skipper said he would wait for us, but when a man has been on the beach for two weeks he takes no chances.

War is war, and you can never make it anything else however many Peace Conferences and Red Cross Congresses you may convene ; but there was one thing about this campaign that somebody ought to swing for, and that was the foul water which was furnished the transports. Ours was simply putrid ; you had to hold your nose while you drank it, and in consequence many a poor fellow, who had survived his wound and the other inevitable dangers of the campaign, soon sickened and died. Even to-day I hate to ask for news of the men who sailed with us, for in one way or another I have heard of the death of five of them from typhoid fever after they reached home. . . .

Sometimes I dream of that great saloon in which we spent so many hours, the Social Hall as it was called, and I awaken in a cold perspiration. It was filled with red plush sofas and steam heaters ; I think in times of peace this transport was engaged in the Arctic trade, sailing from Newfoundland or Nova Scotia. We had a contract surgeon on board, a boy of about twenty-two, to take care of us, and he did it, though there were a hundred of us, including fever patients, and he was alone and unassisted except by two or three volunteers of the Two Hundred and Second, New York, who had been sent down to Santiago on some foolish errand, I think it was to carry steel-plate shields weighing about eighty tons apiece to strengthen our intrenchments at the front, and this at a time when we did not have sufficient transportation to give the men more than half rations. These fellows saw their chance and they took it ; they worked day and night

with the surgeon, not only with a will, but with great intelligence. I only wish I could remember the names of those boys, and I would like to have a chance to write upon their discharge papers what fine fellows we all knew them to be.

The first feeling of being wounded, especially in a winning fight, is nothing, — it is the days that come after, when you are weak and worried and fretful that are unbearable, especially steaming through the sweltering doldrums on a steamer fitted out for Arctic voyages. The central figure in the Social Hall was Major A——: both of his legs had been broken and badly shattered by a piece of shell, another fragment had given him an ugly face wound. His legs were drawn up and held in the air by slings, and it was only with his shoulder-blades that he rested upon his couch. He would never walk again and he knew it; he had spent forty years of his life in the army; he was not a hustling man to begin with, I take it, and army routine and red tape had crushed all the initiative out of him. There he lay before us from morning until night, and from night until morning, studying the ceiling and the patterns of the upholstery, and thinking and thinking. “What is the major thinking about?” we often asked, and one night he told us, as an apology to the crowd of convalescents and cripples all about him, for not entering upon the childish games with which they conspired to cheat time. “Boys, I have a heap to think about; I am thinking if there is a place in the United States where

a cripple like myself can feed and clothe and educate nine children on \$1800 a year — that will be about my figure when the Board condemns me, and of course if I die there will only be the pension.” That was a hard problem; and as we could extract no comfort from it for him, at last we left him alone to study it out by himself.

One day some one discovered an odd volume of Charles O'Malley on board. The lucky finder sat in the Social Hall and laughed and chuckled, and laughed again in the face of all the ghastly surroundings of the place, until we, who had nothing to read that would make us laugh, or even hold our attention, rose in the majesty of our greater numbers and confiscated the book for the public good. Each man in turn read a chapter aloud, and we all felt lonely indeed, as though the life of the ship had departed, when the story was finished and we closed the cover on the doings of O'Malley, Power, and Considine. “That book is a terrible indictment against the Board of Strategy in Washington,” said Colonel H——. “We ought to have waged this war against Spain, in the port and sherry-wine districts, where a fellow could quench his thirst, and not down there where nothing comes out of the ground but land-crabs. Ugh!”

We had given up all thought of seeing land again, we had been at sea so long, when late one night, or, as it turned out to be, early one morning, as I dozed on my red plush lounge with old newspapers doing duty as sheets, I heard the magic rattle of the anchor chain, followed by a great splash.

As I hobbled up on deck the day was breaking, and I saw we had slipped through the Capes in the night, and were now at anchor off Fortress Monroe. Men who hadn't put foot to ground for many a long day came climbing up the companionway in answer to my shout, and, well, the physical pain they suffered didn't count with the joy they had of seeing God's country again. We were where we had so often wished to be; and so we cheered everything in sight, the sandy shores, the scrub pines, the old casemated fort, and the hotels that rose before us sky-high.

When the doctor came out in his launch he seemed a pleasant, inoffensive little man, not that we paid much attention to him then, we had too many other things to look at, and we regarded his visit purely as a matter of form; as for fevers and such things we were back in God's country once again, and didn't have to bother about them any more, we thought. So we packed away, and shook hands and said last words preparatory to separating and going ashore, but for the best part of the time we leant over the ship's rail, and watched the railway cars as they ran along the shore, and the steamers as they went in and out, wondering whether it would be by land or by sea that the last stage in our journey home was to be made. Then the bad news came. You could have heard a pin drop, when that quiet and inoffensive little man announced, and with evident regret too I shall do him the justice to say, that several of our fever patients presented suspicious symptoms, and that he would have to place our transport

under observation for twenty-four hours, and await developments. All the pretty pictures and the pleasing prospects which the sight of land had conjured up, and which had all seemed so real, vanished, and we felt again as we did in the days when we were beach combers on the shore at Siboney, with not a sail in sight. The suggestion which one optimist made that perhaps the doctor's decision was but a formal precaution and that we would all be permitted to land the next day was voted down unanimously—even the proposer did not stand by his views. Whenever we had trusted anything to chance, it had always turned out against us, and we were satisfied that there were cases of yellow fever on board, and that the doctor was simply breaking the news to us gently. He would probably let us have the truth in the morning, and then we would be in for ten days' quarantine at least, and some of us would not land at all, but die like rats, and that, too, in sight of home.

Then the mournful council of war adjourned, and we were put to our usual expedient for killing time. There is nothing like a rubber of whist to attain this object, especially when you are cooped up on a transport, and it certainly was provoking, and the least thing was irritating at such a moment, that Eppes, our fourth man—you remember him from Fort Riley days, a tall lank Virginian in the Second Artillery—could not be found. I had made up my mind to volunteer to play with the dummy, much as I dislike it, when suddenly we discovered our man. I had almost said unearthed

him, but the fact is we caught sight of him in the crow's-nest, up aloft, leaning far out and scrutinizing the scene very much in the traditional attitude of Napoleon looking down upon the world and the ruins of the generations from the Pyramids. He answered our hail with anything but enthusiasm, and the little major who was in a towering rage (he had pried into every nook and corner of the ship after the missing man) snorted, "Well, what in the devil's name were you doing up there, Eppes?"

"Why," he answered ingenuously, as though what he had been doing was the most natural thing in the world, "I have been taking a bird's-eye view of Virginia—the Old Dominion, you know, before the expansion came."

We all laughed. Eppes was a queer fellow, there was no doubt about that, and the major, obviously for the purpose of killing time with a little incidental amusement, began to draw him out.

"And what did you see, my son?"

"Why, I saw it all, about all there was of it, at least, for the first hundred years."

"Well, what's the name of that place over there, the tall village composed exclusively of grain elevators?" inquired the major.

"Why, that's the terminus of the Western Railroad, and through those elevators perhaps one-half of our export wheat passes," answered Eppes, with a touch of state pride. "It's called Newport's News, though to-day they have forgotten all about the history of the place,

and have dropped the apostrophe and the 's'—the heathens."

"Well, you tell us all about it, Eppes, especially about the apostrophe and the 's,'" wheedled the major, with a wink at the rest of the party.

Eppes didn't wait to be asked a second time; he climbed about twenty feet up into the ratlines; we thought that in the first flush of his excitement he was going back to his station in the crow's-nest, but he stopped short of that and began, with many explanatory waves of the arm, to do the honors by presenting to our notice the salient features of his native state. Some of the places he pointed out I could not see in the same light that he did, and some I could not see at all, but of course, as is well known, affection is a great spur to the senses and renders them most acute.

"Just about where those grain elevators stand," he began, "through which millions and millions of people are fed every month, a little short of three hundred years ago a party of men, the survivors of the first English colony in Virginia, starving and dispirited, drew the canoes out of the water in which they had made their escape from Powhatan and the Pamunkeys. They were without provisions and nearly out of ammunition. Day and night, for many weeks, they worked felling timbers to build a long-boat in which, so desperate was their situation, they had decided to attempt a voyage to the Bermudas. One morning the sentinels, who watched while the others worked with the energy of despair, spied a sail coming in between

the Capes, over there where you and I see to-day a hundred sail and the smoky trail of a score of steamers. At first, in anticipation of still further bad fortune, they thought it must be the Spanish governor from Florida, who had come to execute his oft-repeated threat to hang any Englishman who presumed to settle in the territory of the Catholic kings by whom Virginia was then claimed, so the refugees drew their canoes into the bushes and cowered down in the brush awaiting the development of this new misfortune. But the strange ship sailed boldly in as a friend would, and English words came wafted to them from the English boat, and with loud hurrahs the refugees swarmed down on the beach to welcome Captain Newport, who had come to their relief; and what do you think he brought them?"

"Quail on toast," said the little major, who, though shot all to pieces, and crippled for life, would have what he called his joke.

"No, he brought them provisions to carry them through the winter and seed-corn and maize to plant in the spring, and so the refugees, being of the right stuff, went back to their deserted colony and stuck it out, and that's why these elevators are feeding millions of people to-day all over the world. Old Newport was a rival of Smith and a pretty tough old file, I believe. In the chronicles of the colony, and the archives of the Virginia Company, you can read the talking-to that he gave the refugees from Jamestown on this occasion.

"'We've got to bring the wilderness under cultivation and civilize those Pamunkeys, if it takes every man

in Devon or even in all England to do it,' he insisted. But as I told you, the refugees were the right sort. They went back and planted their seed-corn, and gathered their harvest, musket in hand, and that was the beginning of the Old Dominion."

Curiously enough, we had all been stationed at Fortress Monroe at one time or another, or visited army friends there, and the physical environment of the place was perfectly familiar to us, but we had not even guessed at the meaning of the old landmarks, until Eppes placed them before us, and in the light of his enthusiasm and affection made them live again. How many times, without knowing it, we had sailed over these waters, the birthplace of our nation, and tramped after ducks where the expansion of the English race received its baptism of fire and came out pure gold. Listening to Eppes, however, we saw the connection between the suffering of the stout-hearted pioneers and our present prosperity, between their small beginning and our world-wide empire for peace and civilization. And there was balm in the thought, I can tell you, that perhaps the little we had done and what we had suffered in Puerto Rico and Cuba for the sake of humanity and the honor of the flag, might be productive of similar and even more far-reaching results.

But Eppes did not leave us much time to reflect upon the changes that the centuries have wrought; he went straight ahead into the details of the picture which lay so near to his heart, while his eyes flashed and his lips quivered a little as he spoke.

"This is Old Point Comfort. Behind it the Admiral of New England sought refuge from the storm that threatened his ship with destruction. That little speck of land over there, just off Cape Charles, is Smith's Island. And while nobody around here to-day knows which Smith it is named after, two hundred years ago there was no room for doubt but what it was named after Captain John who first explored 'Ye sweete and wholesome land.' And that long neck of silver sand just opposite the fort, that's Willoughby Point which the king gave to the descendants of Sir Hugh in recognition of the services of the old navigator who said that man is as near Heaven on the sea as upon the dry land."

Then seeing that our interest was not on the wane, Eppes dropped his desultory manner of pointing out the salient features and began to box the historical compass in a more methodical way.

"You see the Capes out there?"

"Yes," we answered, in one breath, "we just can see them."

"Well, of course, they were named after the royal princes, Charles and Henry; and all the shore on your left as you come in, was called after Princess Anne, and is so known to this day, though who the lady was I never could make out;¹ and over there is Black Jack Bay, where Teach, the famous pirate, was hung, though not until he had terrorized the coast of Virginia and the Carolinas for years; and there is Norfolk, of which

¹ Probably Queen Anne.—THE EDITOR.

old Colonel Byrd, the seventeenth-century chronicler said, 'It has most the air of a town than any place in Virginia.' If you run over there and have a look around, you will see that it looks like a town still."

Then Eppes made us spin around on our heels, as though we were a raw lot of recruits, and we were, in these matters, and face north northwest.

"The low-lying land over there is Nansemond, and a little farther up is the mouth of the James River, named after the canny king, and the York, after the duke, and beyond that is the old capital of Williamsburg, and a little farther north still stand the trenches of Yorktown where Cornwallis surrendered and the struggle for independence was crowned with success. A little way up the river lies Warwick, one of the finest counties in the Tidewater, and when they named it, the Virginians were not as loyal as when they had sprinkled the names of royal princes and princesses all over the place. They said it was called after the old English shire, but really they had in mind the barons and the man who made and unmade kings. And," he concluded, "now you have seen all there was to it two hundred years ago when the barrier of the Blue Ridge blocked the way."

"And how she has grown in two hundred years," exclaimed the major, snapping his little black eyes. "The old dominion only stretched from the Capes to the mountains, but the new dominion reaches from Puerto Rico to the Philippines — more than half way around the world."

Then we gave three cheers for Old Virginia and Yankee Doodle, too, and three times three and a tiger for our new frontiers reaching out into the farthest seas.

We went into the smoking-room, for the breeze was chilly and our blood was thin from the months we had spent in the tropics. We had some ginger-ale which the doctor had kindly brought on board, and then we began to draw Eppes out on the subject of the expansion of the colony.

"Very soon," he continued, "the starving days of Newport's News were over and forgotten, and the Indians were brought into subjection; and the Pamunks in particular became friendly and were given the lands in King William's which they possess to this day. The Virginia planters grew fat and rich, and the world-winning instinct of the race was narcotized with the profits of tobacco, and instead of looking westward to the Blue Ridge which loomed up so mysteriously on the horizon, and beyond, they turned back and were talking about going home, and were even going there, and were forever having their agents send out brocades and spinets for their daughters, and canopied beds which they could not get into their houses, and buff body-coats, and diamond buckles; and some of them went to court at Williamsburg in bath chairs and cross-gartered like Malvolio, and perhaps without his excuse, and in these dull years the curiosity which Powhatan had excited in the breasts of Smith and Newport, with his tale of the Great Salt Sea to the west, subsided.

"This went on for several decades, all the colonists sticking up to their knees in the mud of the Tidewater counties and in the River Hundreds. Now and again an adventurous hunter would stalk the king's deer in the Piedmont country, but never a man of them all had the curiosity and the 'sand' to pass the barrier of the Blue Ridge and see what lay beyond. At last there was sent out a royal governor named Alexander Spotswood. He had lost a leg fighting in Flanders, and was wounded at Blenheim with Marlborough, but otherwise he was all there. When at the first levee Spotswood saw his Virginians ambling about in court costume of antiquated cut and taking snuff and discussing their gouty symptoms, he told them very frankly that he was ashamed of them. 'Up my hearties!' shouted the gruff old soldier, who had not come out to the colonies to be the king-pin of a liliputian court, 'Virginia must be greater and larger. Tobacco planting is all very well and a mint julep is a good drink, and so are hot waters, but what about the lands beyond the mountains which stretch out to the east, to the golden city of Xipangu?' The aristocratic planters of the James River Hundreds thought that the new viceroy was insane, and wrote back to London that he certainly did not have the *bel air*, and at last they openly worked to secure his removal.

"Seeing that nothing was to be done with such poor-spirited and gouty individuals, Spotswood turned the court and all the questions of etiquette and precedence over to the lieutenant-governor and set out himself to explore the West which, in some vague way, like the navi-

gators of an earlier day, he felt would lead to the golden East, though of course he had not the most remote suspicion of the thousands of miles of rich land and the seas which lay between him and the Eldorado of his dream.¹

“Well, one fine spring morning, I think it was in the year 1715, the governor set out from Williamsburg, and it is said that he wagered any number of hogs-heads of tobacco he would find the Pacific just over there behind the Blue Ridge. His good lady rode behind him on a pillion. The aristocratic planters remained in Williamsburg or sulked in their homes and made no secret of their wish to have the rattle-brained governor, who was trying to embark Virginia and the Virginians upon a policy of adventure, removed, so it was with only his servants and his lady, and without a single planter of those who were received at court that the governor started out upon another stage of the journey Westward Ho. However, as he travelled on doggedly, without fear of the Redskins or asking favors of the lazy whites, some ten or twelve young gentlemen one after another joined the party and asked with Virginian chivalry that they be permitted to serve as her ladyship’s escort. To make a long story short, and one which is now completely forgotten even in Virginia, Spotswood pushed on through the Piedmont country, the beautiful land that lies at the

¹ In 1608, Captain Newport stated he was confident the Pacific was only six days’ journey from Jamestown. To-day it is only five.—THE EDITOR.

foot of the mountains, and after much toil and many dangers he succeeded in scaling the Blue Ridge that had been a barrier to the expansion of Virginia for so many years. Upon the highest spur of the mountain he planted the flag, took formal possession of all the lands beyond in the name of the king, and then descended on the other side to the Shenandoah. Here, on the banks of the virgin stream that flowed he knew not whither, Spotswood with great ceremony dubbed his companions Knights of the Golden Horseshoe, and then and there founded the Transmontane Society to which only those were eligible who had turned their backs upon the ease and plenty of the Tidewater country and had crossed the Blue Ridge. To each man he promised as a recognition of his services to the crown in enlarging the territory of the Old Dominion, a golden horseshoe to wear upon his watch chain and upon this was to be inscribed the legend, '*Sic juvat transcendere montes.*'

"But in the fall, when the governor returned to his ill-affected city of Williamsburg, he learned that the purpose of his adventurous trip had been misunderstood or, more probably, misrepresented by his enemies of the stay-at-home class, and as a sign of his displeasure, the king, by Orders in Council, refused to pay for or have anything to do with the golden horseshoes which the governor had promised his companions in recognition of their daring.¹ Spotswood was not the

¹ There is very little reference in the colonial histories to Governor Spotswood's expedition or to the "transmontane order" which he founded,

man to be abashed, and he paid for the horseshoes out of his fortune, and presented them with great formality; and even before the Revolution in Virginia they were held in much higher honor than any gift of the king's making; and it can be said that this expedition changed the whole future of the colony. Instead of looking with lingering regret back at England, hundreds crossed the Blue Ridge, and soon the battle for the possession of Kentucky, 'the dark and bloody ground' began, and with it the expansion of the maritime colonies and the winning of the West."

Half in jest, and half in earnest, we then and there founded, placing Eppes in the chair, the Spanish War branch of the Golden Horseshoe. We stuck to the old device, but we have added to it a twin screw of an ocean steamer in miniature, and we have amplified the legend into, "These are the things that help to cross the mountains and to sail the seas." I did not propose you for membership, knowing what your feelings upon the subject of expansion are, but when you see the error of your way I shall use my influence as a founder to have you admitted.

Then we proceeded to our rubber, but it was not a

though Lieutenant Eppes is fully borne out by the historical data available. Campbell in his "History of Virginia" quotes Chalmers as saying that the English king refused to pay the cost of the horseshoes. In a note Campbell says that a Mrs. Bott had seen the horseshoe belonging to Governor Spotswood, and that it was small enough to be worn on a watch chain. About fifty years ago one of the horseshoes was in the possession of the Brooke family of Virginia, but it has since, I believe, been lost.

—THE EDITOR.

success. The little major trumped his partner's tricks, and Eppes was always leading from short suits, until at last we called it off, and went out upon the deck, to watch the grain elevators which rise to a towering height to-day on the spot where the first colonists nearly perished with hunger.

The next morning the doctor came out, and looked us all over again, more carefully even than before. He seemed uncertain what he should do, and when he finally went on shore it was to telegraph the facts to Washington, and leave the decision with the authorities there. About sundown a great tug came out, and with it our permission to land, and we all bundled on shore. Thousands of people were out on the long pier to meet us, and in one way or another, in ambulances and special trolley cars or on foot, we all reached the hospital. So there is my yarn, or as much of it, I am sure, as you can stand at one sitting. Let me have the budget of news you must have gathered at the Club and at the Department, and bear in mind that I am always interested in the movements of the Twenty-first. . . .

THE PALACE, SAN JUAN DE PUERTO RICO,
January 24, 1899.

MY DEAR HERNDON:—

Seeing by the mail that has just come in that the Twenty-first is under orders to sail for Manila, I hasten to tell you that both your charming letter and thoughtful present have been duly received, and that Mrs. Gill

is spending much time in composing a letter of thanks, couched in terms adequate to the obligation. For my part, I must thank you for the very diplomatic way in which you controlled the surprise you must have experienced when you read in the papers that I had fallen away from that noble band of young officers, who swore (I wonder if we really were so foolish as to swear?) not to marry until they had attained their majorities—in the service, we meant, and not in years.

. . . I must confess that seeing you ordered to Manila, and reading over the names of all the other fellows who are out there, or on the way, has made me not a little restless. Sometimes I wish I were going too, only, you see, I am beginning to understand a little of what old Colonel Hodson meant when he said, referring to the eight hostages Mrs. Hodson had given to the enemy, "You see how I am situated, boys."

I was also glad to see that your promotion has come, and that you go out to the Philippines with a captaincy. I congratulate you and the company both very heartily, though doubtless it is no new sensation for you, as I remember you were in command of your company throughout the Santiago campaign. What changes, my son, since twelve months ago, when you and I were simply hanging on to the ragged edge of the list of first lieutenants! I have been advanced one hundred and twenty numbers myself, stepping over the men the Spanish bullets and the Cuban fevers laid low. With now only twenty numbers between me and the top of

the list, and with the gray-headed brigade dropping off so fast under the thirty years' service clause, you had better be extremely careful in addressing your letters, for I, too, soon shall have a new handle to my name.

But you ask me to tell you how it happened, so here goes. I think my veracious, if somewhat gloomy, narrative of the adventures of an officer after the battle of San Juan came to an end at the moment when the quarantine against us was raised and we went ashore at old Fortress Monroe, curiously enough, at the same place to which the regulars of Scott's and Taylor's armies returned after their campaign which resulted in what was called, in the picturesque language of the day, the raising of the stars and stripes over "the halls of Montezuma."

Whatever may have been my physical condition, and every now and then I would catch the doctors shaking their heads dubiously over my corpus, at the time, I certainly was heart-whole. This was not entirely a subject of self-congratulation. I can assure you that, as I saw the feverish interest which the other fellows in my ward took in their mail, I came to the conclusion that I had made a mistake in breaking so entirely with the soldier's chief occupation in time of peace, the moment war was declared. I should have preserved, at least, one string to my bow against the chance of my return as a convalescent hero. I merely throw out these hints to you, as you leave for the Philippines, as a friend who is concerned in your welfare and comfort. The other heroes had bouquets, and fruit and

flowers, sent them daily, and I had none — to the wise a word is sufficient.

The day after I reached home was a Sunday. In the morning we walked down the village street to church, mother leaning very proudly on my arm and father circling about us like a war-ship convoying most precious argosies. Now and again he became the centre of admiring groups, who would thrill with admiration and bow low to the happy mother of such a son; and, as we passed, I could hear father say (I can hear it now without even a blush or the slightest gesture of dissent, so easy is the descent of Avernus): "My boy was the very first man on the top of San Juan Hill. He was at least three yards ahead of Colonel Roosevelt in that, the greatest charge in history, not excepting the rush of the Old Guard at Waterloo. Of course the boy doesn't speak about it and would never forgive me if he thought I mentioned it, but I have heard it from a number of men who were there on the spot." And so we swept on in triumph down the village street.

As we entered the church and I hobbled — still very stiff-legged, I am afraid — up to the familiar pew, I found that we had arrived quite late. The old parson was reading the first lesson, and he looked at us rather hard as we settled down in our seats as quietly as we could; and then, to my no small embarrassment, for I thought we were about to be openly censured, — such things have happened in our church, — he took off his gold-rimmed spectacles, wiped them carefully

upon his handkerchief, and stared at us again. This time he evidently satisfied himself there was no mistake, and closing the great Bible with a bang, he said:—

“Friends, it has pleased the Almighty to restore to our midst that Christian soldier for whose safety, when exposed to the dangers of the deep, the bullets of the Spaniards, and the diseases which lurk in the jungle, our prayers were so earnestly desired and so frequently poured forth. I ask you now to raise your hymn of joy and thanksgiving with mine and ‘Praise God from whom all blessings flow.’ Let us sing the Old Hundred.” Then the whole church rang with the grand words of the Doxology, and my mother as she rose clutched my arm and sobbed and said this was the happiest day of her life. For myself, I felt rather uncomfortable. It dawned on me for the first time how much easier and pleasanter it had been for us who went to the war, with all the excitement and the changing scenes, than for those who remained behind at home to watch and wait and pray. Suddenly, as my eyes wandered around the building, they fell upon a wondrous figure, an angel, I doubted not, with her wings disguised, under a white lawn dress. She was standing in front of the organ loft and leading the chorus of praise and thanksgiving, as angels have been sometimes sent down to raise men above their earthly surroundings to better things. . . . Well, she is now *Mrs. Gill*, having proved to be, as all good women should, just a little lower than the angels.

Still there are times when I have uneasy moments, when I fear that her wings will yet sprout. Such a moment I had to-day when she saw me reading the notice that your regiment had been ordered to Manila. She asked and even implored me to go too, saying she would never forgive herself if she stood for one moment in the way of my advancement; and then she begged me to go because she was sure the war was a holy one, like the war in Cuba. However, I refused to reopen the discussion, for it is a settled question with my family now, my family, which, by the way, since my return and, what was called in the papers, romantic marriage, embraces every man, woman, and child within ten miles of our home, that I must not volunteer for service in the Philippines, but wait to be drafted; and I am waiting very contentedly, I assure you, among other reasons because, though I have only been down here at my new post three weeks, I have discovered very many interesting and, I believe, useful things to do. . . .

Since this island passed into our possession undoubtedly much progress has been made, and the administration reformed in many respects, greatly to the advantage of the people. It has been easier, of course, than the somewhat similar task in Cuba and in the Philippines, because here we have not had to contend, as in Cuba, with a large and uncompromising independence party or a sullen minority of Peninsula Spaniards, who are only too anxious to bring our policy into discredit. The people are peace-loving. They practically never

made a serious rebellion, even against Spanish rule, and by them, at least, the purity of purpose with which we are taking over the government of their island is not even questioned. They have had the example and the object lesson of the United States right before their eyes for a hundred years, and in this you will find the distinct advantage we have over you fellows, who are called upon to deal with the Filippinos who have never heard of America or the Americans except through tainted Spanish sources.

Indeed, it is to the very exalted conception which they entertained of the justice and the integrity of our Government and the perfect working of our administration that is due, in a great measure, the disappointment and the unrest so noticeable among the people here during the last few months. They had expected, the optimists! that we, with our wonderful administrative machinery and instinct of government, would succeed in brushing away, in a few weeks, all the evils of the system and the consequences of it, that the Spaniards had so laboriously built up in the course of centuries. When our flag was raised, they expected to find their island instantly converted into a terrestrial paradise; they expected to hear their new rulers speaking to them with the voice that "breathed over Eden," and as, whatever our achievement may be, we have certainly fallen short of this high standard, they are correspondingly disappointed. In the main, I contend it is their optimism that is to blame. At the same time, it would be idle to deny that our administration here has fallen

short of the standard of excellence which might so easily have been attained.

It would seem that during the two or three generations that have elapsed since we have had a task of this character, we have lost, in a great measure, our former skill in bringing peaceably and contentedly under our government a people of an alien civilization, and one certainly in a very different stage of development, from our own. Some of the administrators sent down here have been strongly imbued with the idea that there are only two known methods of government; the one, free and representative institutions for white men, the other, carpet-bag agents, and reservations and soldiers for Redskins. As a matter of fact, the people of Puerto Rico are not yet ripe, even for our territorial form of government, and yet they are civilized, many of them even cultured, and they are all docile and easily led when you know how to take them; but the happy mean of government required, which many of us vaguely see, has not been inaugurated yet by the responsible authorities.

The mistakes that we have hitherto made are due, in a great measure, to a certain meddling spirit, and a failure to recognize the fact that the Puerto Ricans, like every other people, have peculiar customs, and even institutions, which ought to be put away gently, and handled with gloves, if it be found impossible to retain them. I will illustrate the point I am attempting to make by telling you of one or two farcical incidents which have done more to make a naturally easy-going

population stubborn and suspicious, and less assured as to their future, than though we had gone in right and left and committed high-handed outrages, — this, in view of their training under Spain, they would at least have understood. From time immemorial in Puerto Rico the oxen have drawn carts and other burdens by means of broad bands around their foreheads, and the women, like women of all tropical islands, have been accustomed to wearing what we may dignify with the name of low-necked bodices, while picking coffee-berries and working in the fields. Now can you imagine what one, and in many respects the best of our district governors, “ordered and decreed” under these circumstances? Well, he ordered that all oxen should be yoked as they are in the United States, and that the women working in the fields should be clothed as our women are in the temperate zone. Of course it has been found impossible to enforce these regulations, and the only result has been an intense irritation among the people who see their ancient customs and manners, which even the Spaniards respected, proscribed by the Northern invader. We haven’t put any of them to death, or “bled” them, or sent them to African prisons, but we have bothered them, an unpardonable offence in the tropics, and the result is, that in less than six months we have quite lost our halo as saviours, and have come to be regarded almost as invaders. Still, I am glad to say that no serious breach has taken place, and nothing has been done yet that cannot be remedied. The fact that the markets which were open to them under Spanish rule

are now closed, and that we have not opened up new ones for them is a cause of the great economic distress throughout the island, which should be looked into the moment Congress meets.

It is difficult for me to think of you on the wing and I not with you. We have travelled so much together since 1895, when, you remember, we started out upon our one year's leave after ten years of service, down to that feverish moment when we were hurried away by wire from Leavenworth, to catch up with our regiments at Tampa, that it is hard to go our different ways now. In the war we were separated by a Spanish bullet, and on our long vacation we were parted by that practical tendency "to improve each shining hour" with which, in your childhood, you must have been inoculated by some busy bee. You went back from Switzerland to New York, and spent the best part of your vacation in studying law, while I prowled all around the world, seeing new countries and becoming acquainted with other men and strange manners—you have always thought that you acted wisely, and I have never regretted my choice; why, I think you will understand better after your voyage around the world, for I see that your transport is ordered to Manila *via* Suez, and I am glad of it. Every new scene that you pass through, every strange port at which you touch, will help convince you that my year was not so badly spent, after all, though the knowledge I acquired was not published to the world with a university degree. You will learn now, better than any arguments of mine could have taught you,

that I was not merely "sightseeing," or that, as you have often maintained, I could have secured the same information and perhaps the same enjoyment, and certainly with less expense, by a few afternoons spent in the alcoves of the Astor library.

The great lesson of my journey, and the profit of it, is the knowledge which I acquired of the fact that there is another world outside of our own where there are race tendencies in development and struggles in embryo, which must soon become international, and other signs and wonders of the times, which should be observed and closely studied by every American.

Since the treaty of Paris gave us a foothold in Asia I have been in the habit of spending some of my spare time almost every day in turning over the worm-eaten pages of an old seventeenth-century *Mappe Mondi* which I bought years ago for a few sous at a stall on the bookseller's quai in Paris. One of the maps, which is my chief delight, pictures the coast of North America, and while not quite geographically correct, is certainly historically accurate. Here you have the continent of North America as it was then. Upon its ample surface are marked out the possessions of the king of France, of the king of England, of the king of Spain, the territory of the king of Sweden, and the colonies of the Low Countries. They were all striving for the empire of the West, and after many struggles the Anglo-Saxons, almost the last on the field, remained in possession, because the most capable and efficient.

I think I hear you saying that this is all very interest-

ing, but that, after all, it is ancient history, and that the colonial era is closed and not likely to be reopened. To convince you of your error, I only ask that you keep your eyes open as you sail along the east coast of Asia. There you will see in progress the same struggle for supremacy of which, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, our Atlantic coast was the scene. There you will see the colonial possessions of the Dutch, the Portuguese, and the French, the English, the Germans, and the Russians. They are all in open rivalry for commercial advantages, and little by little encroaching upon the lands of the weaker and the inferior races, who are as incapable of maintaining themselves under the conditions of life that obtain to-day, as were the North American Indians in the era that has closed. You will observe that the Swedes have dropped out entirely, and that the Dutch and the Portuguese have lived their time, and that the new races, the Russians in Siberia, and the Americans in the Philippines, have more than taken their place. To me, Asia to-day is in the position of Penelope of old—to her, many suitors come, many of them rough, uncouth, peremptory, and all of them grasping and avaricious—but you must remember that her dowry is not rocky sea-girt Ithaca, but a continent with untold wealth behind it and hundreds and hundreds of millions of people only too anxious to be enlightened. Keep your eyes open, take notes of what you see, and then tell me which of the suitors will string and bend the bow of Ulysses.

I myself am wholly confident, that the future of the

East is ours by the same reason and for the same causes that we secured the supremacy in the West. Perhaps it is written, that again English and Americans shall stand shoulder to shoulder in the struggle for the Eastern markets, in the same way that they fought as allies at Quebec and Louisburg against the French, and at Carthagen and Havana against the Spanish. I know the objections which are on your tongue's end, they are so obvious; but reserve your opinion — say nothing until you have seen more of the tendencies of the times and those currents which are setting so strongly in the Eastern world to-day, and then I think you will admit that stranger and certainly much more unnatural things have happened than this Anglo-American alliance for the freedom of trade, the advance of civilization, and the peace of the world.

COLOMBO, CEYLON, April 5, 1899.

U. S. TRANSPORT, *Sherman*.

MY DEAR GILL:—

After my silence of the past few weeks, added to your previous experiences, you will, I fear, place me in the category of those who are born bad correspondents. I wish, however, to point out to you that on this voyage around the world, I have at least the semblance of an excuse for not writing. With each new port we touch at, and so with every opportunity to mail a letter, I ask myself: "Would it not be better to wait until the next station? Even then the letter will reach Puerto Rico as promptly *via* the Pacific as if I should send it back now

over Europe, and then there is always the chance of having an interesting experience." But here goes, if only to break the ice, though nothing has happened, and we are only beginning to draw near those interesting countries about which you write so enthusiastically.

Please be assured that in regard to the offence of matrimony, if offence it be, all is forgiven. Of course she loved you for the dangers you had passed through, and I can well understand flesh and blood succumbing to the temptation you describe. If we had been there, we would all doubtless have joined in the Doxology, and perhaps fallen in love, too, so it is just as well, on many accounts, that we were not there. There is only one thing, however, I could not forgive you, and that is, if you should apply for service out here. Don't volunteer, and don't even allow yourself to be drafted into this Philippine business, and above all things turn a deaf ear to the "spell binders" of the Golden Horseshoe stripe. The truth about the situation is, that our humanitarian war has gotten us into an unfortunate scrape, and much good blood, worthy of a better cause, I think, will have to be spilled before we can hope to get out of it. The only way to extricate ourselves, I should say, is by adopting in the East Indies the cold-blooded and barbarous methods of warfare which we forbade the Spaniards to use against their rebels in the West Indies.

Mind you, I do not for a moment presume to consult my personal inclination; a soldier is and of necessity must be, blindly and thoughtlessly obedient to his

orders, but if I did, I would be almost anywhere else than where I am. Not only in this regiment but in every other, I take it, we are almost to a unit against the war, and this is of course all the more remarkable because an army is always the nucleus of the war party; war is the excuse for its very existence, and with us, if anything, the desire for a fight, human nature being what it is, should be stronger than anywhere else, for in no army in the world is promotion more slow and the prospect of advancement more hopeless than in our own while peace is maintained. As a symptom of this feeling, I only wish you could have seen the letter to the President, which old Major Royle threatened to enclose, when he sent in his application for retirement under the thirty years' service clause. He said that the feeling in the army was, that these United States do and of right ought to break off short at Sandy Hook, on one side, and at the Presidio Barracks on the other. He had fought for niggers, he said, in Cuba, and while he would like that better, he was afraid he was too old to fight against them in the Philippines, and so availing himself of the provisions of the army regulation, he respectfully submitted his request to be placed on the retired list. We persuaded Royle to omit the enclosure, but there is no denying the fact that the army more generally endorses his platform than they do the one upon which the commander-in-chief is at present standing, if only with one leg.

At Malta we had a very pleasant time; all the high officials turned out to receive us, and we were very hos-

pitably entertained, and the same can be said of every British port at which we have touched. At the dinner, which the governor gave us, that worthy man went so far as to publicly proclaim his Royal Nibs, King George, the greatest fool that ever lived and compared him to the ignorant savage of the fable who threw away a pearl without price, "richer than all his tribe." But he concluded, "Happily the bitter words and the hard blows exchanged have not only been forgiven, but forgotten, and to-day the whole world, amazed and a little alarmed, too, sees the two great kindred nations, so long held asunder, advancing toward a common goal with a common purpose, which is the spread of civilization and Christianity the world over."

We looked as modest as we could while all the pleasant things were being said, but I could not help wondering how times have changed, and if it really was only thirty-five years ago that the *Trent* incident took place and the two kindred peoples stood on the brink of war. When called upon to respond, little Colonel S—— looked rather scared, not at all as he looked when he led us up San Juan Hill, and for a moment we thought he was going to turn tail, and hide in the jungle of palms which surrounded the banqueting hall; but he didn't, and when it was over, I can tell you the honors were easy, as far as soft soap was concerned, and the Britishers looked positively radiant, one and all. It was such a symposium of good feeling and good fellowship that even George III. was not excluded, at least not by our colonel, who said he always thought that the king was a

much maligned man, and that of course the war would never have happened if it had only been delayed in some way until the day of fast steamers and international yacht races—tommy rot of course—but that was what we were there for.

I am not a Fenian, and I like the average Britisher well enough,—at times he seems almost human to me,—and whenever I bump up against a Frenchman, a Dago, or a Dutchman, I am inclined to think with Huck Finn's friend Jim, if the Frenchman is a man, "why don't he talk like a man?" The English are fair and square, though of course always on the lookout for their own interests; but if you get into a fight, and one of them is with you, he is sure to be all there, and you need never worry about that flank; and as they have been up against us twice, I guess they have the same feeling where we are concerned; but this is no reason why we should come forward and help them pull the chestnuts of their Eastern Empire out of the fire; and while there are some who don't or won't see it, that is exactly what we are doing in the Philippines. I am perfectly willing to let bygones be bygones, including the *Alabama* and the other Confederate cruisers, and I am grateful or rather appreciative of the way the Britishers stood pat all through the Spanish war and prevented "Dutch Billy," as the soldiers call the German Emperor, from putting his finger in the pie; but foreign policies are not affairs of the heart, and what Washington said about entangling alliances holds as good to-day as it did one hundred years ago. No one with Dewey, and certainly no one in

Washington at the time, wanted the Philippines, and we became saddled with that elephant before we well knew where we were at. Because we had fought a successful naval battle in Manila Bay was certainly no manner of reason why we should land and become burdened with one thousand swampy, pest-ridden islands, infested by murderous Malays, all running "amuck." No, Dewey was ordered to destroy the Spanish fleet in the Philippines, because as long as it remained afloat it was a menace to our Pacific coast. Once the fleet was destroyed, and we held the command of the sea, what in the world had we to fear from the Spanish troops cooped up in Manila, who had all they could do in fighting the Tagals? No; our business was finished when the Spanish vessels were all sunk or had struck their colors, and what Dewey should have done, was to leave a gunboat or two on the lookout for Spanish reinforcements and steam with the rest of his fleet toward Spain, and before he reached Suez the war would have ended, that is, two months sooner than it did. No, we landed troops in the first heat of the Dewey delirium and from a desire, though it was not avowed, to show our appreciation to the Britishers for their attitude toward us. You see the English in the East are in a pretty tight place, and they know it. The balance of power out there is going steadily against them. Russia made such rapid strides across Siberia, that now you see she is comfortably installed in Manchuria, the Regent's Sword Peninsula, and in Corea. Japan is fast becoming a first-class power, and nobody knows exactly what her game is. Then

there is the triple alliance for the Far East, of Russia, Germany, and France. While they would have you believe that their purpose is merely to curb the vaulting ambition of Japan, this coalition is unquestionably directed mainly against British commerce and British influence. It is a strong team, and things are certainly going against our cousins out here, but that is none of our business, and we are certainly not called upon to help them out of their difficulties.

To me it is clear, that the occupation of the Philippines will let us in, not only for a series of little wars with these gentle savages themselves, but we shall be compelled to take a part in all the Far Eastern troubles. We shall find ourselves no longer purely an American power, but an Asiatic power, and a European power as well. There will not be a contention or a dispute going on in the wide world which will not, directly or indirectly, affect our interests, or to which we can remain indifferent, and we come in for all this, simply because, at an important juncture in our history, there wasn't one cool-headed man in authority who had the courage to oppose the popular cry for expansion, and the political foresight to look ahead, and to save us from taking the momentous step we did with such a light heart.

As I read the papers I sometimes ask myself, What have we done with those cardinal principles of our public law or diplomacy which were, you will remember, that the robber age is closed, and there is no such thing as the right of conquest. Here, at the very first opportunity, and though in the declaration of war we

went out of our way to proclaim the unselfishness of our purpose, and we did not covet an acre of the enemy's territory, we have worked the right of conquest for all it is worth; we do not even observe the rules of the game as (there being honor among thieves) the more practised robbers do, for Manila was still in possession of the Spaniards when the articles of capitulation were signed in Washington, and so our claim to the place has not even the slender support of right by conquest. We are there and we stay there by the right of superior force and no other.

I am afraid you will find me rather declamatory, and that this letter in which I meant simply to say good-by will sound like a stump speech. I feel very earnestly about the matter, and I have studied it somewhat carefully, and I think as a general rule you rampant expansionists have not. I shall do my full duty in the Philippines, but I am glad I shall only have to obey and not to direct.

I would, however, not be a faithful reporter of what I see, and hear, if I did not admit that of course there is another side to the picture, and that every day some of those who sail on the *Sherman* are becoming more pronounced in their imperialistic views, as I call them. Curiously enough our skipper, a down east Yankee, and a very sharp, shrewd fellow, who has sailed these Eastern seas, man and boy, for forty years, is the head of the expansionists on board.

As we came into Colombo, and long before we dropped anchor, I should tell you that our ship was sur-

rounded by a great number of boys, some in the water swimming like fish, others in dugouts, and curious looking little catamarans; they came out to us shouting, "Heb a dive, sir?" and to ingratiate themselves in our favor, they sang and played upon reed pipes, "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and "Dixie" and the "Stars and Stripes" until it made you laugh, and get a little warm, too, about the heart. Now will you believe me, when I tell you that what I considered simply an amusing exhibition of what the sea urchins of Ceylon will do for pennies, the skipper regarded as an event of the deepest political significance? A few minutes later I heard him holding forth in the smoking room much as follows: "I have sailed these seas forty years, and I have heard niggers and Chinamen, and nearly all the Eastern breeds sing 'Rule Britannia' or the 'Marsellaisey,' and even a Dutch jig at times, but never an American tune, not once, until to-day, and do you know what it means? Why, it means that this Philippine war, even if the islands themselves are not worth a pinch of snuff, is a good advertisement, and a notice to all that nobody wants to tread on the tail of Uncle Sam's coat, not even Dutch Billy, and that Americans have got to be treated on the dead level, or there will be trouble. A great protection it is for trade to have a man-of-war poking into the out-of-the way ports of the world and seeing that none of our citizens are being discriminated against, and that is what we never have enjoyed until now."

I confess I did not quite follow the skipper's line

of argument, but I would not be quite frank if I did not admit that the little I have seen of what British rule has accomplished in India and Ceylon has impressed me deeply, and removed an erroneous opinion I had upon the subject. They are doing every day, and they are doing it better every day, the task the great Moguls made a mess of, and they are avoiding the rocks which all the great invaders of India, from the days of Alexander down to Dupleix, came to grief upon. The government of this great empire is practically carried on without noticeable friction or strain by about nine hundred civil servants with a very small army in reserve composed to the extent of two-thirds, at least, of native troops. This is very conclusive evidence to my mind that the great majority of the people of India regard British rule as salutary and for the best interests of all concerned; but there is still a more important lesson, I think, that India can teach us, if we must go in for imperialism and the development of colonies. In the beginning, as you know, India was opened up by agents of English trading companies, and was soon handed over by the English Government to be the monopoly of the East India Company. This corporation was formed not to civilize or to preach the Gospel, or in fact to do anything but to make money out of the natives, and to declare big dividends for the nabobs of the Indian trade who now only survive in the pages of Thackeray, and the corporation failed in this purpose utterly; under its auspices the trade between India and Great Britain remained

insignificant, and the holding of India as a business venture proved a complete failure. Then the exclusively money-making idea was abandoned, and in the proclamation by which the government was transferred from the corporation to the crown, which for the good of India and the British Empire happened in 1858, Queen Victoria said, "We hold ourselves bound to the natives of our Indian territory by the same obligations of duty which bind us to all our subjects."

That was the true policy, the honest policy, and it has paid in pounds, shilling, and pence, as well as in every other way. The volume of trade between the two countries has grown to be enormous, it is on the increase, and seems capable of almost unlimited expansion. To-day England sends more of her exports to India than to any other country, with the exception of the United States, and she imports more from India than from any countries, with the exception of the United States and France. I noticed also, as we passed through the canal, that England is receiving an economic compensation for her splendid work in Egypt, a task which seemed so utterly hopeless, when she took hold and France "scuttled." In the short space of ten years of good honest government, English rule has considerably more than doubled both the purchasing and the consuming power of the Egyptians, and I was glad to see, for the laborer is worthy of his hire, that English trade had greatly profited by the improved conditions, for while it is an open market, England gets three-fifths of all Egyptian exports, and furnishes two-

fifths of all Egyptian imports. So in one respect I must change my opinion. Certainly trade follows the flag where that flag has become a symbol, the world over, for the maintenance of law and order, and honest dealing with all. A flag like that of Spain puts trade to flight, the English flag fosters and develops it. . . .

With us on board time passes slowly but pleasantly enough. It is only since I have been on board ship, cooped up with the men and so getting to know them better than is possible at an army post, that I have been able to form anything like a true estimate of the cost of that awful Santiago campaign. There are with us now, not more than 15 per cent of the men who went to Cuba six months ago; the fevers and dysentery, and other diseases consequent upon exposure, have done for the rest. The remaining 85 per cent of our men are greener and more awkward than the average volunteer recruit, and we shall have a time in getting them into shape; but the physical material is good, and the soldierly spirit is there, and so in the end we shall be all right; yet even among the enlisted men, who do not as a rule think over-much, there is apparent a feeling of disappointment that they should be sent out to the Philippines to fight niggers.

Such a thirst for knowledge as these fellows have, I never came across; the Cuban campaign took us rather by surprise, but now they are prepared, every man jack of them to write a book about the approaching campaign, and to illustrate it with his own photographs. They are loaded down with Spanish grammars, and Tagal text-books, and they hammer away upon these new

tongues, until our deck echoes with as many strange cries as a Peace Congress. For myself and the officers' mess, I bought at Malta everything available bearing upon East Asia from Yule's "Marco Polo" to Curzon's "Travels"; he is the present viceroy of India, you know, and has recently distinguished himself by hailing the Hindus as his long-separated, long-estranged Aryan brethren! Not to look too exclusively through British spectacles, we have a large volume containing the Portuguese Archives in the East, recently collected and published by the British India office, and we have poor Fra Juan de la Concepcion's ideas and data, I am afraid more of the former than the latter, regarding the Spanish Empire in the East, the ruins of which we shall soon see. From Bremen and Hamburg we have several volumes published by the German Colonial Menschen, in which they set forth, in the most barefaced way, their recent robbery of Kaio-Chau from China. Of the French we have the works of Paul Bert, Lanesan, Garnier, Harmand, and last, but not least, that volume of Prince Henry of Orleans, in which he implores his countrymen to become Asiatic. We are all reading hard, and when we once get around the "point" as the doughboys call the Malay Peninsula, and the panorama of the east coast stretches out before us, we hope to know something about it.

P.S. April 7.

This morning the news came in, just an hour before we sailed, of Colonel Egbert's gallant death in the ad-

vance upon Malolos. I cannot very well describe to you what a painful impression the news has made upon every officer on board. Bismarck did not think the Cameroons, in Africa, worth the bones of one of his grenadiers, and there is not a man with us who would have given this gallant soldier for a thousand islands such as the Philippines. It is pitiful to think of such a man being wasted in fighting with such an enemy. You know, better than I, what Egbert did in the advance upon San Juan. He was more at home and more successful there in the dark jungle and under the enemy's fire, than in pressing his claims for recognition at the War Department. I will tell you, however, what we saw of him that day, and I think it stamps the man better than what he did at the front. When the blood is up and the enemy stands before you, the flag floats overhead and beckons you on, any man, not an arrant coward, can and will join in the charge; but I have always thought that the true soldierly qualities shine out best when the hot fit is over, and wounded, and perhaps defeated, an officer is called upon to face the situation. What he said and what he did and how he acted, were so absolutely characteristic of Egbert's cheerful devotion to duty, that I shall tell you the incident; the men of the Sixth ought to know it. We were deployed along the far bank of the San Juan, and everybody was getting as close to the ground as he could, for the bullets were falling pretty thick all around us. We were praying, and I am afraid doing the other thing too, for the word to 'go in, for there is nothing so trying to the morale of

men as to stand idly, and apparently uselessly, upon the edge, and the outer edge, of the battle, never getting in a shot, and having any number of their fellows knocked out. A quarter of an hour before, the road in front of us had been as crowded with men as Madison Square upon an election night; but now they had all disappeared completely, as though they had been swallowed up by some convulsion of nature. What had happened we did not know, and our orders forbade us to go and see. We could only guess, by the grinding of the machine guns on the hill, and the volleys that came down and were answered from the valley, that the attack was on. Suddenly there appeared before us, coming down the deserted trail, two men of the Sixth, carrying something heavy between them in a tattered army blanket that was wet and red with blood. "What have you got there, and where are you going?" asked McKibbin, for at first he thought they might be skulkers. The men were breathless with the pace they had come, and seeing that they would have to explain, they lowered their improvised stretcher to the ground. "Been ordered to carry the colonel to the rear," they grunted out. At the same moment the blanket flap was thrown back, and a small, gray-haired man, stripped to the waist and covered with first-aid bandages, looked up and said: —

"Hello, Mac. I guess we've got them on the run. Before I let them pack me off, I saw that our fellows were in their blockhouse."

McKibbin took the little colonel by the arm and looked him over.

"Why, Harry Egbert. Wounded of course. Why, Harry, I haven't seen you since — well, bless my soul, since that day at Bethesda Churchyard, you remember, thirty — thirty-two — well, no matter, a good many years ago."

"Yes, I remember," answered Egbert, his eyes flashing as the Civil War scene rose before him. "I was standing on a stone fence in the hollow, and you, who were above me and taller, shouted, 'Look out, Harry, the rebs are loading with grape.' Well, I jumped, but as you remember, not quite quick enough, and so I had to lie on my back for three months, while you fellows were having all the fun."

We had hardly gotten him started again, — Egbert was a hard man to get to the rear, — when General Kent came galloping up, with a flight of bullets whistling all around him, and he led us up in person to the support of Hawkins, and that was the last I saw and now ever shall see of Egbert. It was in this way the Twenty-first got into the fight, but the regiment never received any credit for it, because Kent would have had to state that he led us into the fight himself, and he was too modest for that.

I shall keep my eyes open and try to throw overboard all my prejudice and bias, as you would call it, before we reach our new possessions and that east coast of Asia you are so enthusiastic about; but we shall have to accomplish great good in the Philippines, and the islanders themselves must work wonders, before I become reconciled to the sacrifice of

this gallant soldier, not to speak of the other brave fellows they have cost us.

U. S. TRANSPORT *Sherman*.

SINGAPORE, S. S. April 16, 1899.

. . . Well, here we are again with still another stage of our journey behind us, and, as usual, we are anchored in a British port and taking on board Welsh coal by the grace of John Bull. The feeling of irritation which even I experience when I see the way in which the English have flagged out the new trail around the world and kept what was worth having for themselves, makes it quite easy for me to understand the unspeakable rage of the French Anglo-phobes as they contemplate this spectacle. The port of Aden, at which all vessels bound East through the canal and the Red Sea have hitherto been compelled, through stress of circumstances, to call, sticks especially in the craw of the "frog eaters." Quite recently a bill was passed in the Chamber of Deputies practically forcing all vessels flying the French flag to give Aden the cold shoulder and to take on their coal and water at Jibouti, which is a sand-dune running out into the sea, that has recently been ceded to the French by their good friend Menelik, the Negus of Abyssinia. It would seem, however, that never by any chance does French patriotism assume a more practical form than, we shall say, M. Deroulede's waistcoat, embroidered in many colors. Terrific sandstorms are frequent in Jibouti, which bury the coal

deposits often quite out of sight. The port itself lies well out of the course of all steamers, except those engaged in the Madagascar trade, and within a very few years, I doubt not, this costly possession will be relinquished. . . .

We were not favorably impressed by the Indian Ocean or the beam sea roll, which sent the *Sherman* creaking and moaning along like an army wagon with dry axles. At last, however, and quite suddenly, the great, mountainous seas subsided, and were succeeded by short, choppy waves and clashing currents, which, as our skipper said, indicated that we were entering the Straits of Malacca, though as yet even from the crows'-nest up aloft we made out no land. Toward evening, however, we were all attracted by a great pillar of black smoke rising upon our starboard bow, and soon afterward we made a landfall, in the wooded shores of Sumatra.

"Over there," said the skipper, as we crowded about him, hungry for information, "lies Acheen, the country of a very black tribe of Mohammedans, who have, I can tell you, cost the Dutch a pretty penny during the last ten years. All the profits they have made out of their Sumatra 'rollers' would not 'tote' up the \$400,000,000 that this Acheen war has cost. There are no dollars, or glory either, for that matter, in this war, and the Dutchmen want to get out of it the worst way in the world; but the trouble is there ain't no way to get out, except by giving up the whole of Sumatra; and when they think of the pile they have made out of Java, and what they have

spent in the sister island in hope of similar returns, they don't want to do that."

It was some hours before we left behind us the fiery beacon and the columns of smoke, which told us of the savage character of the war that is raging in this far-away corner of the world, the name of which, even, not one of us had ever heard before. We could not but interpret it as a bad omen, and wonder whether our "little war" in the Philippines would cost us as much in men and money, and whether, after twenty years, our campaign of civilization will have produced no better results than that of the Dutch in Acheen.

"Last year," concluded the skipper, before we dropped the subject, which was so suggestive of unpleasant possibilities, "the Dutch threw up their hands and admitted they had enough of fighting. They sent out peace commissioners and a shipload of presents and bribes, and there was a big powwow off Acheen Head; but the niggers, while they took all they could get, wouldn't stop fighting. Somehow, you know, they have gotten to like it and couldn't do without it; and of course they are 'cute' enough to see that everything is going their way. Then the Dutch commissioners spent \$300,000 on a mosque, as a peace donation, and it was a beauty, for you can knock together a thundering big mosque for \$300,000; and the Dutch Government gave the High Priest of Islam a big bribe to let them have some of the sacred carpets from the Mecca mosque and a big chunk of the black stone, or Kaaba, and with these they fitted out the mosque

in fine shape. And what do you think the Achinese chiefs did with it? Why, they simply burnt it up, — carpets, black stone, and all, — and now they are fighting again. . . .”

The next morning we had a very welcome and unexpected break in the monotony of our sea journey. Our skipper, without any rhyme or reason, except that we were out of soda water, and perhaps in the tropics there is no better reason than that, put into Penang, the largest port on the Malay Peninsula, and the outlet of that trade which has assumed such large proportions since the piratical rajahs were placed under British protection and British police. We all stretched our legs, running about the neat and orderly town, with its Sikh and Afghan “bobbies,” until tiffin time; you see we are living “according to Kipling.” Then we went on board again with a very pleasant and a wholly unexpected lot of recruits. On the dock as we came down to embark we found a crowd of cricketers in flannels and flaming jerseys, and very hot under the collar they were, too, because the P. & O. steamer that was to carry them on to Singapore to take part in the inter-port cricket tournament was already twenty-four hours overdue. There is, it appears, a tremendous rivalry in this part of the world between the cricketers from Perak, Penang, Singapore, and Johore; and the Penang people felt sure of winning, if they could only put in an appearance on the field at Singapore in time. The moment he learned just how matters stood, our colonel invited them all to take pot luck, and a deck passage on the

Sherman with us, and I can tell you we were glad when they came on board, bag and baggage.

Have you ever sailed on a troop ship for thirty days? Well, if you haven't, never consent to it, whatever the inducements may be in the way of prospective promotion; choose solitary confinement for life instead. And yet when I came on board, and we ate our first dinner, under the Brooklyn Bridge, I thought we had the most agreeable and congenial mess that I had ever joined; conversation and story and repartee flowed on briskly, crossing the Atlantic you might have imagined yourself at a Clover Club dinner. In the Mediterranean we got down, however, to an everyday basis, and when we ran into the Red Sea, the mess was as quiet and dull as a Quaker meeting; the spasmodic efforts that were made to start a general conversation, or to tell a story, were rebuked with such surly, snarling remarks as: "Seems to me I've heard that before. You told us all about that when we were off the Azores"; and from another quarter, "You gave it to us again that night in the Straits of Messina." So the advent of the cricket team was a windfall of the first magnitude, and we cackled away for hours like a girls' school out for their Saturday afternoon promenade, and then each member of the mess picked out his pal from among the newcomers, and we stretched out in pairs for a quiet smoke and a long talk under the awning, and very soon you might have concluded from anything except our flow of conversation that we had known each other for twenty years, and been spanked with the same rattan.

My pal turned out, curiously enough, not to be a Britisher at all, but the son of an American sea-captain who lost his ship in one of the periodical upheavals of Krakatoa, and had preferred to cast in his fortunes with the East, rather than to return home without his ship. His son is a coffee planter in some place with an unpronounceable name, behind Penang, and a very well-informed and intelligent fellow he was in every way, as we found when Jim began to dig out of him the material for another letter to his Indiana paper. In honor of our guests the *Sherman* was putting her best foot foremost, and with the dark and mysterious coast of the Malay Peninsula upon our port bow we were slipping along at the rate of fourteen knots an hour, a speed which, I can assure you, though not our best gait, in these eastern seas commands the greatest respect.

"I suppose," said Jim, scrutinizing the distant shore with the air of a statesman, "I suppose the Britishers got together their Malay Empire very much as they did India, in the old traditional way. I suppose they were so far-sighted and long-headed that they picked up trifles that the other fellows didn't think worth while, and then put them on a paying basis." The young planter said nothing, but smoked on quietly, while Jim with a certain arrogance, continued to display his knowledge of the methods of the British Empire builders. "Then I suppose a couple of prospectors went into the peninsula to spy out the land, and got killed in a row, and the home government was appealed to, and they sent out an expedition to bury the murdered men and bring the

criminals to justice; and I guess it took a whole province to bury those prospectors in; and then the Imperial Government decided that they would have to start a stable government to keep the graves of the pioneers from being desecrated, and for other Imperial purposes. So, I guess it was, they got their foothold, and then they began to grow and expand as they always have done since the days of Hengist and Horsa. They laid it down as a cardinal principle of public law, I suppose, that your Britisher is always the residuary legatee to the land adjoining his; then they established spheres of political influence and buffer states, and 'hinterlands,' that ran to the centre of the earth; then a revolution broke out in a neighboring state, or an uninvited and unwelcome missionary was killed, and so, much against their will, and acting simply from a sense of duty and a natural desire to protect their own property from being depreciated by their unruly neighbors, the British annexed the whole shooting match. Now, wasn't it about like that?" concluded Jim, triumphantly.

"Yes, it was about like that," answered the American planter; "what you say is like the truth, in the same sense, and in just the proportion that a caricature, if well taken, resembles a true portrait from life, though it is a travesty upon it. But I will tell you a little of the history of this part of the world. I suppose you know something about Singapore? the Britishers occupied it shortly after they ceded Java back to the Dutch, from whom they had taken it during the Napoleonic wars. To get Java back the Dutch cleared out of the

Cape, and in this arrangement you will find the beginning of the Transvaal trouble. It hardly seemed worth while, at first, but the British hung on to the little island at the end of the Malay Peninsula, because one of the men, who were running the Bengal Government, wrote home that it might prove useful some day. That day was slow in coming. The English were so busy in other quarters of the world that they let Malaysia lie fallow for a number of years, until about 1870. About this time Alfred Russell Wallace, the great naturalist and traveller, could say with justice, and did say, that 'the Malay Peninsula, which begins just opposite Singapore across the Johore Straits, is the least known part of the globe today.' But matters now took a quick turn; business in Singapore suddenly became very brisk, and the expansion of trade in the Strait Settlements, and the Malay states, began. But, mind you, the change was only noticeable as far north as the *bungamas* or 'golden flower' line. Beyond that the Malay rajahs tie to Siam and pay the flower tribute to King Chulalongkorn, and of course there all is still filth and wretchedness. But in the five southern states where British trade interests have compelled intervention, you would be surprised to see the changes that have taken place and what improvements British supervision has accomplished. For these people, who have just emerged from thousands of years of filth and squalor, and never-ending war, have now a growing commerce and macadam roads, and railways to many places, and business colleges and schools of etiquette, where they are

taught Cæsar, and how to sit up straight and eat soup just like other boys.

"Now, don't misunderstand me; the Britishers didn't do it for fun," he continued, "or for their health; they did it for money and to increase the common wealth of the world. They haven't 'squeezed' the natives a bit, and they have taught them to respect and appreciate the benefits of law and order; and see the result. As far as the states that are under British protection extend, you can do business and travel about as freely and as unmolested as you can in London or New York."

"I don't deny," said Jim, doggedly, "but what the results of British empire-building are often good, or apparently so, especially for the pockets of the builders; but it is their methods that I denounce: and I hope that at the end of the nineteenth century we have not come to accept the Jesuitical maxim, that the end justifies the means."

"The English have nothing to be ashamed, and much to be proud of, in this chapter of their history," answered the planter. "When they went in they assumed a responsibility in the face of the whole civilized world, and they can indeed point with legitimate pride to what they have accomplished, to the way in which their trust has been fulfilled. And," turning to Jim, "as you seem interested, I will tell you how this almost peaceful revolution occurred. In 1870, some English merchants in Singapore secured, paying a fair value for it, in view of the risks, a concession to work the mines of Pahang, and the rajah promised them every protection and se-

curity. Nevertheless, the miners were attacked and repeatedly plundered, and seeing that the rajah was weak and powerless, or the principal robber, in this instance I forget which it was, the aid of the Colonial Government was invoked for the protection of British property. These robber bands were put down in a few months, and throughout the whole state peace and tranquillity was established, and, mark you, it has never been seriously disturbed since.

“There is not the slightest reason to suppose that the Colonial Office, or even its most zealous agents, for one moment desired to annex Pahang. On the contrary, it is certain that they would have preferred to see the mineral and agricultural wealth of the country developed without being compelled to shoulder the responsibility of government; but here, as elsewhere, manifest destiny was stronger than the carefully laid plans of men. The people of Selangor, and of Ujong, the Sultanates upon either flank of Pahang fought so continually with one another, and made such frequent inroads into British territory, that soon the newly established prosperity of the protected state was placed in jeopardy, and it was found necessary to proclaim the British peace over these states as well. Then of the independent Malay states, which had never sent the golden flower to Bangkok, there was only left the so-called confederacy of Negri Sembilan, or the ‘nine countries.’ These people had been fighting with one another and with their neighbors like Kilkenney cats for hundreds of years. They were wretchedly impoverished. Per-

haps, as regards their material welfare, they had sunk as low as the Digger Indians or the Australian aborigines; but, and in this they differed from the Diggers and the cats, they did have a glimmer of intelligence, and the growing prosperity and the wealth of their neighbors on every side did not escape their attention. In a very short time this object lesson in the benefits of British rule brought forth fruit, and the nine rajahs and their respective peoples, who never agreed upon anything else, now agreed, without a dissenting voice, to go to Singapore, and to ask the protection of the British Government against their enemies and their own savage customs."

"That's a very interesting story of social development and progress," said Jim, who is as stubborn as a shave-tail mule. "But how about the 'little wars'? and how much did they cost? and does our civilization mean anything to the Malays, except whiskey?"

"By good management," answered the Anglo-American planter, "there was only one little war, and with better management that could have been avoided. It only cost, however, four lives, rather less you see than the daily trolley car accidents at home, by which our civilization advances along iron tracks. When the British expansion movement in Malaysia began, the British Government made the mistake that we are making, to some extent at least, in Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines; that is, they took the first square pegs to hand and tried to fit them into round holes, and of course with the inevitable result. There were

Englishmen to be found who knew the Malays thoroughly, but instead of seeking them out, the Imperial Government, which then ran in deeper grooves than it does to-day, sent as resident to Perak (a most worthy gentleman he was too), a civil servant borrowed from the Bengal Government, who proceeded to administer the government on the principle that the truculent Malays could be treated in the same way as the mild Hindus. In a very few days this resident was murdered in cold blood, and there was an uprising, and then followed the little Perak war. But the English had learnt their lesson, and I only hope we will, and at as small a cost. The greatest benefit of the war was the founding of another covenanted Civil Service, recruited from among men who have a practical as well as literary knowledge of Malay traditions and customs, and for want of a better word I shall say their jurisprudence also. Clarke, Swettenham, and Maxwell were placed at the head of this service, or soon by their success as administrators worked their way up to the head, and to-day these men, a small band of forty at the outside, administer the affairs of British Malaysia, which under their even-handed rule, is as prosperous and contented as the other portions of the empire."

Our countryman, who, as Jim afterward claimed, had become submerged in the British Empire, and had the British peace upon his brain, now warmed up with his subject. "If you don't believe that the Malays have learned anything but whiskey-drinking from the English, when you get to Singapore, take a week off, and

go and see for yourself. It would be well worth your while to visit the Malay states, for there you can see the same problem which now confronts the American government in the Philippines, and which, from a distance, and with imperfect knowledge, seems so difficult; and you would see that it has been solved, and with what ease. I claim it is an achievement to be proud of. When the English took hold, the peninsula was occupied exclusively by Malays and Chinese, the two most backward races, and the hardest to move, of the human family. When they entered into possession there wasn't a road in the peninsula, and the natives, even, didn't dare travel along the jungle paths, because, if they did, they were certain to be bushwhacked; they travelled in canoes, by water, because it was safer. At that time, practically every man ran 'amook' through the country, carrying a kriss and wearing a sarong, and the only occupation worthy of manhood was piracy on the seas, in praus, and on land, 'head hunting'—that is, collecting the heads of their enemies in jungle forays.

"See the difference to-day! The country is surveyed and apportioned out, and good roads have been pushed through the jungles. The people, who were formerly always on the verge of starvation, and cowering in the jungle recesses to escape from their enemies, now live in comfortable houses, suitable to the climate, and growing, prosperous villages are to be seen on every side; and piracy on sea, and brigandage on land are almost as unknown as in England. If

you follow my advice, and visit the Malay states now, you can do so on a comfortable steamer, and you will land at a dock that will make you feel ashamed of those rattle-trap shanties, they call piers, along the river front in New York. You will be carried from the dock to the railway station in a cab, or perhaps a native gharry, and you will find the railway station looking like a bit of England, in fact, too much so. And then you will be whisked up to the Capital in a well-appointed train which, you will be surprised to find on examination, is entirely under the control of Malays and Chinamen. Upon the line of your journey to the Capital, you will see plantations and mines without number, in profitable operation under the most approved modern methods, — all this, remember, where twenty years ago there existed the purest anarchy, each man for himself, and the weakest to the wall; you will see asylums for the insane, and for the orphan, hospitals and dispensaries, and savings-banks and water-works, fire brigades and Pasteur institutes, telegraph and post-offices, and —”

“Say, let’s take a drink. I’m afraid I don’t understand enough about the subject to discuss it intelligently.” This from Jim.

“Oh, but you ought to,” said our newly found countryman, though he did not decline the invitation. “It will pay you to visit the Malay states, and you may learn things over there that will save many a little war in the Philippines. Not that these same little wars are such unmingled evils as you seem to think. In the

East they are almost always beneficial, the stepping-stones of civilization and the price of progress, I take it."

Bright and early the following morning we came to where, to-day, as when Camoens wrote his *Lusiads*, "the sea road shrinks to narrow way, to Cingupur." Here on this green little island, under the equator, the British, in two generations, have built a city and an emporium of trade, the first view of which, with its crowded shipping, its great docks, the handsome residences and the capacious fire-proof go-downs, or warehouses, in which the goods of the Eastern markets are stored for shipment, is simply overpowering. "And you know when I came out, twenty-five years ago," said the captain of the cricket team, evidently enjoying my open-mouth astonishment, "we had an awful lot of trouble with the tigers here, in fact, I assure you, they almost drove us out of the place; but we have succeeded at last in making a white man's town of it, and of the indigenous inhabitants only the white and red ants are left, but in the seventies I can tell you it was a different matter. The tigers fairly terrorized Singapore, and the annual tribute which they levied, fortunately almost exclusively upon the coolies, was from four to five hundred."

There is no suggestion of the tiger's lair in the appearance of Singapore to-day, as you come in upon it from the Straits; so complete and compact is the city one might imagine it had been standing there at least five hundred years. The first view of the place was such an "eye-opener," and I felt so proud of our

cousins, and was on the moment so emphatically determined that Manila should not long remain a one-horse town, that perhaps it was just as well that we should have received in this fit of enthusiasm an object lesson in the cost of empire-building, which of course is particularly heavy when you do not know exactly how to go about it.

As we steamed slowly into the basin at Tanjong-something, a French mail boat, crowded with sick officers and invalided men, lay at anchor almost across our bows. She was coming from Cochin-China or Tonquin. I call her passengers men, and I suppose they were alive, or else the Government of the Republic would not be giving them first-class passages home; but they seemed more like corpses, so white and dry were their skins, with all the blood pumped out of them, with their cheeks dried up and withered with what is called out here the Cochin-China anemia. On the upper deck was a crowd of French administrators, who change with the fall of every ministry at home, and so of course never have a chance of becoming acquainted with their duties, even if you take it for granted that political heelers and great men's jackals ever could learn how to perform them. As they wandered about the decks, smoking cigarettes, we could see that they were all decorated and were nearly all men of soft, pudgy build, who could not walk a mile upon the boulevards at home, much less sustain the rôle of pioneers in the tropics. They wore huge Punjaub hats, which in the comic papers, at least, are always

associated with African exploration; and they were all engaged in paying court to, and ogling, the tawdry yellow-haired actresses and singers who were returning from their season at Saigon, where such a troupe is sent every year by the French Government for imperial and other civilizing (?) purposes. Down below, the between-decks were crowded with young officers, the assistant residents, and the other poor fellows of the foreign legion and the infantry of the marine, who had borne the brunt of the recent fighting with the "black flags" on the Chinese frontier, and were going home now, broken in health and spirits. Long after we had passed this transport I could not dismiss the spectacle of suffering, which her decks presented, from my mind. I could not but wonder whether we, by better judgment, shall in our colonial enterprise escape the pitfalls for the unwary into which the French have fallen. I could not escape the question of whether in a few months our ships, too, will be carrying back to the Golden Gate cargoes of human wrecks such as these. If they do, I am sure we shall all rue the day that George Dewey was born.

Shortly after landing, I left Jim playing a game of pool with a young man of swarthy complexion, whom the blonde-haired barmaid of the café just out from London called "Sultan." He was a son of the late Abu Buker, the Sultan of Johore, whom the English bought out and pensioned off some years ago out of consideration for his subjects. Like all good Americans, when landing upon a foreign strand, I set out straightway for

the consulate. I was sorry to find that our Consul-General had gone home to the United States on what was doubtless a well-earned vacation, and still more sorry to find that he had selected a full-fledged Armenian to perform the duties of his office during his absence. There was nothing interesting in the papers, in fact they were of the same dates which we had read and re-read at Aden and Colombo. As I did not care to talk about Armenia with our representative, I was very glad indeed when a tall lanky man with iron-gray hair and beard, and a sharp, black, beady eye, sang out across the table littered with papers, "I am very glad indeed to see the flag of God's country and the bluecoats of Uncle Sam's men in Singapore, though," he added, conscientiously, "thirty-five years ago I could not have said as much." My new acquaintance turned out to be a Southerner and an ex-Confederate, one of those derelicts of the Confederate navy which the sudden collapse of the Confederacy cast adrift upon many strange and distant seas. The most pronounced and bitterly unjust Anglophobes that I have known have been invariably officers of the Confederacy. The moral is, I suppose, that if you undertake to help a man out of a hole, you must do the whole thing, and not let him slide back again, for if you do, he will hate you worse than if you had never paid any attention to his cry for assistance. So when he told me that he had lived his life since the war in the East, almost exclusively in British possessions, and that it would give him great pleasure to show me around

Singapore, which he asserted he knew as well as the palm of his hand, I promptly accepted his offer, more, I confess, from a desire to listen to his lurid picture of England standing before the civilized world "dripping with blood and daubed with dishonor" as the demagogues have it, than in anticipation of any direct benefit to be derived from his guidance. But I must give the old boy his due; he tried to be honest and fair, and he succeeded in regard to everything that he had seen with his own eye and personally experienced. He was, however, very human, and while he told of the wonderful improvements and benefits to the world at large, which British civilization had achieved in Malaysia, he never failed to offset the excellent impression in this way produced, by some hair-raising story of atrocities committed in the name of British rule and progress in Burmah or in India, as to which, on cross-examination, it would invariably appear that he had no more intimate or reliable knowledge than is to be obtained from reading sensational newspapers.

We soon climbed into rickshaws, heavy, cumbersome affairs they were, and not at all the light and airy vehicle of transportation I had anticipated, and so started out upon our voyage of discovery through the wonderful city, which the enterprise of the white man has caused to rise out of the jungle.

"We should give even the devil his due," began my guide, assuming, as far as the jolting of the rickshaw permitted, an air of judicial dignity. "In the Malay states and the Straits Settlements, the British have in-

deed worked wonders. In one generation they have replaced barbarism with civilization, and brought order out of chaos. They have made trade and commerce flourish where formerly there was only 'head-hunting' and internecine war and a misery that beggars all description. For hundreds of years the merchant adventurers sailed past the island of Singapore, because it was apparently only a jungle infested with tigers, and certainly gave no promise of either spices or gold. Then the English came along, took hold, and made a free port of it, the first in modern times, I believe; and of the result you can judge for yourself. It has become a world city and one of the greatest markets in either hemisphere. The volume of trade that passes through, or is here transhipped, is simply incalculable. By the opening of such a market the well-being of the savage tribes, which dwell within a radius of three thousand miles, has been increased beyond measure. Thousands upon thousands of these savages visit the port year after year, and go back to their jungle homes with the wonderful object lesson, which it presents, deeply impressed upon their minds. From it they learn that it is possible for men of hostile races to live together without war, and that there are fields of human activity more remunerative, in the long run, than head-hunting and piracy. One glimpse of the prosperity and the law and order which reigns in Singapore has done more, I claim, to improve the condition of the savages of Malaysia than all the societies for the protection of the aboriginal races which good, but misguided, men have founded the world over.

Mind you, I'm not against the missionaries, as so many traders are; I have known too many good men among them for that; but I do believe that the port of Singapore, with the gospel of work which it preaches day and night, year in and year out, to all who pass through its gates, whether on ocean steamers or Malay praus, has done more to civilize and even to Christianize the natives of this part of the world than all the Scriptures that have been circulated broadcast among them in their several vernaculars. And the reason is clear. The story of Singapore is a parable within the grasp of all, which all can understand, even when the teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ are, in an ethical sense, far beyond their comprehension. And so these millions of barbarians of many colors have gradually begun to wear something besides a breech cloth, and while they do not know the articles of our faith, and are not always inclined to accept the Ten Commandments without mental reservations in favor of some of their tribal customs, which, let me say, are quite as old as the tables of stone, yet they have come to observe the common law of traders who meet for the purposes of barter in the markets of the East, and if they don't, why there stands a British 'bobby' always on hand, a British 'bobby' with a number on his collar and a short, stout truncheon, as much a representative of British law and order as the man who stands in front of the Bank or Royal Exchange, though out here he may be a Sikh or a Sepoy, and by him this sullen savage is clapped into jail, from which he only emerges after having received

a salutary lesson, and an education in the common law of traders which cannot fail to be to his advantage."

"Yes, we must give the devils their dues," he concluded sadly, while I began to think that this would be impossible, or at all events require great dexterity to do so, without burning incense before the image of the British Lion, and of course that would never do for an American. I was not quite so sorry now that Jim had decided to waste his time while in Singapore, playing pool with a Sultan. There was "copy" in that, while I felt that I was being inducted by an unwilling but honest guide into a phase of the British rule in the East, which Jim could never touch upon in the *Sentinel*, for of course if he did so, all the "tail-twisters" in Indiana would stop their subscriptions in the belief, no doubt honestly held, that their local organ had been suborned by British gold.

As we jogged along through the gardens and park, on our way to what, in default of a better term, I shall call the tenement quarter of the city, I was constantly surprised at the spectacle of rich and prosperous Chinese, and very intelligent looking they were too, for the most part, riding by in their private equipages, and some on horseback, and others, if you please, driving tandem, on their way in from their luxurious homes and villas to the business and shipping quarters.

"And that," said my guide in answer to my look of surprise, "is the greatest of all their achievements. You can travel the Far East over from end to end

a thousand times and find nothing more wonderful than that. As you hear, those Chinamen are talking English among themselves, and with a high-church accent. Most of them have had English educations, and not a few of them have passed through the universities or the inns of court very creditably. They are not simply compradores and 'scroffs,' such as have been employed by foreign merchants in the East from time immemorial, to act as go-betweens with the natives, but they are bankers and barristers and large ship-owners and members of the council of the colony, and they all, or nearly all, stand upon their own footing and have independent positions. But, mind you, it's only a few years ago that they or their fathers landed here and dug wells or dragged rickshaws about, just as these poor coolies are doing for us now. I had always thought that while a leopard might possibly change his spots, a Chinaman never could become progressive. But here, and in Penang, and in Java, and in Borneo, and in Hong Kong you will see that this is not so, and you will learn that the queen has no subjects more prosperous, and perhaps few more patriotic, than these Chinese, who have been given the opportunity to better themselves under the protection of the British law."

"You know," he continued after a few moments' reflection, "whenever I meet a flight of Chinamen of this class, I am convinced that there is one hope for China which those who cast the horoscope of that empire never seem to take into consideration. These over-sea Chinamen were many of them refugees from the

injustice of the mandarins, and they all have relatives at home who still groan under an oppression which is worse than slavery or serfdom. They all belong, whether they have become millionnaires or are still coolies, to a secret society which is called the 'Hoan Cheng Hok Ming,' classic characters which contain its platform and mean 'Upset Chang,' which is the name of the present Manchu dynasty, and 'Restore Ming,' which was the last Chinese family that ruled over the empire. Up to the present, the over-sea Chinese, especially when they have made their fortunes, do not go back to China because they are afraid of the rapacious officials who await their coming; but the news of their prosperity goes home, and a stream of relations and fellow clansmen is constantly coming out to share their prosperity, and the Chinese officials have tried in vain to stem this tide of immigration. Now, in my judgment, the time is fast coming when for the Chinese, at least, the present 'flush times' will be over, for, in a sense, you know, the Chinese are like the Jews, and a community can only support a certain number of them. When the Straits and Java and Sumatra and Borneo, all lands where to-day the Chinese are reaping a rich harvest, shall be crowded, those who have come too late, and those who are still attached to their retrograde fatherland, will go back there strong enough and rich enough to defend themselves, and intelligent enough to 'Upset Chang' and send those tatterdemalion Manchu bannermen flying back to their desert home again.

“Now, mind you, these over-sea Chinamen do not merely talk like the English, whom they imitate so successfully, even to their eccentricities, but they play like them, cricket, tennis, foot-ball, what you will, and they play well ; and — what will strike you as being still more remarkable, when you have seen the Chinaman on his native heath — after the game they take a bath ; then they have literary and debating societies, and the Chinaman who is a member of the Legislative Council is thought to have a better knowledge of parliamentary law than any man east of Suez, and he looks like Tom Reed, too ; but in that he is not singular ; most Chinamen do. Just at present they don’t bother much about matters at home, but some day this new breed of Chinese will turn up in Peking, and that is the salvation of China I hope for, and a possibility that most other people seem to overlook.”

For uncounted and delightful hours we drove on through the native quarters ; it was a panorama of the peoples of Asia and the islands of the sea, such as is to be seen nowhere else. Here men and women have been brought together from every part of the Eastern world, attracted by the opportunity which Singapore affords to all alike, of engaging in remunerative work, and here they are held by the assurance that the fruits of their labor and their savings will be safe-guarded by all the might and power of the British Empire. To you this may not seem a great bait, but the fact remains that outside of the British possessions, nowhere else do these conditions of even-handed justice and equality

before the law prevail, and the Asiatics are beginning to find it out.

The color and the wonder of what we saw that afternoon I cannot reproduce, but I will give you the bones, the bare facts of it. The present population of this world city, the reclaimed tiger jungle of yesterday, consists of about 6000 Europeans and Americans, 4000 Eurasians, 20,000 British Indians, principally from the Coramandel coast, 30,000 Malays and 120,000 Chinese. To these add from 1000 to 5000 each of the Javanese, the Siamese, Pekans and Persians, Sedangs and Battaks, Burmese, Arabs, Dyaks and Bugis, Manila men, as here the representatives of the various Philippine tribes are called, and Seedy boys and Klings, and Chetties, a sprinkling of Papuans from New Guinea, and a hundred other nationalities or tribes which I never heard of before and whose names I cannot spell.

To each one of these peoples has been allotted a quarter of the town, and here members of other races are not allowed to take up their abode for fear of race wars and religious rows. Each of these quarters is called a "kompound," and so we have the kompound Java, kompound China, Siam, Kling, Malacca, and so on through the ethnological collection. "Kompound" formerly meant, I believe, and does still, in a restricted sense, the enclosure around a residence. And so, inside the great kompounds of each race there are hundreds of other smaller kompounds, some surrounded by stone walls and others with bamboo hedges, in which the subdivisions of each race dwell in huts and houses, or burrow

in the ground, each according to its architectural traditions and time-honored scheme of life. Only one thing is strictly forbidden, and that is the ancient filth ; modern sanitary laws must be and are enforced. Somewhere within the confines of the greater or race compounds there stands an English bungalow, from which there flies a British flag. Here lives an official of the colonial service, who is styled the "Protector of the Chinese," or of the Javanese, or the Klings as the case may be. This man has spent his whole life in studying the language, the history, and the characteristics of the people he protects, and he very rarely fails either to gain their confidence or to deserve it. When they are in trouble, the people of each tribe go to their especial protector, and he makes representations to the colonial governor in council. The complaints generally spring from the ill-feeling between the men of races that have been at war for thousands of years, but who now find they must live at peace under the British flag, and of course at times this is irksome.

For instance, if the Malays should raid the compound Java, or the Chinese quarter, and every now and then in the height of some religious festival, their old head-hunting instincts asserting themselves, they do, the Chinese complain to their protector, and the protector of the Malays is asked for a version of the affair from his people. Then the responsibility is placed and punishment measured out, and the protector of the people found guilty is charged with the execution of the sentence. To me it was well-nigh incredible to see

the perfect peace that reigns after but a few years of this system, which is simplicity itself. It seems to me to be so practical, and it is undoubtedly so successful, that we might with some modifications introduce it at home in some of our great cities. Certain it is that the law and order of Singapore, and the justice for all, is not to be found in the cosmopolitan slums of our great cities, such as New York, Chicago and San Francisco.

Our coolies pulled us along for hours through the little narrow lanes which run between the compounds. Now and again we would stumble upon perfectly villainous looking crews of cutthroats, glaring at each other with the pent-up hatred of a hundred years in their savage eyes, and now and again an angry word was heard, but the tall Sikh "bobby" in the khaki uniform would come striding along, and then everybody went back quietly to his work again. The occasional glimpses we caught of the inner compounds themselves revealed curious domestic arrangements and customs, far too many for even bare mention here; but the thing that struck me most, perhaps because it came in the nature of a surprise, was the humanity of all these heathens, and the love and self-sacrificing affection which they display for their children, and strangely enough this beautiful trait was most strikingly noticeable among the Chinese, reputed child-murderers as they are. A coolie might be and generally was clothed in filthy rags, his wife a slattern and ghastly to behold, in her paint and powder, and dripping with evil-smelling unguents of various kinds, but their children—that is when they

were dressed at all, which is not, I confess, all the time — were neatly and cleanly clothed, and very often extravagantly so. The Siamese and the Javanese women were also, I noticed, very attentive to the bodily welfare of their young. It was a pleasure to see them scrubbing down the youngsters in a perfect state of nature, and then having a good gossip with one another as they dragged their brats out into the sun to dry, while they chatted and gossiped and ran their fingers through the hair of their offspring in pursuit of invaders from the insect world. When the drying process was over, and I can tell you with that sun at a standstill overhead this did not take long, the Javanese and the Siamese women painted their brats with a paint about the shade of gold dust. The Chetties, and some of the other British Indians, streak their young with chalk after the bath, which is supposed to be hygienic as well as having a deep religious significance.

Late in the afternoon, as we passed Government House, on the way homeward, Hawkins, the ex-Confederate, pointed to the flag. "You have seen what Singapore is to-day. Well, I can assure you, and no one here will contradict me, that if you removed that bit of bunting from the flagpole, the whole thing would go to pieces like a card house in a gale of wind. You don't know what obstinate children these people are when left to their own devices, but every one who lives in the East does, and you will, too, after you have been ten days in the Philippines. Now, of course, the English are not doing this out of pure philanthropy, nor do they pre-

tend to; but they are imposing law and order upon the savage races, and they are daily opening up new channels of commerce, thereby increasing the common wealth of the world; and they are doing it not only for themselves, but for the good of all civilized people, as well as for the benefit of the savages who have the good fortune to fall under their protection. Of course many of them are doing it individually in the hope that they will get, as they certainly are getting, the lion's share of the new wealth that is to-day flowing into the western world from the East, and as they deserve it I hope they will get it, though I am glad, too, that at last our people are awakening to the trade opportunities across the Pacific, the undeveloped market of 600,000,000 people, and are determined to have a 'piece of the pork' also. No, I never discuss the Philippine question; it's not worth while. When you have been out here a year I guess you will say, as I do, that America has come into Asia through no fault and by no merit of President McKinley or 'Uncle George' Dewey either. It was so written in the book of destiny and your transports and your regiments, while apparently obeying the orders of the Government in Washington, are simply pawns held in the grasp of destiny and moved by the fingers of fate."

We put up at Raffles Hotel, which, according to Jim, is named after that Sir Stamford Raffles, who having been chucked out of Java, neck and crop, came along and hoisted his flag here. Apropos of this incident, I will give you an extract from the account of James

Heth, second lieutenant, which, wind and weather permitting, will ultimately appear in the *Logansport Sentinel*, his family organ.

“Hundreds upon hundreds of navigators and conquistadores had sailed past this island just off Johore, and they had, one and all, from Albuquerque to Mendes Pinto, turned up their noses at the trifling islet. Even Camoens who, as it is quite needless to remind my readers, wrote some verses about Cingapur, as he spelled it, passed on, as had so many of his predecessors, in a dreamy, half Portuguese, half poetic way. Then Raffles appeared on the scene, a brisk, hustling business man out of a job, for, as my readers will recall, by the treaty of Amiens, the British gave up all claim to Java, which had been Raffles’ bailiwick. Raffles was poking along the coast in a great tub of an East Indiaman, which had been sent to fetch him away, and, unlike Sancho Panza, under somewhat similar circumstances, the Englishman was feeling very down in the mouth at having no savages to subjugate, when suddenly this little island bobbed up out of the turquoise seas in front of him. ‘There may be something in that potato patch,’ says Raffles to himself, ‘and at all events if I take it, I shall be lord of an island, and not have to go back to England without a handle to my name and hailing from nowhere’; so he stepped ashore and took possession of it in the name of His Gracious Majesty, King George the Fourth. While the usual festivities with which such an event is celebrated were in progress, the Sultan of Johore, to whom undoubtedly

the island belonged in fee simple, turned up very numerous on the scene with a fleet of piratical praus and piragues, all loaded down to the gunwales with swash-bucklers and buccaneers, and poisoned arrows and blowpipes, and taking in the situation on the moment, the Sultan said to Raffles, 'Nay, nay, Pauline,' or words to that effect, in his outlandish lingo. But Raffles was not to be put off, and he worked the savages with the same old trick that Romulus, and Æneas, and Hendryk Hudson, William Penn, and a lot of other builders of great states have used to their advantage, though of course the two last, being inspired by philanthropic motives, did so with greater propriety. To cut my story short, Raffles offered to pay \$5 spot cash for as much land as he could cover with a buffalo's hide, and the Sultan, who was not spoiling for a row, but a quiet, easy-going man, consented, and of course Raffles cut the hide into the thinnest strings possible and encircled the island with them. In this way was consummated one of those barefaced steals out of which, by the way, a chain of petty robbery around the world, the Colonial Empire of the British is constituted."

"Aren't you putting that a little too strong, Jim?" I ventured to suggest. "I do not see exactly how Raffles acted very differently from the rest,—from Raleigh, Penn, Hudson, Calvert, or even those immaculate Pilgrim Fathers."

"Well, to tell you the truth, frankly, I don't either, but that is what the folks in Logansport and Broad

Ripple want to read, and I am not going to disappoint them. They want to lean back and feel pious, better than other folks, and that's what the *Sentinel* means to give them."

After this revelation of Jim's journalistic honor, we went in to dinner. At our table was soon placed the strangest looking couple my eyes ever fell upon. The man talked and acted more like a kangaroo than anything else, and the woman looked like a crazy quilt, draped about a sack of meal. Her dress was made out of at least a dozen pieces of bright, variegated silk, and she wore it as though she had never had a dress on before. Several times she swept, not only her platter, but the whole table, clean with her flowing sleeves. With an explanatory wave of her hand, the lady remarked that she and her husband had been living for fifteen years in the interior of Borneo, and that this was the first table they had sat down to for a long time, and that of course it was a little awkward at first. After a while the head waiter, who wore a red bandanna handkerchief around his head, and another about his loins, though he also wore trousers, came along, and placed a French priest at our table. He was the rummest-looking customer I have ever seen. His face and hands were scaly, as though he lived in the water most of the time. He could not manage his food at all with his knife and fork, and so, not to go hungry, every now and then, with a sly look around, he would carry the whole plateful to his mouth, and gobble it down in the old way.

Jim, who smelt "copy," was drawing the couple out about Borneo, and they certainly did talk very interestingly about the Dyaks, until at last, with the fruit, which he could manage more easily, the priest pricked up his ears, and took a hand in the conversation, setting the talkative couple right in several very important particulars in regard to the manners and customs of the Bajous, a race of sea gypsies, who float around in Bornean waters. Conversation went on swimmingly now, Jim listening and taking mental notes, when suddenly, the priest, dropping his knife and fork with a clatter, said:—

"Why, you must be Mr. and Mrs. P——."

"And you must be Father Gregory."

And then they rushed at each other, and, for the third time, Mrs. P—— swept the whole table clean with her flowing sleeves.

When the fracas was over, and we got more things to eat and drink, it appeared that Mr. and Mrs. P—— lived in the heart of British Borneo, where he was governor, and judge, and high priest, and that Father Gregory was his nearest neighbor, and the only white man living within five hundred miles; and that though they had never met, they had been corresponding for ten years, writing their letters with steel styli, upon dry palm leaves, and confiding them to the care of the sea and the river gypsies, who generally delivered them in the course of time. And so, until the end of dinner, we had a symposium of talk about the Sea Dyaks, and the Land Dyaks, and how to fight the

white ants and the red ants, and the other incidents of life in Borneo. When the coffee came, Jim, who had been biding his time, sailed right in.

"I want you people," he said, "who seem to have Borneo at your finger tips, to tell me about the white rajah of Sarawak. I have heard of him ever since I began to collect stamps, and I can't make out whether he is a brigand or a philanthropist; now do tell."

Mr. P—— flushed up, and was visibly embarrassed; then seeing a way out of the dilemma, he turned quickly to the French missionary, and said:—

"Perhaps our friends from America could obtain a more just appreciation of the rajah's work and character from one who is neither of his race nor of his religion."

The priest's eyes flashed as he gulped down his coffee.

"Most willingly I will tell you what I know; but to begin with, I must warn you that his name is the brightest in the history of Borneo, and that there are very few Rajah Brookes in the East or anywhere else. Fifty years ago a young Englishman, with a fair amount of money and plenty of time lying idle on his hands, conceived the idea of spending both the one and the other in cruising along the Borneo coast, shooting and fishing, and collecting orchids for his conservatory, and heads for an anthropological museum. While doing so he was hospitably received and entertained in his floating palace, or kraton, by the last Malay rajah of Sarawak. The host on this occasion is still remembered in Borneo as a very worthy old gentleman, though strangely

enough, as he came of the strain of fighting Malays, he was not a warrior. The people of Sarawak at this time were living in daily terror of their head-hunting neighbors, who had a custom which, by the way, though it will not perhaps so strike you at first, corresponds with one of our own usages in the Western world. With us in France, and I believe also in England and America, a young man of a certain walk in life, is not regarded with approval by his elders if he should marry before he has secured a degree of some kind from a university. The Dyaks have the same general feeling, though they achieve their manhood in a different way. Your Dyak, before he can make any proposition of this nature to the father of marriageable daughters, must return from the war to the village, which is his home, with the gory head of an enemy slung over his shoulder. But to return to my story. At the time when Brooke arrived, the people of Sarawak, owing to the weakness of their chief, had been for some time past, much against their will, furnishing the heads that were required by their Dyak neighbors when contemplating matrimony. While Brooke was enjoying the new world and studying the men and manners of the strange civilization into which he had strayed on his roving cruise, a tribe of savage Dyaks made a more serious raid than usual into Sarawak. They came in larger force, and they committed more cold-blooded murders than ever before, and the people were in despair.

“This time, encouraged by Brooke and his white companions, who were keen for the lark and promised as-

sistance, the old rajah stiffened his back and declared a holy war against all the Dyaks who would not marry without first committing murder, so this declaration included both the Land Dyaks and the Sea Dyaks as well as those tribes which are amphibious. The result was that the Dyaks received a severe defeat, which was due, of course, in a great measure, to the death-dealing rifles of the strangers. In one of the last encounters, however, and before the rajah had an opportunity to enjoy the fruits of his victory, he was wounded by a poisoned arrow from a blowpipe. The old Malay chief was childless. The heads of the children that had grown up to manhood in his floating palace had long since served to decorate the marriage feasts of the savages. Seeing that he was dying, the rajah called about him his Datus and faithful supporters, and said that it was his wish to adopt the white man of war as his son, so that he might, by due process of Malay law, designate him as his successor. Hemmed in as they were on every side by warlike savages, this remnant of a noble race was only too glad to accept the leadership of the white man; they had seen Brooke's prowess in war, and in his presence among them they saw their only salvation. So there was no objection, and the young Englishman was chosen rajah by acclamation. And so it came about that he took up his abode and began to deal out 'unequal laws unto a savage race' as your English poet sings, at the same time defending his own vigorously, until, little by little, the attacks of the Dyaks became less frequent, and soon they ceased altogether.

By bitter experience they had learned that it was not healthy to go head-hunting within the boundaries of Sarawak.

“Brooke, long since deserted by his companions, who, thinking he was carrying the joke too far, had gone back to India and home, relieved now from the pressure from without, turned his attention to the internal affairs of the country that had come into his possession. He approached these questions with the same vigor and singleness of purpose that he had brought to the knotty foreign problems. But at first his efforts were not rewarded with the same success. He found his Malay subjects very indifferent to money matters. In fact, as far as money went, like all the other inhabitants of the islands of the ocean, who have not remained like the Sea Dyaks and Bajous in a state of utter savagery, they were completely in the hands of the ‘baboos,’ or roving Chinese traders, who exercise the money power over all these seas and archipelagoes and so own the people body and soul. After having studied the situation, Brooke decided to deal with the Chinese financiers fairly and squarely, but at the same time he proposed to protect the childish Malays from the rapacity of the ‘baboos,’ of whom it is proverbial that if a man but borrow an ounce of silver or a pound of coffee, they will never let him go until they have stripped him of all he possesses, including often his wives and his children. The way Brooke decided to stop these abuses was manly and frank, but it was not politic. The Chinese ‘baboos’ were called into the Kraton, and

informed once for all that their day of unlimited power was over. The rajah announced that all the monopolies which they had acquired, both upon exports and imports, would be extinguished as they fell in, and that henceforward, there would be a legal rate of interest and capital punishment for any one who practised usury. Of course the 'baboo's' protested that they would be ruined, and equally, of course, they made all manner of propositions to the new rajah to divide with him the money they could 'squeeze' from his simple-minded subjects. Brooke's only reply was to sternly dismiss them with a warning to sin no more. The 'baboo's' were loath to lose Sarawak, which had been for a long time one of the most lucrative of the places subject to their plunder, so they determined to resort even to violence rather than change their practices.

"A few nights later, when most of the able-bodied men of Sarawak were away upon the islands drying copra, the Chinese, armed to the teeth, attacked and overpowered the guards of the Kraton. The palace was taken completely by surprise, and the guards were killed at their posts. But their resistance, however short, served to give the alarm, and when the murderous crew attempted to penetrate still further into the Kraton, Brooke stood there ready to receive them, and shot them down, one after another, as fast as they came up. Seeing their comrades falling upon every side, the 'baboo's' drew back to take counsel, in the meantime, surrounding the palace with a cordon of men on shore, and a line of canoes along the river

front. Smarting under their repulse, they were not slow in reaching a second resolution, even more diabolical than had been their first. Creeping up under the cover of darkness they set on fire the bamboo tinder box, which was Brooke's palace, and court of justice in one. As the flames sprang high up in the air, they could not contain their shouts of triumph, but as the event proved, they little knew the energy and determination of the man they had to deal with. Brooke now tossed aside his rifle, a weapon of uncertain value in the darkness, and at close quarters, and armed only with a stout Malay kriss, he made a dash for the river. One after another, he struck down the opposing Chinese, and then dove for dear life down the banks, and into the dark waters. He swam for as long as he could under water, only coming to the surface when it was absolutely necessary to breathe, and before morning his strong arm, and the current of the river, carried him many miles beyond his pursuers, who indeed were satisfied that he had been drowned at the first plunge. Exhausted and worn out by his exertion, as the sun rose, Brooke pulled himself out of the river, and sank unconscious among the reeds of the bank. He lay there several days, delirious with fever, before at last he was discovered by a Malay fisherman. This man was not of the Sarawak tribe, but he had heard of the rajah's kindness to his people, and he knew that he was suffering because he had tried to curb the greed of the Chinese. So he carried the rajah to his hut, where he made a bed of bamboo for him, and made it comfortable to lie

upon, with layers of plantain leaves. He then sent a swift messenger in a prau, out to the copra islands, to tell the men of Sarawak how villanously the Chinese, during their absence, had used their lord. Now, had Brooke been what I believe you call a 'carpet-bagger,' had he been simply staying among these people for his own selfish ends, the Malays would have rejoiced at his overthrow and humiliation, and joined in with the Chinese in their celebration of his death,—for the 'baboo's' never for one moment imagined that the rajah had come out of the river alive."

"That would have been the natural and logical course for them to pursue," said Jim, who was following the priest's story with great interest. "Now tell us what they did do."

"Well, first they came stealing softly to the little hut in the jungle, where Brooke lay raving in his delirium, and there they did him reverence as though he had been a god, and indeed toward them he had acted as no man in this world had acted before. They swore revenge upon their krisses, and, leaving a guard to watch over him, paddled swiftly, under the cover of night, up the dark river, where the canoes move noiselessly and leave no trail. Then they surrounded the ruined Kraton, where the 'baboo's,' drunk with samshoo and rice wine, were making merry over the overthrow of the protector of the Malays.

"... Some days later, when Brooke was able to move about, they brought him up the river in a barge which had once been the flagship of the old sea

rovers of Brunei. Two or three days had sufficed for the men of Sarawak to build upon the ruins of the old Kraton a larger and a more commodious residence for their chief; and as he passed from the landing stage to the entrance, Brooke walked through an avenue of bamboo poles, upon which were stuck the shrivelled heads of the 'baboo,' who had sought to lay hands upon the sacred person of the White Raj."

"He must have treated them fair and square, right from the start," burst out Jim, enthusiastically. "Well, I am glad he escaped the high-binders."

"He did, indeed, and the proof that it was so is to be found in their subsequent treatment of him," continued the priest. "Neither then, as you will gather from their punishment of the 'baboo,' or at the present day, have the Rajah Brookes, uncle and nephew, been able to obtain acceptance of that Christian doctrine which inculcates loving-kindness to those who despitefully use us. This miracle has not been accomplished among the Malays anywhere, not even in Sarawak, but short of this, the Brookes have worked wonders. For fifty years they have ruled over the little satrapy, and it has grown and prospered mightily, not because the Brookes took advantage of their superior strength, and grabbed adjoining territory, but simply because the surrounding tribesmen, who were living in a state of anarchy, saw that under the White Raj's rule they were safe from their enemies without, and would be protected in all their rights, religious as well as tribal. So one after another the chiefs and sultans came in

and made their submission, and in this way was formed that confederacy of the Malays, which, under the intelligent guidance of the white rajah, has become such a powerful instrument for the protection and the preservation of a race which had seemed upon the point of vanishing from the face of the earth."

"And what did Rajah Brooke get out of the job?" inquired Jim, with that terrible bluntness, not to use a more severe word, of which you know something.

The P——s flushed up hotly, while the priest paused as though he did not quite understand the question; then he began.

"I will tell you what he got out of it. Before this job turned up, Brooke was a gentlemanly vagrant, and it gave him an object in life. Before he came to Borneo he was spending a large portion of his income upon the improvement of the race horse and the coursing greyhound. It was his chance meeting with the Rajah Muda Hassim and what came of it that suggested to him the idea of leaving the brute creation, for a time, at least, to their own devices, and to assume the nobler and more difficult mission to the Malays. He now spent his income, and indeed a large portion of his fortune, in works of improvement and in schools, and in law courts, and in bringing out English teachers to help turn his people from their savage ways."

"And how does he get his dollars back?" said Jim, still insisting upon the business aspects of the job in a way that made me kick at him savagely under the table.

“He doesn’t get them back, and he doesn’t want to. The old rajah used to thank God and the Malays for the opportunity that had been given him for a long life crowded with useful work, and that is all and enough too — at least, so he thought. He gets his coal very cheaply from the coal fields, which, by the way, he discovered and taught the natives the value of; and thanks to the high esteem in which the neighboring chiefs have held the white rajahs, both uncle and nephew, they have been able to form the most remarkable collection of krisses and other Malay weapons in the world, which they receive from time to time from their friends and allies as presents. With these exceptions, and a few other rights which the Malays and the Dyaks alike have insisted upon, because it was the old custom, the present Rajah Brooke has not received enough out of his Asiatic satrapy of Sarawak to pay the running expenses of the yacht in which he prowls around the coast and up the dark mysterious rivers of his broadening land, seeing to it that none of his foreign assistants and residents depart from that line of just dealing with the natives which was laid down in the beginning by his uncle.

“No,” repeated the priest, with emphasis, and with a look which I preferred to see directed toward Jim rather than to myself, “he has coined no dollars, but he has done a noble work; more than any man he has contributed to the spread of civilization throughout Malaysia. Borneo is a great island, practically a continent, and of course the light of humanity which radiates from

Sarawak does not advance with the rapidity of a prairie fire; and if it were artificially fed or fanned there would be wars and revolutions, for there are no people more tenacious of the old customs and attached to the things that have been, than the Malays. But if it is true that head-hunting is diminishing, and is in many places quite unknown, and that the sacrament of marriage is not defiled by the shedding of blood in Borneo to-day, the credit belongs almost exclusively to the White Raj. And if it is true that the shipwrecked sailors of our race who are cast up by the sea, and were formerly roasted and eaten, or at all events put to death with the most horrible torture, are now hospitably received and cared for, and sent to some port from which they can be shipped home, it is again all due to the firm but just rule of the Brookes.

“Sixty years ago the islands of Borneo and New Guinea, the largest islands in the world, were about on the same plane of civilization or savagery. Perhaps the Borneo tribes were more fierce; certainly they were more far-reaching in their depredations; indeed, within the memory of men now living, the Sultan of Brunei kept his piratical praus hovering off Singapore and in the Strait of Johore, on the lookout for sailing vessels to plunder and burn. To-day the people of New Guinea still remain savages pure and simple, while the people of Borneo, Dyaks and Malays as well, are beginning, according to the measure of their strength, to contribute to the well-being of the world. If it be true, as it is, — I can vouch for that, — that throughout the continent of

Borneo a white man's word carries more weight than a yellow man's promise or his bond; if the prestige of our race has risen immeasurably, as it has, primarily, and in the main, the credit belongs to that young Englishman who came to Borneo after big game and orchids, and stayed there to do greater things."

The priest had finished his story and walked away slowly down the veranda, with a soft, noiseless tread, well before we knew it. His last earnest words had cast a subtle spell upon us. There were tears in Mr. P——'s eyes as he turned and said:—

"The old rajah was carried to England and buried there. Whenever I think of him, of where he is taking his rest, under the old burial mound, which stands, according to the custom of the Saxons, on the shore of the sea, the words of the old chronicle that tell of the burial of Beowulf ring in my ears. 'There, then, they wrought a mound on the steep which high was and broad, for the sea-goers to see from afar. Then around the mound the battle brave rode, their king bewailing, and many things say, esteeming his bravery and his valiant works. His hearth-enjoyers said that he was of world kings the greatest, and of men the kindest.'"

Through the jasmine-covered lattice we could see the great street beyond the garden, and the flashing lamps of the gharries, as they hurried to and fro. Softened by the distance, the music of the band that played in front of Government House, and under the shadow of Sir Stamford Raffles, celebrated there in stone, was borne on the breeze of the evening toward us. We

were sailing at midnight, and as we wished to see a little of Singapore by moonlight, we took a hearty leave of the strange pair who had lived so many years in the heart of Borneo, and become uncivilized only as regards their clothing. Jim was wrung with remorse for the silly, flippant remarks with which he had interrupted the priest's story.

"I'm afraid I made a fool of myself," he blurted out at last.

"Not the slightest doubt of it, Jim."

"I was all right in principle," he protested, "only I put the wrong man in the pillory."

We walked on in silence for some time, and I could see that his eyes flashed with unusual emotion. Suddenly he caught me by the arm.

"For the first time in my life I am sorry I cannot build the lofty rhyme. If there ever was a hero, a real hero, not the Sunday Supplement kind, it was that man Brooke. His life was epic. His story is the epic of the white man in the East."

We passed the bandstand, and the chairs of the "chop" dollar society¹ that has the *entrée* to Government House, and stood for a time in the background, listening to the music. There, partly concealed in the shrubbery, on the outside fringe of official society,

¹ In the East, as elsewhere, there are "bad" dollars as well as good. When a silver dollar has been weighed and found up to all requirements it is the custom of the bank or hong, which puts it into circulation, again to place its "chop" or trade-mark upon it as a guarantee. So in the East people who are received at Government House and the consulates are said to constitute the "chop" dollar society. — THE EDITOR.

was a group of Tamil girls from the Coramandel coast, dark, straight, and lissome, and such eyes; ye Gods! the señoritas of Caney were milk and water, and wholly innocuous by comparison. They were dressed with barbaric richness; they were savagely beautiful, and how well they knew it. Now and again we would hear them whispering, "Tuan America — Orang America," for they had heard of the *Sherman's* arrival and knew our blue coats. Jim had alighted from his Pegasus now, and his thoughts and actions were very much of this earth.

"Did you ever see such pretty purple toes," he sighed, as he pointed to the feet of one of the dark beauties, "and they are covered with rings and jewels too." Then he began to hum:—

"Rings on her fingers
And rings on her toes,
And she shall have lovers
Wherever she goes."

But she wasn't to have my second lieutenant, so I caught him by the neck and swung him into a gharry, and we galloped on through the moonlit night until we came to the Tanjong, something or other, off which the *Sherman* lay at anchor. And I think it was owing to this energetic measure that we sailed next morning before daybreak with our full complement of men, including James Heth, Company D, Twenty-first U. S. Infantry.

U. S. TRANSPORT *Sherman*.
HONG KONG, April 25, 1899.

MY DEAR GILL :—

On the morning of the seventh day out from Singapore, the sea, which had been so empty and monotonous to look upon, became suddenly crowded with islands, many of them rose out of the water to a great height, and all of them were sterile and apparently uninhabited; now and again we passed a wretched-looking fishing craft or a suspicious-looking junk that gave us a wide berth. "These are the Ladrone Islands," said our skipper. "The Portuguey called them the Ladrones because the inhabitants were such thieves, and the Portuguey ought to know all there is about thieving. Fifty years ago these islands were all just alike, barren and uninhabited except for the pirates, and the sea-gulls lighting on them every now and then. Then the Britishers ran their flag up over one of the group, — I believe they paid the Chinese for the privilege, but I am not sure of that. Well, that rock, which was as worthless as all the rest of them when they raised their flag over it, is to-day the third port of the world, and more than 15,000,000 tons of shipping enter it every year."

An hour later, in the clear bright sunlight of the morning, the rock where this miracle was wrought rose before us. I confess that from a distance Hong Kong looked very much like the rest of the Ladrones, gray, sterile, and forbidding, and many of us were inclined to receive the captain's statement that we were fast approaching the greatest emporium of the East, with a

certain amount of scepticism. However, every beat of the screw brought us nearer, and one by one the wonders of the place came into clearer view. Soon we saw that this little island, unlike the other worthless shoals or shafts of rock that rose out of the sea, was hedged about with granite docks and walls. The island itself, as it rose to a peak, that was lost to view in the clouds, was honeycombed with roads and streets, and dotted with palatial hongs and dwellings. Looking like ants in the distance, we caught sight of thousands and thousands of workmen swarming up the mountain side and down upon the docks to their daily tasks.

"If you landed unarmed and with five cents in your pocket, upon one of them other islands," said the skipper, with a contemptuous wave of the hand to the Ladrões, "your life would not be worth five minutes' purchase; but in Hong Kong there are 300,000 men, and some pretty tough citizens among them, who have flocked here from all over Asia, and yet there never is any trouble."

We should have been, in a measure, prepared for the miracle that now grew plain before us, by what we had seen in Colombo and Singapore, and yet, after all, the first view of the imperial city of the East came with the overpowering force of a surprise. I lifted my hat, I can tell you, to the Britishers, as I saw what one generation of the breed had done with that rock by practising the gospel of work. Why, the water front of New York looks like a fishing village in comparison with this city of the East, which, at a glance, you see has come to

stay. Of course I cannot give you the details of the picture; an artist, with pen and pencil, is required for that, and a great one, but some day that man will come, and we will all listen to him. It was a great story that Camoens sang, that of the adventurers, who, with their stout hearts, penetrated, on fragile barques, the farthest seas; but the spread of civilization and the conquests of commerce in the East, during the century that is about to close, is an epic that will stand comparison with any that has been written.

When we seemed to be almost within hailing distance, for a moment we lost sight of Hong Kong altogether. We were passing through a narrow channel with walls that rose on either side sheer from the sea to the height of many hundred feet. I will take advantage of this breathing spell to tell you why we have deviated a little from the usual route to Manila, and how it happens that we are approaching Hong Kong at all. For some weeks past there has been something the matter with the *Sherman*, and the skipper, to silence all further inquiry, after leaving Colombo announced that she had a "hot box." Certain it is that the speed with which we crossed the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, traversed the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean has long since been lost, and in the Bay of Bengal we did no better than a "freighter." It had been our plan after leaving Singapore to steam through the Sulu Seas and, according to the Penang papers, the Sultan was waiting for us off the Island of Jolo with his piratical praus, and buccaneering datus; but owing to the mysterious

trouble with our engines, this meeting had to be postponed, and we made for Hong Kong, which is famous, among other things throughout the East, for its shipyards. So it happened that we crept along the Cochin-China coast, and saw the cape off which tradition has it Camoens was shipwrecked, and swam ashore with the manuscript of the *Lusiads* under his arm. Then for six days more we "coasted" along Asia, as the skipper called it, though not a speck of land did I see until the *Ladrones* came in sight. . . .

As we shot out from behind the granite barrier of the intervening island we were so near to Hong Kong that we could hear the creaking of the derricks on the docks, and the roar of the blasting charges in the quarries. Men were rushing about all over the place, as if time were really an object. We rubbed our eyes hard and wondered how it had happened, that in a moment we had passed from out the lazy, slippered East, and were back again in the wide-awake world of men who earn their daily bread in the sweat of their brows. Dozens of great ocean steamers went past us, whipping in and out of the channel like the big fish they are, and suddenly, above the tooting of the whistles, and the general uproar, we heard an ear-splitting English cheer. We were passing a great battleship that is standing guard over this vast workshop and market of the East, the "jackies" had manned the yards, the ship was dressed, and then after the spontaneous cheers which were not down in the regulations and cannot be given at command, the formal salute to our flag was

fired. We presented arms, and the colonel stood on the bridge and saluted. I tell you that English cheer sounded so familiar that we all felt we were getting home after a long voyage in unknown seas, and among strange people. Every one was pleased and delighted and proud, with the exception of Jim, who, as you will remember, dies hard.

"There's the robber's rock," he shouted, "the last station, thank God! in the chain of toll gates they have put up around the world all the way from Gibraltar; this is the robber's nest, and there go his ships carrying off the spoils of the East; this is the empire city of Victoria, Her Gracious Majesty, Victoria Regina, to whom 'Sheba pays tribute and Osiris brings gifts,' and if they don't, why, Victoria Regina will give the niggers a thundering licking."

Jim was in his last ditch, and his last cartridge contained, I thought, a dum-dum bullet, which is against the rules of war, but was in this instance certainly amusing, and so he went on.

"And do you know what that cheer from the English boat means, and how they treated that flag they now salute, until after Appomattox? Well, that cheer means, put into the language of everyday folk: 'Cousins, we have bitten off a little more than we can chew, and we want you to come and help us out. It's a good business, and we would take you in as junior partner, and we will give you absolutely everything we don't want ourselves. We hope you won't mind that we have been around the world prospecting, while

you were in the nursery, and have staked out all the good claims and reserved all the corner lots, but what's left you are welcome to, and kindly, if you will only pitch in and help us keep what we have got.' "

Everybody laughed, though perhaps none of us were listening very intently, we were all too deeply engrossed in watching the wonders of the city that the nearer view disclosed. First came the great granite praya or sea wall which has recently been built at an immense cost, a stupendous undertaking, by which the sea was pushed back, the earth filled in, and so a little space gained between the rocks and the shore. Then came a row of docks and warehouses, and the fireproof godowns in which the cargoes are stored awaiting distribution and transhipment. Upon the next tier of the city are the hongs and business houses, the hotels, the barracks, the public buildings, and the clubs. Far up above, hanging to the heights in little rows and terraces, which have been blasted out of the solid rock, are ensconced the villas, many of them literally palaces, of the rich merchants; they stretch upward, as far as the eye can reach, until lost to view in the damp vapor cloud which always envelopes the crest of the peak.

We were not given a quiet moment in which to contemplate, at our ease, the marvellous scene. The blessed thing wouldn't stand still, and the steamers kept coming in and out with the regularity of trains on stone-ballasted tracks. They were bound to ports at the other end of the world, but the passengers lolled around on deck as though they were going to Coney Island for

the afternoon. Hundreds of other great steamers were loading and discharging, and my head ached with the roar and the rattle of the steam cranes, and the sharp whistles of the steam launches, in which sat the shipping clerks carrying out to the departing steamers at top speed their clearance papers and last instructions. . . .

Suddenly, where they came from we never knew, it looked as though they had dropped from the clouds, a fleet of little boats manned by Chinese men, and women too, swooped down upon us and began to take us ashore bag and baggage, without so much as saying by your leave. Jim and I had secured permission to land at once, and soon we found ourselves being rowed across the harbor by a Chinese boy, who was as strong as an ox, though there was not a muscle visible on his body. The heat was intense and the tide flowed strongly against us. The sweat ran down our oarsman's bare back, but under his great straw hat, which looked like the roof of a house, he whistled away, I suppose to keep cool.

When we climbed out on the landing stage we gave our boatman a shilling apiece. Seeing, I suppose, that we were "easy," he asked for another shilling, and we were about to hand it over, it certainly did not seem too much, when suddenly from somewhere, right out of the bowels of the earth, there sprang up before our astonished eyes a Sikh policeman, armed with a stout truncheon. Taking in the situation at once, he gave the China boy several raps with his club, the boy

squealed like a stuck pig, and we got all our money back, and I am afraid in the hurry and the excitement a little more besides. Profuse apologies, in a strange guttural language, were offered us by the Sikh, and assurances were given and accepted, that it would never occur again. We were assured that the license of the boy to ply for hire in the harbor of Victoria would be cancelled, or at all events suspended for at least six months. As we wandered on, we could not help comparing the shameful way in which our "dough-boys" were robbed in the harbor of New York, with the way in which we were being watched over and protected in Hong Kong. Walking on for a block or two past the warehouses, we came to a street that was rather more imposing and certainly broader than those we had crossed coming from the water front. Having travelled now all the way from Gibraltar upon the Queen's highway, we were rather bored to find that this street is known as the Queen's Road, too. Then suddenly, without a moment's warning, we stumbled into the throbbing, pulsating heart of this Eastern mart, the stock exchange, the market, and the clearing house all in one, that extends along this street from the club to the clock tower. Such a scene it was that met our eyes, and such a babble of tongues that fell upon our ears! Messengers were going and coming with cablegrams and "chits" and what they call out here "expresses," little slips of paper, damp from the printing press, with which the arrival and departure of steamers is announced. No one could doubt for a moment that

every channel of commerce and every line of trade converged here, and that nothing can happen in the wide world but what the electric spark would carry the news of it in a few seconds to this shabby little exchange at the end of the earth. Here on the sidewalk, or, to speak more precisely, in the gutter, which they seem to find cooler, Englishmen and Germans, British Indians and Armenians, Chinese and Parsees, and Jews from Bagdad and everywhere else, were selling and exchanging the products of the East and West. The place hummed, like the New York stock exchange or the Chicago grain room, and the whirl and the rush of it all fairly made us giddy, weak and limp as we were from our long voyage, and the confinement of life on a transport. Some of the traders simply wore singlets and duck trousers, others, the more conservative, appeared in white tunics of drill or Chefoo silk, buttoned up to the throat with shining silver ticals, the Siamese dollars; some new arrivals and visiting merchants even wore high hats, and the Asiatics appeared in all the glory of their native finery; but all alike were dripping with perspiration, and buying and selling quite oblivious to the pitiless rays of a vertical sun that was beating down upon them. We watched them until we were ready to drop, and then suddenly messengers from Heaven, as we call them now, four Chinamen, stood before us. They were rather smartly dressed in a loose-fitting white duck livery trimmed with red braid, and they asked us in their cockney English, smiling blandly the while, "'Ave a chair, sir?" For all

answer I climbed into one, Jim plunged into the second, and these deceptive giants, without a visible muscle in their bodies, carried us up the steep streets, and scaled terrace after terrace, until at last, and apparently as cool as when the climb began, they dumped us out at a station of the Funicular Railway that runs up the mountain. We were on the second tier of the city now, where the air was breathable and the heat more tolerable. I regret to say that we only paid those good Samaritans, who saved us from the stifling heat of the Hong Kong rialto, something less, considerably less, than we would have paid to have our boots blacked in New York. We were compelled to restrain our appreciation of what we owed them by a Sepoy policeman, who stood imperturbable and statuesque on guard at the entrance, who, as we knew, would run the coolies in if they accepted more than the legal tariff.

In a very few minutes we were whisked up the steep ascent, in and out of which the Funicular Railway climbs like a corkscrew; now we dove through a tunnel, now we were creeping around the outside of the rock with the shipping in the harbor 2000 feet directly beneath us, and there wasn't a moment but when it seemed to us that the little cars, pony engine and all, were in imminent danger of falling back into the stifling depths from which we had dared to soar in search of a breeze. We stopped for a few moments at an intermediate station, or terrace, where a little round space, only large enough for a village cart to turn in, had been blasted out of the solid rock, and here some of the

weary brokers who had come up with us panting and perspiring from the black hole below, were received by their wives and their children, and hurried off in chairs or in pony carts to the really serious business of the day, such as cricket, tennis, or croquet. Then we went on taking a short cut through a spur of the mountain, or creeping cautiously along the ragged edge of a precipice, until at last we came out upon the crest of the peak. A great plateau has been made by blasting and filling in, and here, away up among the clouds, have been built a number of sanitarium and hospitals. Here, those who have worn out their strength of mind and body, in the task of constructing a city, and carrying on a trade like that of Hong Kong, so far from a civilized base, and with nature and every element adverse to the undertaking, are brought to recuperate or die. Some of these men we saw, as they dragged themselves about, or limped along the hospital paths. They were drinking in greedily the cool damp air of the evening, and looking down over the precipice, with hungry pensive eyes, to where the steamers were coming and going, and the roar of trade was never hushed.

Jim, who had been weakening for some time, was on the point of confessing the wrong he had done the Britishers, but there was still a touch of hostility in the outburst of admiration which came from him now, simply because he could no longer repress it.

"These people are no slouches, don't make any mistake about that," he said. "I have seen towns grow up in a night in Oklahoma and 'bust up or move on' be-

fore noon, or get to be big cities in a month, but I don't remember having seen anything that can touch this Hong Kong rock. Of course San Francisco and Chicago are a very little older than this place; but Great Scott! they had to happen, there was no helping it, there were on hand all the facilities for a great city, before even a house was built, but here there was nothing, not even a site, and they had to prepare the land to build their city on."

"Yes," I said, "I take off my hat to Hong Kong."

"This is no time to take off our hats," answered Jim, doggedly, "what we've got to do is to take off our coats and pitch in." . . .

The following morning Jim had an idea which we immediately voted but little short of brilliant. The skipper told us he had received permission to dock, and that the repairs which he found necessary, would occupy at least five days, so Jim suggested that we "jolly" the colonel, and get leave from him to visit Canton and Macoa, which are, as you know, only a few hours' sail from here. The fact is that we were both getting a little weary of cementing what Jim called "the Shakespeare and blood - is - thicker - than - water alliance" — and the banquets and the "smokers" with which our British cousins thought to strengthen the natural ties were becoming not a little monotonous. The moment the *Sherman* appeared off the port, we had been invited to dine the following evening at the mess of the Queens' Own Rifles, and the Queen's Corps of Guides was to give a smoker for the men.

"I can't possibly chew that rag all over again," said Jim. "I did it at Gibraltar, and Malta, and Port Said and Colombo, but never again, so help me!" So we decided to "work" the colonel and secure leave.

Jim, the young rascal, had more reason than any one of us to keep away from these love-feasts just at present, for it had leaked out in Singapore that it was his uncle, a lieutenant in the old navy, who had played the principal part with Commodore Tattnall in the original "blood-is-thicker-than-water" incident. Of course, the moment our mess got wind of this, a plot was formed to sacrifice Jim at the very next banquet, as an offering upon the altar of the Anglo-American Alliance and make him "do a speech," as they say out here. Jim was apprehensive of some such move as this, and was willing to go even sight-seeing in order that he might defeat the conspiracy of his messmates. We soon succeeded in getting the colonel in a good humor, — you remember how that is done, — leading him on to tell how it was that General Meade or General Hancock, I forget which, had merely acted upon his suggestion, when he took possession of Little Round Top and intrenched there the night before the battle of Gettysburg. "And that is why, my boy, I celebrate the victory on the anniversary of the day before the battle was fought, just as Von Moltke did about Sedan, and you know I never got even the recognition of a brevet."

We mingled our tears with the colonel's, discoursed at some length upon the ingratitude of republics, and

then having secured our leave and promised to avoid the plague as far as we could consistently with seeing all the sights, we hurried away.

Now that there was not the slightest danger of being compelled to do it before the Britishers, Jim was not at all averse to telling the real story of the blood-is-thicker-than-water episode, and as it is short, and differs from the other more popular versions in that it is true, I will tell it to you.

The British, under Admiral Beresford Hope, in 1859, while trying to cross the Taku bar, which is at the entrance of the Pei-Ho River in northern China, it seems, got into a terrific cross-fire from the Bogue Forts. The gunboat *Plover* was in a very few minutes disabled, and the admiral wounded; his boat was at the mercy of the enemy, and the signals which he sent up for assistance remained unanswered, because all the other vessels of the squadron had their hands full to keep afloat. Commodore Tattnall, seeing from his flagship, where, as a neutral, he was watching the fight, the sad plight into which his friend, Admiral Beresford Hope, had fallen, turned to his two lieutenants who were standing with him, Robert Pegram of Virginia, and Lieutenant Rolando of Maryland, and said, "I want each of you to take a cutter's crew and board the *Plover* and ask the admiral if there is anything you can do for him, and do any blank thing he tells you to, and you can stay away as long as you like."

The cutters were rowed through the murderous fire, suffering, luckily, but few casualties. When Pegram

boarded the *Plover*, he found that the English had suffered so terribly from the Chinese fire that they only had men enough left to work one gun. He and his crew buckled down to work with a will, and fought all the guns of the *Plover* that had not been dismounted, with such good effect that the Chinese fire grew wild, and at last our men were able to withdraw the British gunboat from its position of extreme danger. The English Admiralty presented Pegram with a gold sword in recognition of his gallantry and pensioned the families of our sailors who were killed, and it was only when the Navy Department in Washington hauled Commodore Tattnall over the coals that he made his celebrated defence with the words, "Blood is thicker than water."¹

There was a delay of at least half an hour in the departure of the old side-wheel steamer that runs to Macoa and Canton, and when I tell you the reason of it, I fear you will conclude that I am availing myself of the traveller's privilege in exceeding the strict bounds of truth; for further evidence and corroboration, however, I refer you to Heth. The thermometer stood at 106° Fahrenheit, in the cabin there was not a breath of air stirring, the vertical sun shot down its long spear-like shafts from the peak; and it was such a day as this, whether you believe me or not, that a young man of the Imperial Chinese Customs service, the outdoor staff, had chosen to be married.

¹ In the official accounts which have come under my notice, and notably in Maclay's *History of the Navy*, Commodore Tattnall, it is stated, went to the assistance of Admiral Hope in person. — THE EDITOR.

I think I have told you in a previous letter how deeply impressed I was by the British peace which now reigns throughout the Indian Empire, and you are aware of the admiration I conceived for the handful of civil servants and the little army which, working harmoniously together, have accomplished this great result. Again, I confess my opinion of the Britishers rose 100 per cent when I saw the "raters" holding a mass-meeting one afternoon in Gibraltar to protest against a new tax, and their boys playing football while the hot sirocco winds coming from the Sahara made the rock almost unbearable except for lizards. I think I have given them due credit for all these performances. Certainly they impressed me greatly, but I did not fully understand in what the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon over the Frenchman consists, until I saw this young Britisher daring to take to his bosom a lawfully wedded wife at such a temperature, and recalled by way of contrast the scene of the tawdry, yellow-haired women on the French transport, and the stout officials who were lolling about upon the deck reading yellow-covered literature of the kind that is sold in Paris *pour lire au bain*.

The wedding cortège, when at last it did appear, was composed of a number of decidedly plain-looking girls in lawn dresses, and a number of young men in rusty black frock-coats. They came on board in broken columns, and, as Jim said, their marching was beneath contempt. They were headed by a band playing "Auld Lang Syne" and "Rule Britannia," while the musical interludes were interspersed with cheers for

the bride and then for the band, with a tiger. At last the long-suffering captain blew the warning whistle, but a committee of the celebrants went up to the deck-house and to our great disgust secured another postponement, and then the final ceremonies began. The ushers burst out into joyous song, some shouting, "For he's a jolly good fellow," while others asserted, "We won't go home until morning." The bridegroom seemed absolutely speechless — with his great happiness or the effects of the bottle of champagne of a particularly wildcat colonial brand which he clutched in his hand. Then the best man was raised on the shoulders of the ushers and began to make a speech.

"Gentlemen and ladies," he began, "I am sure that I only voice the unanimous sentiment of this meeting when I say that we all wish Mr. and Mrs. Black a pleasant journey to Macoa, and I hope I am not going too far when I add through life, and many more of them and — and as often as they like, and we all hope that wherever they go they may never have to sit on the Bombay side of the punkah, and — and ——" ¹

Here the blessed band broke in with "Annie Laurie," and the ushers grabbed the groom and hoisted him up

¹ In the East, except in very smart houses where two punkahs are kept going in the dining room, the single punkah hangs directly over the dining-room table. The side of the punkah which is nearest to the punkah "boy" is called the Calcutta side, and is very much cooler than the other on the Bombay side, because the punkah fans the air more vigorously when pulled by the boy toward him than when it falls back into place by its own weight. Only "detrimentals" are placed on the Bombay side of the punkah. — THE EDITOR.

on their shoulders and marched him up and down the deck, while the anxious bride, for marrying men are scarce in Hong Kong, ran after them shrieking: "Don't 'it 'is 'ead, boys. Don't 'it 'is 'ead." Then everybody clamored for a speech. "Do a speech, a short one, won't you?" Now a speech was evidently the last thing the bridegroom wanted to "do" at this moment. However, there was no help for it; custom had evidently made it a part of the ceremony that was no more to be omitted than the ring. So, brandishing the bottle which he still held in his hand, he began:—

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have to thank you from an overflowing heart for all the kind things which have been said at this meeting about me and my dawling——"

Here a furious outburst of the band, a blast from the steam whistle, and a string of oaths from the now impatient captain, put an end to the ceremonies, and the bridal party and the band raced for the gang-plank, while the bride, who was still all there, took her somewhat dazed consort by the arm, and said as she led him gently, but firmly into the cabin:—

"Did they 'urt my dawling's 'ead?"

And that was the last of the bridal party, as far as we are concerned, though not, I take it, for the British Empire. . . .

A few hours later, and a bit of Europe or rather of the Mediterranean littoral rose before us out of the yellow waters of China. What a scene it was for the colorist, what a picture for the painter in words, when Macoa,

with its ruined forts and moss-covered battlements, stood before us! Great bronze cannon glistening in the sunlight frowned down upon us and upon all unbelieving dogs. Every hillside was crowned with a church which looked as though it had been translated over night from Coimbra or Oporto—and from every steeple there looked down upon us the cross of the church militant and from every battlement the standard of the Very Faithful King of Portugal.

Within the sanctuaries of these deserted shrines, as we learned on the following day, when we pushed our way through the network of cobwebs, so rarely disturbed, that guards their gates, are still burning the votive candles and the lamps which the great navigators who followed the flag of Prince Henry lit to burn for all time as an offering of gratitude to Our Lady of the Storms for favors vouchsafed while at the mercy of the elements upon these once trackless and always storm-tossed seas.

The illusion was so perfect, I was so sure that this could not be an Asiatic port, that I found myself looking about for the lateen-rigged ships of the midland sea and the red-sailed feluccas. Soon, however, the illusion was dissipated by a flotilla of sampans which came out from the shore to meet us. For some minutes now our great side-wheels had been churning up the by no means fragrant mud of the harbor, without making any appreciable progress, and at last our captain frankly admitted that we were fast aground, and had better make the best arrangements we could to be taken ashore.

"While the Dons are sleeping," he added, with an oath, "the river is silting up. In another two or three years nothing drawing more water than a flat-bottomed scow will be able to enter Macoa; the place is dying of dry rot. Only on Good Friday is there a bit of a stir; then the sailors who live on board the water-logged gunboats you see over there hang a bogus Judas to the yard-arm, and fill him full of lead, and that's the only practice of the Christian religion I ever saw them engaged upon."

Night was falling rapidly, and as the distant mediæval town did not give promise of a Christian lodging, we put a bridle upon our curiosity and slept on board, and only landed when the day was dawning and the air was heavy with the fragrance of the orange blossom and the jasmine flower, which the gentle land breeze wafted out into the bay. Bells were tolling in every church tower, and through the narrow streets, the ruas, and the *travesías* of the Bom Jesu and San Juan Baptista (streets I call them, though they really looked more like well-worn gutters), the women were creeping to church swathed in black mass mantles, through which now and again a bright eye flashed. For half an hour after landing we groped about like blind men in the shadow of the high walls and the great churches. It was too dark to find one's way about, and as the matin services were in full swing, there was no one left outside to guide us, and we were constantly bumping our heads against a wall which would prove to be the abrupt end of some blind alley. We were more than glad when the

warm sunshine came and the dark shadows were chased back into their hiding-places, and we saw the yellow houses, the bright green venetians, the blue stuccoed columns, and so caught our first glimpse of the real Macoa, wrapped in the time-worn garment of her ancient glories; wrapped in them as in a shroud, for this outpost of European civilization upon the east coast of Asia for so many generations, is dead, past recall, and those dark, mysterious, and muffled figures, of which, now and again, we caught sight, as with noiseless tread they flitted down the narrow winding streets, seemed to be but unsubstantial shadows of the remote past.

The business quarter of the town, in which I do not include the deserted barracoons, those ghastly prison houses which tell of the day, so very recent, when Macoa was the chief emporium of the yellow slave trade, does not occupy to-day more space than is contained in two of our city blocks. So we were not in the least surprised to learn that only three foreign hongts of any importance survive in this the former emporium of the East. To the *tai-pan* or ranking partner of one of those hongts our consul in Hong Kong had given us a letter of introduction, and this letter, notwithstanding the unseasonable hour, we now set out to deliver, but we were soon forced to the conclusion that it was no more difficult to find a needle in a haystack than "Ewo No. 1," the official Chinese title of the hong in question, in this shrunken Portuguese settlement. We were very hungry and tired, I can assure you, and at our wits' end as to what we should do, when there came

walking down the lane into which our wanderings had brought us, a very refined and aristocratic looking old gentleman, who wore a high hat, and bore himself for all the world as though he had just stepped out of a Velasquez canvas to have an airing. With some anxiety, for I confess I was apprehensive that at the first sound of my voice this strange figure would vanish into thin air, I asked him to direct us to the English merchant's place of business. I addressed him in English, which, as it turned out, he spoke like any character you please in an old play, and I must add that, though not informing, he was politeness itself. At the first word of my inquiry he came to a standstill, and removed his hat, describing with it a most sweeping bow. Then he began to ponder over the question which I put, and there was a long pause that made us fidget. Finally he pulled himself together and said :—

“I am sorry, gentlemen, I cannot serve you in this matter. The fact is, I did know where the hong to which you refer is situated, but unfortunately I have forgotten it. I must pray you forgive me. The fact is that with the busy rushing lives we lead there is so much to remember that one forgets many important matters.”

And then with another sweeping *pukka* Portuguese bow he ambled on down the street. Jim and I wondered not a little what the weighty matters might be that filled his mind to the exclusion of all knowledge of locality, but our curiosity was not satisfied until the following day, when we were told that the old gentleman we had accosted in this manner was the

last lineal descendant of the great Magellan. Then we understood how full of sadness his thoughts must be, how bitter his reflections as he wandered about the narrow, deserted streets of this petty colony, the ignoble remnant of the mighty empire which his illustrious ancestor gave to Portugal.

Though somewhat disheartened we kept on until at last fortune favored us and we discovered our English merchant in the basement of a building, that had every appearance of being a fifteenth-century Italian palace. He greeted us with cheers. I can tell you it is a pleasure to present a letter in Macoa. They are that glad to see you! He immediately aroused his Portuguese clerks, and told them to go and sleep somewhere else, as he proposed to close up shop and show us the sights.

"I say, what a lark!" said our new friend. "What do you say to a day up the river snipe shooting? I have all the togs and mosquito masks that you will need."

We were, however, firm in declining this invitation, so he led us off to see the Leal Senado or Council Chamber. This sight should not be overlooked by any one visiting the city. It is an imposing building of hard stone, and built very much in the shape (though on a larger scale) of the old mission houses one stumbles upon, even to-day, in southern California and in New Mexico. As we walked through the basement, we floundered through an acre or so of what appeared to be wood pulp; but Mr. Burton told us it is all that remains of the archives of Portuguese India, which only

a few years ago was the most complete set of documents relating to the early history of European colonization and commerce in East Asia that was to be found. As ill luck would have it, however, there came some years ago an earthquake wave, the basement of the building was flooded and the documents are lying there still. I only wish I could think they are drying out; but the fact is these papers are nearly all irretrievably ruined by exposure and their contents lost to history.

We went upstairs and into the Council Chamber on tiptoe, for the Leal Senado was in session, discussing, as it turned out, the ceremonial to be observed upon the departure of the retiring governor, and the installation of his successor, which was to take place the following day. In the great darkened Council Chamber we had our first view of the venerable-looking legislators, who are associated with the governor in the administration of the colony. They were all seated stiffly in high-backed Cordovan leather chairs. They were dressed in rusty black frock-coats, and were stern, forbidding, almost Cato-like in appearance. Later on, when we visited the gambling hells, the fan-tan games, and the other licensed dens of vice, for which this colony is infamous throughout the East, we came to the conclusion, and it was not a rash one, that the Conscript Fathers of Macoa are very approachable if you only know how to go about it.

One could not see without a feeling of regret the faded portraits of the great navigators and the early administrators of the empire that has vanished, looking

down from the dark wainscoted walls in all the dignity of ruff and sword, upon the deliberations of their unworthy successors, whose sole thought in life is how to squeeze the keepers of the gambling tables, and levy blackmail upon the Chinese stewards that flourish in their jurisdiction. Facing the council table, covered with gold-lacquered despatch boxes, there was a raised dais and an imposing red plush chair, covered with gold lace, the vice-regal throne, in fact, where the retiring governor had sat for the last time, and where his successor was awaited. You will understand what a conservative place Macoa is when I tell you, and Mr. Burton is my authority, that histories which speak of the union existing between Spain and Portugal during the reign of Philip II., are not admitted into the colony to this day, and that the loyal city ignores the American independence movement, even to the extent of still regarding the Brazils as an appanage of the Portuguese crown, though, as you know, they were well lost to the little kingdom many years ago. With these facts, which our guide gave us to prepare us for what was to come, we were not surprised to find that the arms and the shield which preside over the sessions of this "loyal senate" to-day are identically the same as those with which Prince Henry sailed the seas, and Dom Sebastian went to the African war, when the "ever faithful" kings were nearly, if not quite the over-lords of the world, and deserved some of the grandiloquent titles, such as "King of Portugal and the Algarves, Lord of the Conquest, Navigation, and Commerce of Ethiopia, Arabia,

Persia, and India," with which they are still acclaimed to-day, at least in the halls of this loyal senate.

I confess to a feeling of anger, a strong impulse to tear it down, and save it from further desecration, as I saw the old battle flag of the dauntless navigators in the hands of their degenerate successors, but there it flies to-day over this wretched nest of gambling hells, with the white and winged angels which the Portuguese followed in their better days, and one of these angels is grasping a globe, upon which South America is pictured, while the other brandishes a cross. I wonder when the higher criticism will fall foul of these angels? . . .

Soon we started out again into the perplexing labyrinth of the old mediæval city, to which, however, our friend Burton held the clew. Though it was now ten o'clock, the busy hour of the day out here, the narrow streets were still dark and almost wholly deserted. Once in a great while, pattering along these echoing galleries, which in Macoa do service for streets, we met a couple of olive-skinned priests or monks. It is, as our guide told us, their invariable custom never to call alone upon their parishioners or friends, but always in pairs. The purpose of this precaution is, of course, to give as little rein as possible to gossip, and yet, far from being disarmed, I found that scandal flourishes in Macoa as nowhere else in the world.

The stately old houses which line the narrow streets are built, for the most part, very like what I imagine the palaces of the peninsula to be, with great imposing gateways of granite and façades of softer stone on

which are carved the arms and the heraldic bearings of the great families that once dwelt here. A great gateway, once defended by heavy bolts and massive bars but now swinging idly open, leads generally through the first house to the inner patio and the living apartments. Once you penetrate here, the palaces present a different aspect. Under the softening influences of the babbling waters and the all-prevailing fragrance of the magnolias and the orange trees which overrun these sunny courtyards, the stern features of the deserted fortresses relax. . . .

When I saw to what ignoble uses these stately homes of a dauntless race are put, I felt the crusading spirit kindling within me apace; for you must know, though I spoil my picture in telling you, that these over-sea homes of the Da Gamas, the Albuquerque, and the Magellans are occupied to-day by hundreds and even thousands of Chinese, in a great part refugees from justice, to whom this degenerate Portuguese colony is a secure Alsatia, if their crimes have been but profitable and they bring money.

By the side of the great gateways there is always a niche in the stone wall, in which, behind an iron screen, once stood the image of Our Lady, or perhaps the patron saint of the house; but to-day all these blessed images are gone, the niches are vacant, except now and again, where you see that the soft-eyed meridional Madonna has been displaced by a grinning Chinese idol, at whose feet burns a lurid lantern, or a cupful of most unfragrant "joss" papers, which the Chinese light as

they approach their god with petitions, which are, I am told, almost exclusively requests that they may be given a little advance information as to the lucky numbers in the forthcoming lottery; and over the whole place hangs that all-pervading smell of stale opium which I shall never forget. Ugh! Even the memory of it is nauseating.

We now walked in the direction of the East India Company's cemetery, where, as Burton assured us, there were interesting things to be seen. Looking down from the great plaza before the cathedral, however, we caught sight of several columns of smoke and flame slowly rising up out of one of the low lying quarters of the town.

"Down there," said Burton, in answer to our look of inquiry, "is the dirtiest place in the whole sink; even the Chinese are deserting it, and our fellows have come over from Hong Kong to clean it up. You see it is a terrible bore for the Hong Kong people to have Macoa and Canton so close and 'contagious,' as the wits of the Club have it. I believe Hong Kong would have as clean a bill of health as Liverpool or Glasgow if it were not for the half-breeds and 'pigeon' boys from Macoa, and the yellow boys from Canton, who come sneaking over to our colony in sampans loaded down with bundles of infected rags, and then, of course, however well we keep our rock swabbed down, the plague blazes out again. Latterly our fellows have come to the conclusion that the only way to keep Hong Kong clean is to scrub up our neighbors, as well as our own island, and down there you see they are at it."

Very much pleased that we should take an interest in the work, Burton at our request led the way down the steep descent to the burning slums. At the bottom we were confronted by a high barricade, with but a single narrow opening, in which a Sikh sentinel from one of the Hong Kong regiments stood guard. He was at least six feet two in height, broad-shouldered and well proportioned, and looked, every inch of him, the ideal soldier, in his brown khaki uniform and snow-white turban. He did not seem to understand what Burton told him, but we made out pretty clearly his position, more from what he did than from what he said, and it was that we could not pass the barrier. For some moments indeed it looked as though our curiosity would have to go unsatisfied, when suddenly another man appeared on the scene, popping out of a narrow alley into the main street just opposite where we stood. I do not think I ever had an exact idea of the mud-larkers of the Thames, of whom we read so much in Dickens, until I caught sight of this figure. He wore a pair of yellow drill overalls rolled up to the thigh, and was stripped naked to the waist, with the exception of a cholera belt.

"Hello, Burton," he shouted, catching sight of our guide, "we are doing a little whitewashing. Want to have a look around?"

And upon a word from him the Sikh drew back and we passed behind the barrier and down the street, picking our way through the rubbish and débris, Burton's remarkable-looking friend leading the way with a

pleasant grin upon his face, and carrying his pail of disinfectant and a great broom, with which he sprinkled it about as though he were born to the job.

"That's Kennedy, the best polo player in the Lancers," whispered Burton with considerable awe, as we pressed on after the cheerful mud-larker.

"It is almost a toss-up, Burton," Kennedy called back to us, "which are the more inhuman, the half-breeds or the 'yellow boys,' the governor or the coolies of this putrescent place. Old Dom Christoforo, it is true, gave us the glad hand, and some port and a biscuit when we appeared at the palace. He said he thought everything had been exaggerated, and that we would find little or no trace of the plague in the slums, only he permitted us to have our way in the matter because of the earnest representations of our governor, and the traditional friendship that existed between Portugal and Great Britain. He made haste, however, to add, that, owing to the press of official business, he would not be able to receive us in an audience of farewell after the job was done. Cute of the old boy, wasn't it? They say he is as afraid of the plague as he is of the Chinese high-binders."

While we picked our way along through the smoking débris and the smouldering ruins, and the tarpaulins stretched out here and there, which at once covered, and plainly revealed the outlines of, the bodies that lay underneath awaiting the burial cart, Kennedy rattled along, telling Burton how he and Fassett and Hearn and Mitchell-Innis had been dying for something to do, and

how they had wheedled the English governor into lending them twenty Sikhs from the Hong Kong regiment, and how they had at last secured his blessing and *carte blanche* to go ahead and clean up the Portuguese colony.

"But when we got here," Kennedy ran on, "we found that twenty men could not begin to do the business, so we put our heads and our pockets together, and the result was sixty 'quid,' and a determination to have our fun even if we had to pay for it, and a fellow generally has to do that, you know, first or last, so we hired a lot of Mozambique niggers from the Royal Macoa Guard, and some broken-down fan-tan players at sixpence a day. You should have seen their mouths water at the sight of silver, and we rather think that with our sixty quid we will pull off the trick and have enough left to pay for a dinner to celebrate our return to the Peak."

A few minutes later, throwing aside his jocular manner, he added:—

"These people have no more humanity than rats. The moment the plague seizes one in a family the rest clear out, bag and baggage, and the fellow they leave behind can have his choice of dying from the disease or starving. We have come across not a few poor beggars alone in their squalid, deserted tenements who had survived the disease, but who could not recover owing to the way in which they had been neglected."

A few minutes later Kennedy invited us to join him and his friend at tiffin. It was served by two Chinese boys from the Hong Kong mess upon a roof of a house that had fallen into the street, and with as much form

and ceremony, I can assure you, as though we had been seated around a mahogany table at the Club. We all fell to, and for a wonder, as it seems now, although at the time we did not consider our surroundings, but only the pangs of hunger, we all ate very heartily. At last Jim — you will remember we used to call him the “diplomat” at Leavenworth because of the incorrigible way he had of saying things that had better be left unsaid — expressed very bluntly his pleasure and surprise at the way in which we found our English cousins engaged.

“Oh, yes, I have no doubt,” said Mitchell-Innis, a rather surly looking fellow, certainly the least sympathetic of the party; “to read your newspapers, one might suppose that English officers out here are exclusively occupied in blowing naked niggers to pieces from the muzzles of their cannon.”

For a moment it looked like a row, but Kennedy smoothed things over in his suave way, and then Jim broke in, saying: —

“Well, of course I can’t answer for the other papers, you know, but I can promise you fellows a column in the *Logansport Sentinel*, telling what you are doing for the niggers out your way.”

Then everybody laughed and cheered, and Jim volunteered to lend a hand to clean up the place, but I, as his superior officer, was compelled to forbid this. It seemed to me unfair to the men on board the *Sherman* to take any unnecessary risks, and I thought it more than likely that we would have plenty of cleaning up to do on our own account once we reached the Philippines.

I could not get over my surprise at the way these English officers were making themselves at home within Portuguese jurisdiction, and at last I asked Kennedy how in the world he had succeeded in getting permission to do pretty much as he pleased.

"Oh, well, to tell you the truth we didn't; we didn't even dare to ask for it. We haven't got authority to tear down and burn up; we have only permission to use the hose." Then he continued in a confidential tone, "You see we did not want to embarrass the Portuguese government, so we pitched right in and said nothing. If we had, you see, Dom Christoforo would have fussed about for a week or two, consulting the Leal Senado, and then cabled home for instructions, and the answer might just as well have been no as yes, so we concluded we would go right ahead and do the trick, and we rather expect to be through and washed up and back home again before the Dons catch on to what we have been about."

"Of course you did," said Burton admiringly, "and that was the only way to do it."

Over our cigars Mitchell-Innis put himself out to be pleasant, particularly to Jim; only he couldn't be, poor fellow, because he was born with a disagreeable and rather patronizing way which some Englishmen have, and can't change any more than they can the color of their eyes.

"What are the names of those smart little gunboats of yours that are lying off Kowloon," he inquired, turning to Jim, "tight little vessels, smooth as paint, and

the fellows on board, not very smart, you know, according to our ideas, but ready for any serious business, I fancy?"

"One of them is the *Yorktown*, the other the *Concord*," answered Jim. "Yes, we think they are rather efficient vessels of their class."

"The *Yorktown*!" repeated Mitchell-Innis. "How odd! named after our old cathedral town in Yorkshire, I suppose; and the *Concord*! Now really, don't you think that's a strange name for a gunboat?"

I looked at Jim and trembled. Could he resist it? I was not sure I could have done so myself, and Jim is my junior by ten years, and such a hothead, but he behaved like the gentleman he is.

"No, the *Yorktown* is named after a little town of our own in Virginia, though I have no doubt that place takes its name from your town in Yorkshire. No, no special significance at all; simply a custom we have of naming our gunboats after our little towns, our cruisers after our large cities, and the battleships after the states, so that the people of the particular localities honored may take particular interest in them and present them with silver plate and punch bowls, and so it was that Dewey had with him the *Raleigh*, named after the capital of North Carolina, where the tar comes from, and the *Boston*, that's where they bake the beans." . . .¹

¹ As most readers are aware, the gunboat *Yorktown* is named after Yorktown in Virginia, where Lord Cornwallis surrendered to the continental army and our French allies. The *Concord* is, of course, named after the village in Massachusetts, the scene of one of the opening skirmishes of the Revolutionary War. — THE EDITOR.

And Mitchell-Innis drank it all in, and said it was very interesting, in the bargain. When our time was up Kennedy walked back with us, carrying us through the sickening scenes of the pest-ridden slums, with his pleasant chat, and when we reached the barricade the Sikh saluted and we shook hands all round.

"I don't mind saying," said Kennedy, "that we are all well pleased to see you fellows out in the East again; it helps us and it helps the whole jolly world along. What you have seen us doing here this morning isn't pure philanthropy, don't make any mistake about that; it's six for the poor beggars and half a dozen for ourselves; in fact, it's police work, and while some people may give it another name, I guess that is what our civilization stands for out here and in all the other heathen countries beyond the law. Mind you, I don't for a moment expect that we will ever go hand in glove together, because we are both looking out for No. 1, and are both hard at driving a bargain, but the Americans and the English can understand each other, and I take it that we are the only people out here that can, so I am glad you have come. Asia for the Asiatics, which is the new cry they have dinned into our ears so much of late, not only means ruin for us, but anarchy for the East coast, and good-by to the capitulations and the treaty ports. When a fellow takes the time to think how you Americans, though you were hardly out of your swaddling clothes at the time, showed us the way out to the east coast of Asia, though you had to sail all around the world to get there, and remembers how you were

the first to open up China, and Japan, and Corea, and Burmah, and Siam, too, for that matter, to Western commerce and civilization, the only wonder is you stayed away so long ; you must have been busy at home. Now don't forget to ask your consul, when you get there, to tell you how your boats beat ours in the race for Canton ; it's a good story, though I wish it had ended the other way. It's all down in the archives, and old Mr. S—— can tell it to you. You bet he knows it by heart if the office should be closed."

Burton, very good-naturedly, now led the way to the cemetery of the East India Company, though it was still evident that he would have preferred to go sniping. Though no longer in use, the cemetery is maintained in excellent condition. It was started, a great many years ago, by the East India Company, and in its quiet precincts are sleeping some of that great corporation's most distinguished servants ; for, in the olden days, no matter how different things may be now, Macoa was not only the sanitarium of the East, but, to some extent, of British India, as well. When the Company, having outlived its usefulness, was dissolved by act of parliament, a sum of money was placed in the hands of a committee of English merchants, and this has proved sufficient to keep the venerable landmark in a good state of preservation. Wind and weather, however, have had a very destructive influence upon the soft stone of the tombstones, and a very great number of the inscriptions are quite obliterated. However, as we walked at random in this tranquil resting-

place of the pioneers of our civilization in the Far East, we came upon not a few graves which should be of peculiar interest to Americans. The following are some of the names which Jim deciphered, and wrote down, with a view to their ultimate publication in the *Logansport Sentinel*. As he is not at all sure, however, that such items of antiquarian interest will prove newsy enough for that red-hot, up-to-date publication, he is good enough to let me send them on to you.

JOHN F. BROOKE
FLEET SURGEON, U. S. N., 1849

THOMAS W. WALDRON
U. S. CONSUL, HONG KONG, 1843

CHARLES WOODBERRY
ERECTED BY HIS FRIENDS, J. B. & W. ENDICOTT, 1854

ARCHIBALD S. CAMPBELL
COMMANDER OF THE U. S. S. *Enterprise*, MACOA, 1856

EDMUND ROBERTS, ESQ.
SPECIAL DIPLOMATIC AGENT OF THE UNITED STATES TO
SEVERAL ASIATIC COUNTRIES, WHO DIED IN MACOA
JUNE 12TH, 1836

He devised and executed to their end, under instructions from his Government, Treaties of Amity and Commerce between the United States and the Courts of Muscat and of Siam.¹

¹ Edmund Roberts of New Hampshire was appointed diplomatic agent of the United States to the countries of the Far East by Jackson. He sailed upon his mission on board the sloop-of-war *Peacock*; after meeting with success in Siam he failed to negotiate a treaty with the king of Cambodia, and died in Macoa when on the point of starting for Japan.
—THE EDITOR.

FRANCIS W. BACON
BARNSTABLE, MASS. AGED 25. (NO DATE)

GEORGE W. BIDDLE
OF PHILADELPHIA
WHO DIED IN MACOA 16TH DAY OF AUGUST, 1811

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF

ROBERT MORISON, D.D.

FIRST PROTESTANT MISSIONARY TO CHINA
THE COMPILER OF A DICTIONARY OF THE CHINESE LANGUAGE
AND THE CHINESE VERSION OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES,
WHICH HE LIVED TO SEE COMPLETED
DIED IN CANTON, 1834¹

HENRY STURGIS
OF
BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.
DIED 1819, AGED 29 YEARS

When we had finished copying these names, the indefatigable Burton again suggested violent exercise in the form of lawn tennis. This time we had not the heart to refuse him, so we started out by the sea road to the tennis ground, disturbing as we went some Parsee sun worshippers paying their devotions to the setting sun, on the rocks by the sea. We soon had a fine flow of perspiration, which, as we had already learned, is a matter of vital importance to the preservation of good health out here. Burton played a rattling good game of tennis, and so did Jim; a fourth man was found for me; and

¹ Dr. Morison was, I believe, an Englishman by birth. He, however, came out to China under American auspices and carried his great work to a successful conclusion through the generous assistance of American merchants. — THE EDITOR.

in a few minutes we were all feeling the better for having pumped the foul air of the plague quarter out of our lungs. Suddenly, as I ran back after a ball which had been knocked out, I slipped and came down rather heavily on a large stone slab which I had not noticed, so overgrown was it with grass.

"Sorry, old man," said Burton, as he ran to give me a helping hand, "sorry I forgot to warn you of those confounded slabs; they are all that are left of the tombstones of the old Dutch graveyard. The Dutch were in Macoa, you know, a long time before the Dons, and they had some smart fighting, both on land and at sea, for the final possession of the place."

On the moment the antiquarian spirit was rekindled in us, and Jim and I, to the no small disgust of Burton, knocked off tennis and resumed our investigations, but, for a long time, without any compensation in the way of discoveries. The inscriptions had been almost obliterated by the wind and the weather and the innumerable tennis shoes which had passed over the surface of the old stone slabs, and, in places, worn them as smooth as polished marbles, and those we did make out proved to be in Dutch or Latin, and so they were Greek to us. It grew steadily darker, and we were about to give up, when, by the light of my last match, I caught sight of the magical letters U. S. A., and reading backward I learned that the stone I was standing upon marked the last resting place of "Daniel Reid of Philadelphia, who died in Macoa, 1797." Truly this man was indeed one of the pioneers of America in the East.

In the evening we dined with Burton and had a most interesting chat with him concerning past and present conditions in the far East. He is what they call out here an "Old China hand," and knows the whole thing from A to Z. There was one statement he made that I found most surprising.

"I can't help laughing up my sleeve," he said, "when I read in your papers the arguments which some of your people at home employ to oppose the natural and inevitable course of events which is bringing America back here to resume her former and natural position as one of, if not the greatest power on the Pacific. I see they even draw George Washington into question, and ask what he would think of such a career of criminal aggression as they assert President McKinley has entered upon, and they quote in favor of their view, that Americans should let slip all the opportunities of trade and commerce that the Pacific and the countries across that ocean present, a set of opinions taken from his Farewell Address, which can, of course, have no bearing whatsoever on the present situation. But 'Old China hands' out here know a thing or two which seem to have quite escaped the attention of your publicists at home; and one of these is, that it was not Seward or Jackson or even Jefferson or Morris who first saw the opportunities and advantages in the Pacific that are assured to the United States by reason of her geographical position, but the immortal George himself, and furthermore that he was in favor of expansion (if you want to call natural growth by that name) when the States only had 4,000,000

inhabitants, and your western frontier was the valley of the Ohio. One of the first acts of Washington's administration, indeed, was the sending out of a commissioner to the Empire of China to look after your trade interests in Asiatic waters and to protect your merchants. For this mission Washington selected — it is all set forth in a manuscript copy of the history of Macoa in the possession of the Jardines, which I have seen — a soldier, one of the first president's old comrades in arms, Major Gray of the First United States Artillery. Gray was the first ambassador from a Western power, to come out here for many a long year; in fact, I believe there had been no one of note since the days of Marco Polo and the Venetians. This little history says that Gray was a proud man, and almost too stiff-necked for diplomacy as it was understood in those days, and it is certain that he refused to perform the kotow before either viceroy or emperor."

Of course I know nothing about Washington's policy in regard to the Pacific and Asia, and perhaps care less, though I found Burton's bit of forgotten history very interesting. I mean by this no disrespect to Washington, but I am persuaded that each generation of men must settle their own affairs, and not be entirely guided by the precedents set forth by the Medes and Persians, or the signers, or by any set of rules laid down by men who were dead long before the conditions arose which have to be dealt with. . . .

But shall I tell you what it was that impressed me most of all that we saw in Macoa? Well, it was the graves of those Americans who are sleeping there.

As I walked in that graveyard it dawned upon me for the first time that we are not venturing upon a new departure, and suddenly all the strangeness of the trail we were following fell away, for here was the best of evidence that we are only marching on where our fathers lead the way. And later on, after dinner, as we sat out on the veranda and smoked, it was interesting and profitable in a sense, too, to hear Burton, who had the whole thing at his fingers' ends, tell of the days when Americans ruled the markets of the East in all honest enterprise, and when the whole or nearly the whole volume of Eastern trade was carried under the American flag and in Yankee clipper ships. In those days throughout the East the word of an American merchant of the stamp of the Griswolds, the Olyphants, the Talbots, the Heards, the Manila Lawrences, the Russells, and the Forbes was as good and better than a Bank of England note. It will never be known, I suppose, what our great civil war cost us in indirect losses. One of the greatest, certainly, and one which we seem to have made the least effort to regain, was our Eastern trade. . . .

The next morning, early, the bells of the cathedral awakened the slumbering city with a bright and joyous carillon. They seemed to say, "The king is dead; long live the king who is to enter upon his reign to-day!" We hastily scrambled up the hill, as we were determined to see at least the religious part of the ceremony with which Dom Christoforo turned over his authority and the *vara*, or staff of office, to his successor, Dom

Diosdado, or "God-given," something, who had recently arrived out. Even Jim could not secure the new governor's name for the *Sentinel*, so I blush to say he "faked" it in cold blood.

As we drew near to the cathedral, we found the streets which had hitherto always been so deserted and bare, quite respectably filled with people. Frock-coated, high-hatted, grave old gentlemen they were, for the most part, and flocks of women looking like black-birds, as they hopped along, swathed in their holy week mantles. We approached the cathedral through files of the most wretched looking soldiers; they were all either half-breeds or quadroons or mongrels, and even the Mozambique niggers, who furnished by far the largest quota, could not show a pure-blooded black among their number. After we had passed the guards, thanks to the outlay of a few coppers, we got along very well indeed, certainly we were not crowded; indeed, I should say that the whole population of Macoa of all colors could be comfortably stowed away in the spacious nave of this great cathedral fortress. Both the outgoing and the incoming governors shone with gold lace and were dazzling to look upon, because of the innumerable medals by which their breasts were covered as with chain armor. The governors looked as much alike as peas in a pod, and though it was certainly none of my business or concern what happened to this loyal though plague-ridden and impoverished colony, I began to grow apprehensive that Dom Christoforo, who certainly had the advantage in the matter of local knowledge, would

come out strong and take the oath of office and send his "God-given" successor back to Portugal again; for, while the new man's face did not bear out in a single lineament the promise of his name, I did not think it possible that he could do worse than Dom Christoforo.

High up above us in the dim twilight of the cathedral, in lonely state, the bishop sat upon his purple chair. The outgoing and the incoming representatives of the crown stood at the foot of the episcopal throne. Now and again they would kneel in prayer, as men who were seeking on high support and guidance for the performance of the duties they were respectively entering upon. Now and again in their persons the State made obeisance before the Church in the person of the bishop. In his right hand Dom Christoforo grasped tightly, as though he hated to lose it a moment before he had to, the *vara* of his office. It was a long black staff encircled with gold cords and studded with brilliant, and perhaps precious, stones. The long, low chant of the choristers died away at last, and Dom Christoforo's secretary advanced from behind the phalanx of the Leal Senado, whose sombre black-coated figures intervened like a dark curtain between us and the brilliant scene on the altar steps. He bowed to the ground as he presented his chief with a purple wallet, from which the latter now drew out his letter of recall. Leaning heavily upon his staff of office, that he was so soon to give up, Dom Christoforo began to read. When this was over, he advanced up the altar steps and hung the *vara* upon a silver peg, apparently put there for this purpose, and

then withdrew, no longer viceroy over all the "Portingals."

There was another long interval, during which the dismal chant of the choristers rolled through the echoing aisles; then another secretary stepped forward and presented to the new governor his letters of credence, also enveloped in a purple roll. When he had finished reading the writing of the king, which proclaimed him viceroy, the new governor knelt in prayer for a few moments, then rising, walked boldly up to the altar, and taking down the staff of office returned to his former position amid the bows and the genuflections of all present excepting the bishop, who, being in quite a different class, held himself coldly aloof. Upon the moment the new governor seemed to have grown six inches, at least. All the notables now thronged about him and hailed him as the viceroy of Ethiopia and of India, of the Islands of the Sea and of the Spices,—an empire which, of course, no one there would admit has fallen away until only Macoa remains with its opium dens and fan-tan hells.

When the music died away Dom Christoforo announced in a sonorous voice, that it was with the greatest pleasure he turned over into the hand of so worthy a successor the government of the Portuguese Empire in the East, at a time when everything was so prosperous, the people happy and industrious, and at peace with all the world. To this happy result he contended he had not contributed much, but he was proud of the little he had been able to do.

The new governor responded very handsomely in the same strain. It was no secret, he stated, that his royal master deeply regretted the loss of such a faithful servant as Dom Christoforo had proved himself to be. His had been an onerous task, and the admiration and the sympathy which the whole civilized world awarded him as but his due, showed how well he had performed it. As he sailed away, doubtless to receive the high honors which were awaiting him at home, he could rest assured that the best efforts of his successor would be directed toward following in his footsteps, and to maintaining the high standard of prosperity and happiness which his never-to-be-forgotten predecessor had achieved.

The faces of some at least of those present fell at this announcement, certainly not a very encouraging one for the Macoistas. Even Burton looked chapfallen, as he whispered, "There is a deal on between those old scamps. I wonder what it is."

But most amusing of all was the expression of blank amazement on Jim's face, which we now for the first time caught sight of, as, cutting the rest of the ceremony, we crept out of the cathedral to have a smoke.

"But the plague!" he shouted, when he found his voice. "Not a blessed word about the plague, or those poor fellows who are dying by the hundreds in the deserted barracoons like rats in their holes?"

Burton burst out with a laugh.

"It is plain to see that our friend here is a soldier not versed in the devious ways of diplomacy, of even the

simplest forms of diplomacy, much less that of latter-day Portugal. No, the plague is not an admitted fact, — everything is prosperous in Macoa, and will remain so until the last house falls in ruins upon the head of the last inhabitant.”

Jim soon consoled himself with the thought that in this out-of-the-way place he had stumbled upon a splendid pageant worthy to be described in the *Sentinel* in his most florid style.

Several hours later, as we hurried down the street of Bom Jesu, we came across a noisy, drunken crowd of Chinamen. They were beating tom-toms, burning prayer-papers, and setting off noisy petards, all of which amusements go to make up what Burton called the celebration of the Blue Dragon Festival. As the rascals were all filled with samshoo, and spoiling for a fight, we drew back into a doorway to let them go by. As we waited, there came up a narrow, winding side street, to the Bom Jesu, the funeral cortège of a Portuguese Christian. In the first line walked a priest, mumbling incoherent prayers, as though he thought to exorcise the evil spirits and the heathen gods which grinned down upon him from the street shrines and the little altar niches overhead, from where, only a few years ago, the faces of our familiar saints had smiled benignly upon all who passed this way. Before and behind the priest walked a score of acolytes sprinkling incense and holy water over the heaps of refuse that filled the streets. A black velvet pall was thrown over the bier that followed, and upon this

rested a massive silver cross. The coffin itself was carried by coolies, but the cords of the pall were held in the trembling fingers of four old gentlemen, in one of whom I recognized my street acquaintance of the previous day, the last of the line of Magellan. They were all very feeble, and stumbled and came to a halt more than once, as they toiled up the winding street and the steep ascent toward the parish church, where the tolling of the bells announced that the last sad rites were soon to be celebrated. As ill luck would have it, the two processions met in the Bom Jesu, and the Chinese defiantly took the right of way. Once they had secured it, they came to a standstill, and set off their petards and kept up their hideous tom-tomming for half an hour at least, while the little group of Christians drew back and waited their turn in the shadows of the narrow street. When the Chinese at last went on, the funeral procession resumed its interrupted way and proceeded up the hill. It was only as the coffin was lost to view, and the funeral party swallowed up entirely in the darkness that reigned within the church, that we turned and continued our way to the docks. And it seemed to me that we had not merely witnessed the burial of a man, but the end of an empire, and that it was right and fitting that a son of Magellan should help to carry the pall. . . .

It was nearly nine o'clock in the evening when our noisy side-wheeler passed the wonderful Tiger Jaw Headland which guards the entrance to the narrower reaches of the river, and it was well on toward mid-

night when we began to pick our way through the fleet of native junks lying off Whampoa. Then for some minutes we steamed slowly on through the great floating suburb of Canton, where several hundred thousand people live upon "shoe" and "slipper" boats, and living or dead never burden the dry land, which is far too crowded for their accommodation, for here in Canton only the strong, the victors in the battle of life, dare to set foot upon the shore. It seems to have been a universal conception of the human race, received and cherished in all its branches and under every dispensation, that each human being in the image of God created, is entitled by right of birth to at least six feet in the ample bosom of our mother earth, there to take his rest when the fever of life is over. But in Canton and in many other parts of China, this claim is not allowed, and to-day there are hundreds upon thousands of people crowded off the shore, who, living or dead, float about upon these waters which pay tithes and taxes to no man. . . .

As we steamed softly along, there were lit suddenly before us countless lights. It seemed as though our horizon swarmed with myriads of fireflies; and so it was, in the flare of its innumerable lanterns, that the city of Canton came out of the darkness to meet us. We anchored off the little island of Shameen, on which the foreign hong, and the small European and American population is confined by imperial decree. Even by the moonlight we could see that it was a clean place, and so contrasted pleasantly with the Augean

stables of Canton, by which, with but the protecting strip of water, it is surrounded on every side.

On our right rose to a commanding height, glistening like the bright facets of a diamond in the moonlight, the white stone spire of the Catholic cathedral, one of the most beautiful and substantial outposts of the Church militant in China. The graceful beauty of this shrine must, even in the sight of the Chinese themselves, make their own places of worship, the hideous temples of their painted idols, appear more loathsome even than they are in reality. Certain it is that they all hold it in abomination. Long since, were the cathedral not watched over night and day by the vigilant priests, who never close an eye, the beautiful edifice would have been blown into the water, and as we came by we saw the belated boatmen, as they passed, stop for a moment, to shake their impotent fists at the symbol of our faith, with which the white stone spire is surmounted, and to spit upon the shadow which it cast on the mirror-like surface of the river.

We landed near the drawbridge where the Manchu soldiers stand guard to protect the foreign concession from the anti-christian rioters who are never quiet in Canton proper. Soon we found the clean little hotel, and were in a few minutes sound asleep, blissfully unconscious of the fact that the plagues, both black and yellow, were at their destructive work all about us, and that we were in the midst of several millions of people, who, if you can believe their words, were thirsting for our blood. . . .

This is, of course, my dear Larry, not a study of Canton, much less of China, for we only spent thirty-six hours in the place, and on the second day of our visit we did not leave Shameen. It is merely a synopsis of some of the things we saw which it is possible to write about, and while our survey was confessedly superficial, yet it is what can be seen every day in that city of China which, owing to its geographical position, has been longest in direct communication with Europe, and so more directly subjected to the leaven of that peaceful and intellectual propaganda of our faith and our civilization, from which such a number of benevolent nihilists in various parts of the world would seem, in defiance of the lessons of experience, to still await miraculous results.

Early the next morning, starting from the drawbridge, we entered the labyrinth of the city, with a Hong Kong Chinaman as our guide. His intelligence and fidelity had been vouched for by our consul in glowing terms, and it was well we had such a pathfinder to depend upon, for within five minutes we had completely lost our bearings, and could not have found our way out alone short of a week, if then. The streets are only from four to five feet broad, and upon either side the houses rise to the height of three or four stories. Between are stretched awnings and mats which keep out the sun as well as the light and air, so that even at midday the Cantonese must grope their way along. The first street we entered was lined with tenement houses, several of which we visited. It was still early,

just about sunrise, as it had been our purpose to conclude all sight-seeing before the heat of the day, so we surprised many of the tenement dwellers as they came crawling out of their sleeping places. Now, of course I do not expect you to believe what we saw in these tenements; I simply tell you because it relieves my mind to do so. I would not have believed myself, except for the testimony of my own eyes. Inside, the tenements are divided into low, dingy compartments about twenty feet square, but not more than four feet from floor to ceiling. In the walls of the compartments open innumerable little doors, about the size and looking for all the world like the lockers in the dressing-room of a gymnasium. As we entered the compartment quite a number of the coolies were crawling out of these receptacles (much narrower they were than the average coffin), where they had spent the night. In this one apartment, or sardine box, there must have been at least a hundred men packed away, and in each tenement house so occupied, I should say, from two to three thousand people. The stench that prevailed was something overpowering; a handkerchief could not begin to mitigate the fumes, much less stop them, so we ran away, with, I am afraid, our investigation still very incomplete.

Our second "sight" was an object lesson in the survival of the fittest in the sharp and merciless struggle for existence which prevails in Canton, and, indeed, throughout China, and it was, I can tell you, anything but reassuring. Mr. Pearson and other sociologists

have written essays without number in regard to the "yellow peril," by which they mean the danger, to which the white races of the world are exposed, of being over-run some day by the infinitely superior number of the yellow race, particularly by the Chinese. From the little I have seen of the East I feel confident that if danger there was, it has long since passed. Numbers do not count for much in modern battles; it is the courage and the disciplined intelligence of the man behind the gun that gives the victory to one side or the other; and even in the matter of numbers it should be noticed that the Anglo-American race is fast overhauling the Chinese. But it was an apprehension of quite a different danger that chilled me to the bone as I saw these crowded workshops, and the skilled laborers of Canton, as innumerable as the sands of the seashore. The Chinese can never out-fight us, but there is certainly danger that they may "under-live" us. In a word, I mean that they can do practically the same work that we do and at about one-twentieth the cost. This evening I heard a sea captain make the same economic comparison, and the way in which he put the matter was so forcible that I cannot do better than reproduce it here.

"We will suppose," he said, "that the Chinese and we Westerners are competing for ocean freights, and we will suppose that we carry about the same amount of stuff and at about the same rate of speed. At the end of the voyage, however, your Western freighter will have burned five hundred tons of coal, while John

Chinaman has only burned fifty and saved a lot of dust. This being the case, can it be long before he will monopolize the carrying-trade?"

I am afraid not. There seems to me to be in the skipper's inquiry much for our social economists to ponder over, and the kernel of a problem that comes home to all of us.

These workshops of the different guilds of skilled workmen in Canton are bunched together in wards or districts, very much as they must have been in old London, as the names of the streets in the City indicate. As I write I remember that you described having seen much the same thing in Damascus, so this is probably a primitive and universal custom, which, when the discord came, the scattered tribes took away with them from the Tower of Babel. We wandered first through the ward of the butchers' guild, with "chow" dogs hanging from hooks suspended over the streets. Their wool had been plucked very carefully, but here and there a patch is left to show the color of the dog's coat in life, a detail considered by these strange dog-fanciers as having a very considerable effect upon the delicacy of the "chow." We passed on in quick succession through the wards of the fishmongers, the metal workers, the mat weavers and the spinners of wool. The craftsmen are all stowed away in compartments of about the same size and condition of those I have described in the tenements. They open, however, out on the street, and so the atmosphere is more tolerable. While they work, seated on a platform or in a swinging chair suspended from the ceil-

ing, sits a sharp-eyed foreman, watching over them. He is generally armed with a long, sharp-pointed stick, with which he prods the naked bodies of any under him who dare to lift their eyes from the work in hand, and here for sixteen and eighteen hours a day these people labor without rest or interruption. Everything they turn out is excellent, and even with metals they can do almost the same work as our own skilled workmen. And they can do it while living upon a little cold rice, some tepid water, and perhaps a smoke of opium every ten days or so, and that is all. . . . The street scenes outside were even more characteristic of the sharpness of the struggle for life in China and that almost incredible cruelty which is here the order of the day. Here the man who "falls out" for a moment is lost, and he who stumbles is never given a chance to regain his footing. Along these winding lanes we saw coolies, covered with sweaty lather, push their heavily laden wheelbarrows along with an utter disregard of the foot passengers; with vigorous rushes they would even send the wheels over the bodies of the beggars and the cripples who were lying prostrate in their way, and this proceeding, often resulting as it did in a broken or a smashed limb, was taken quite as a matter of course by all concerned, including the victim. In watching these workmen, the coolies, and the boatmen, and in fact the men of all the laboring classes, I was more than once struck by the fact that, in spite of the almost incredible condition of utter want and exposure in which they live, the very great majority of them, though small like all Cantonese, were physi-

cally strong and vigorous. We were not long in finding out the explanation of this apparent anomaly. It is that only men of the highest physical vigor can go the pace of everyday work in China; that those with the slightest physical fault soon drop out and end their days in circumstances of the most abject misery, which we were soon to observe at close range.

Our guide now led us out of the district of the guilds and the corporations down into a low-lying, evil-smelling quarter of the city, where he said there was a famous temple, in which sat an image of Kwannon, who represents, in Buddhists' philosophy, or mythology—whichever you choose to call it—Ceres, or Mother Humanity. The narrow lanes, through which we picked our way, positively swarmed and squirmed with hundreds of diseased and misshapen cripples. They snarled like curs at our heels, and fought each other, tooth and nail, for the filthy offal that was to be picked up out of the mud under foot. One glance about us now, and we had no doubt that, not only the human dregs of Canton, but indeed of all Asia, had found their own most fitting level in this place; and we were not surprised to learn, as we did later in the day, that the whole temple quarter is a no man's land, much frequented by the "highbinders," and a safe refuge for all criminals; and that it is a place which the yamun runners shun, and where no mandarin would venture without a large escort. As yet, however, ignorant of the dangers we ran, we continued our voyage of discovery, under the lead of our guide, whom

we had inspired with some of our own curiosity and thirst for knowledge. The streets that ran down into this submerged quarter of the city soon dwindled into mere alley-ways, in which, but with difficulty, two men could pass abreast.

When we awakened to the danger we were incurring, it was too late to turn back, even had we been disposed to do so. The black looks of the mob of wretched beggars and unsightly cripples had suddenly changed, and they were now giving evidence of their hostility in a more active way. Showers of sticks and stones began to fall about our heads. Our guide, though thoroughly alarmed now, fortunately did not quite lose his nerve. He assured us that we could escape more quickly from the robber quarter if we kept on past the temple, and made our way out upon the other side, and, of course, once we were in for the scrape, this course was more to our liking than to turn back with our curiosity unsatisfied; so, with heads down and elbows in, we trotted along the narrow lanes, now taking a group of cripples as a hurdle, and again, having to clear our way with knock-down blows when the rascals massed in front of us.

Jim's camera was soon smashed to bits by a well-directed cobblestone, so that, in the future, his letters to the *Logansport Sentinel* can only be illustrated by the imagination of the local artist. At last, after about five minutes of this, covered with mud and filth, but otherwise unhurt, we emerged from the darkness of the narrow lanes into the half light of a small square, or

shed; for it was covered with a "wave" shaped roof, under which, on a raised pedestal of stone, we saw, for a passing moment, the grinning image of the Chinese mother god. The atmosphere of the place was simply horrible; the air we breathed clung to our nostrils and poisoned our lungs for many a day afterward; and the unsightly rows of worshippers, crouching before the hideous temple, I shall never forget. It is well for the god Kwannon that he, or she—for the sex seems doubtful—is made of bronze, or else he could not sit there and smile on, through the ages of the ages, upon those scenes of suffering; we only had the time and the stomach for a glance. We had, it seemed, out-run our pursuers by a few yards, and when we appeared the crowds about the shrine seemed taken aback, and were at a loss how to regard our intrusion. When we surprised them, those who were nearest to the grinning god, that seemed to mock at his suffering children, were stripping off the fetid rags from their diseased limbs, and hanging them up before the shrine, whether as a rebuke to the bronze monster, or in an attempt to move the god to pity, I do not know. In truth, we now had very little time at our disposal to investigate, for the wretches sprang at us with savage cries. The crowds that had been following us came up, and so the chase began again.

We ran on, touching elbows with men and women who were swollen to twice human size with elephantiasis and beri-beri, and jumping high above the "black" lepers as they grabbed at our feet. Some of them were

covered with the dark spots that characterize this form of leprosy, and many of them were so wasted away in flesh and bone that only the merest suggestion of the human form was left. Our guide's face was now green with fear, and had we needed any confirmation of the danger of our position, we would have found it in the beads of cold perspiration that glistened like pearls upon his forehead. It was clear that if either of us went down we were both lost; the ground underfoot seemed to be simply alive with these yellow adders, who did not dare to face us, but only struck when our backs were turned. A long sea voyage upon a crowded transport is not a good preparation for a race for life, but our foot-ball training and the long trails of the Apaches which we had so often followed through the "boulder" country of Arizona, now stood us in good stead. In ten minutes we struck the rising ground, our pursuers dropped behind, and soon even their cries of rage and disappointment were lost in the distance. We were black and blue in every limb, but otherwise safe and sound, so we sat down to take breath, and Jim to mourn his kodak.

While we rested, certainly not upon our laurels, as Jim facetiously suggested, we were surprised, and somewhat alarmed, too, at first (we thought that perhaps a regular hue and cry had been raised against us, and that the chase was about to begin again), to hear a tremendous beating of tom-toms, a blare of discordant trumpets, and the fall of many footsteps echoing up the street behind us.

"It is the procession of some mandarin with an escort on the way to his yamun," said our guide, whose coolness reassured us.

The quarter in which we had taken refuge seemed to be occupied exclusively by small shopkeepers, and we found them more orderly and more reconciled to our presence among them, than any other people that we had stumbled upon in the course of the day. They were no less Christian-hating than the rest, only their aversion was displayed in a less objectionable manner. As we passed them by, men, women, and children, with one accord, simply turned their backs upon us and spat upon the ground, and then went on about their business. The sound of the approaching procession, however, evidently filled them with other and more serious cares. In a moment, with astonishing speed, every door and window in their shops was closed, and the tradesmen, their assistants, and their families ranged themselves upon their knees in long lines in front of their premises. Such unattached coolies as there were loafing about, clad in fetid rags and waiting for something to turn up, stretched themselves out at full length in the street, and banging their foreheads to the ground, hailed the approaching mandarin in loud tones as "the stoutest, the best, and the most erudite of the children of Confucius."¹

What a caricature of a procession it was! First came rushing ahead, to clear the way, a flight of breath-

¹ In China obesity is regarded as a sign of inward spiritual grace as well as of material prosperity; a lean man is necessarily a bad man.—THE EDITOR.

less runners; then there appeared a huge red placard, upon which were fully set forth the titles and the other claims to greatness of the official who was drawing near. This placard was closely guarded by a crowd of soldiers. Each man wore a red tassel to his cap, but as to the rest of their equipment and armament, they were as mixed and motley as Falstaff's army. Then came a small battalion of men who were armed with every conceivable weapon, from the heavy gingals, which require two men to carry (they were in use in Europe, I believe, at the time of Gustavus Adolphus), down to the footmen who carried axes and sharpened staves. In the midst of this rabble the great man, invisible in his green covered chair, was carried by, and another battalion brought up the rear.

We had gotten back our wind now, so we followed the great man at what we hoped would be considered a respectful distance, for we were curious to see him in his yamun, dispensing justice. Soon the procession came to a halt before a gate, which was to be distinguished from other, unofficial gates by two very tall bamboo poles, from which waved little flags and other streamers, which meant nothing to us, but were doubtless intelligible to those directly concerned. We crept cautiously into the courtyard, in the background of which rose the judge's bench, and we soon saw that it was simply a broker's office, where you could get just the treatment and the justice you were able and willing to pay for. It was wonderful to notice the sudden transformation in our guide at this stage of the game. He

who had been so voluble and so obtrusive now seemed suddenly deprived of the power of speech. When finally we became annoyed at his strange conduct and addressed him with some emphasis, he moved away with an icy stare, and it was evident that he did not wish to be seen "riding in our carriage." Well, after all, we did not need his comments and explanations just then. Chinese venality and corruption have at least the virtue of being open and aboveboard, and the money was passed between the prisoners and the clerks of the court, as though it were over a counter in legitimate trade.

Soon the shrieks of the victims in an adjacent courtyard told us that the condemned men were beginning to "eat stick." Upon some we noticed the bamboo strokes were inflicted with blood-curdling severity; upon others they seemed to fall softly, as though nothing more than love-taps, those who received these delicate attentions did not, however, fail to make even a greater outcry than those who were more severely handled. The one peep into this courtyard which we ventured was rewarded, not with a Chinese horror, as we had feared, but by a most amusing picture. One of the poor devils brought before the court had not had enough money to square the judge, or perhaps, with the characteristic economy of his race, he had thought it cheaper to fix the executor of the court's decree. However this may be, when his turn came we saw him pass a Mexican dollar neatly wrapped in tissue-paper to the bamboo-swing, in appreciation of which this

official covered the place of punishment — in China, as well as in other countries — with a thickly woven network of bamboo fibre, upon which his blows fell furiously, but without causing any pain.

Once we were outside the courtyard, and safe from the prying eyes of the yamun runners, our guide, Mr. William Chang, rejoined us, quite as though nothing had happened. We were so dependent upon his guidance, we thought it best not to refer to the fact that he had practically disowned us before the seats of the mighty, and soon he began to discourse upon the judicial system of the land, from which, in a spirit of self-preservation, he had fled. His statements were simple and to the point, but, for all that, his indictment was none the less scathing. Strangely enough, he showed no feeling of any kind in the matter; he simply stated the facts as he found them, and as they are. In the five short years he had been away he had learned to speak almost perfect English, and to have as great a contempt for his former people as any other Britisher, for, of course, he had become a naturalized subject of her Majesty, or else he would not have dared to return to Canton. He concluded his wonderful exposure of official corruption in China — which I promised not to enter upon, as Jim proposes to make it the subject of his next letter to the *Sentinel* — by saying: —

“Chinamen call their country the earth, or the more modest say it is the Middle Kingdom, and the rest of the world, only a few unattached countries, which they do not care to take. You foreigners call China the

Flowery Land, and the inhabitants — I suppose that is a joke upon their misery — the Celestials, but we who live under the British flag, and who have tasted English justice — we call China the land of Tam Sung, which means ‘official squeeze and mandarin rapacity.’ ”

From the way in which he urged us to follow him, and the speed with which he led the way, it was evident that Mr. Chang set great store upon the “sight” he now proposed to show us. Had we had but the slightest inkling of what it was, we would have quit on the spot, for neither Jim nor I cared to face another horror; but before we knew what he was about, he brought us out on the execution ground and the place where those condemned to death are tortured before they are allowed to die. First we stumbled upon a succession of pens or cages, in which the prisoners, often even without a loin-cloth, await the pleasure of their jailers as to the execution of their sentences. These poor wretches followed us with piteous, beseeching eyes and outstretched arms; they stood up to their knees in the filth of their cages; utter starvation was written on their emaciated faces, and their backs were scarred and seamed with the punishment of the bamboo. We could not resist their appeals, and having secured the permission of their guards by a bribe which Mr. William Chang administered in the most approved Chinese fashion, we gave them the painted food which we secured from a neighboring restaurant until all our money was gone and our credit exhausted. Then we left them to snarl and fight among themselves over

the remnants of their feast. As we turned away, we had the ill-fortune to stumble upon the "pagoda of torment," as it is called. Here about one hundred instruments of torture of the most revolting character are in use, and they were spread out and arranged before us in the order of their severity. We saw the bottles out of which the boiling oil is dropped into the fresh wounds of the tortured; we saw the blood-stained rakes made of razor-blades, with which the flesh of the victim is curried in the punishment called lingschi, or "slicing"; also the pincers with which the nails of fingers and toes are pulled out, and the diabolical spoons with which the eyes are extracted from their sockets. . . .

The memory of one scene of torture that fell under my eyes haunts me yet. The victim was long since dead, but no one had taken the trouble to remove his body from the vice-like grip of the instrument by which he had been done to death. The man condemned to this torture enters (and they all go willingly, only too anxious for the end) a great wickerwork cage, and a collar filled with spikes and nails, pointing inward, is made fast about his neck. Then it is slowly raised — the collar I mean — and, of course, screaming from the pain which the sharp-pointed spikes inflict, the miserable victim rises with it. At last, standing upon the tips of his toes, he can rise no higher, and there the spiked collar is made fast to the sides of the cage. Then there is a lull, an almost complete cessation of torture, the length of which depends entirely upon how long the

victim can stand upon his toes; with most men this is not long, half an hour at the most; and then the sufferer sinks down on the soles of his feet, only to spring up again on his toes with howls of agony, for of course the nails of the collar have torn his neck. And so through various stages the torture proceeds, until sooner or later, according to the good or bad fortune of the victim, his jugular is severed by one of the spikes, and he bleeds to death. From every square inch of the cage protrude other spikes and sharp-pointed instruments, so arranged that every struggle the man makes to save himself only adds to his agony. There was much more to see, but we had seen enough, and more. We hurried away down an avenue dotted with great earthenware jars, into which the bodies of the victims of the torture are thrown and left until it shall please the city scavenger to come and get them. . . .

Several hours later we emerged from the incredible misery and piggery of the inner city, and filled our lungs with great draughts of fresh air as we strolled along the river bank on our way to the Shameen bridge. Suddenly there shot out before my eyes a strangely familiar figure, the only one I had come across throughout this day of outlandish and unheard-of sights. It was growing dark so rapidly, that for a moment I thought the surprising figure that seemed to flit across my path was simply the creature of a feverish and over-wrought imagination. However, I determined to hurry after the furtive shadow, to run it down, whatever it might be. The figure, I should tell you, was

the exact presentment of one of the cuts we used to gaze upon with open-mouthed amazement when studying our intermediate "jographies," and I gave chase because I was anxious to know if there was at least one substantial fact in that farrago of nonsense we were taught about China when I was a boy. The pursuit led me in and out among the columns of the colonnaded street which runs parallel to the river. On the steep ascent by the drawbridge I came up with my man, and making a grab at his shoulder, missed it, but secured his pigtail, and, as our skipper would say, "brought him up with a round turn." When Jim and Mr. William Chang, who had followed more deliberately, arrived on the scene, they found me spinning my captive around for inspection. The poor fellow was too frightened even to give voice to his fears, and spun around upon his heels as obediently to my touch as a top.

"Did he steal your watch?" shouted Mr. Chang; but Jim opened his eyes in astonishment, and exclaimed:—

"The rat and cat merchant of our intermediate 'jog'! why, it's worth a trip of ten thousand miles alone to see him; oh, for my kodak!"

And so it was we came up with him in real life after all these years. About his neck there was slung a wooden yoke or hub, from which expanded, like the spokes of a wheel, half a dozen poles from five to six feet in length. From each one hung a score of rats or cats in the most advanced stages of decomposition. The ancient halberdiers who guard the Shameen bridge now appeared upon the scene, and the rat mer-

chant, who had found his voice, filled the air with his lamentations. We soon placated them, one and all, however, with a villanous-looking piece of paper, which Mr. Chang said, if presented at any respectable "cash" shop, could be exchanged for a dollar. Then the rat merchant disappeared into thin air, leaving a trail behind him, however, which it would not require the nose of a bloodhound to follow; and the halberdiers, sneaking down under the shadow of the bridge which is confided to their vigilant keeping, stretched themselves out under the straw-roofed flatboats and began to smoke their "dope," and so the incident closed.

After a bath we forgot our bruises and the fatigue of our twelve hours' slumming, and climbing into chairs were carried to the Club, where we had been invited to dine by an Englishman, Mr. Watson, the most celebrated "tea taster" in all China. Over our mulligatawny, a favorite soup in the Far East, especially when seasoned with a little port or sherry, Watson asked us what we had seen during the day, and I recited our adventure with the rat and cat pedler. It was not exactly fitted for dinner table-talk in more squeamish climes; but, after all, it was the least disgusting of our experiences. Watson chuckled as though we were telling him the greatest joke in the world.

"He ran away because he thought you were going to have him arrested. If you don't mind I will tell you a story about the rat-catching guild and their backers."

We didn't mind — you know you don't in China — so

he began: "For twenty years, foreign influence in China has been divided and rendered ineffective because of the selfish interests, or 'private pigeons,' as we say out here, that each of the powers has up its sleeve, but upon one question the ambassadors have presented an unbroken front to the Tsungli Yamun, and that is in demanding the suppression of rat and cat restaurants in all treaty ports open to foreign residents and commerce. Of course the explanation of our interest in the matter is not far to seek. More by this loathsome food than any other single agency the bubonic plague, which is entirely a filth disease, is propagated, and the result is a great loss of life and of profitable trade to those of us who have, or think we have, vested interests of one kind or another out here. You should know, though the connection will escape you for a moment, that we have in Canton a coffin trust, which is as rich and powerful, though not so wide-spread, perhaps, as your Standard Oil, and it is a great deal older. In fact it is, I should say, without knowing positively, the original trust of the world, and certainly its books run back many hundred years. Throughout all the revolutions and political convulsions which have shaken even conservative China from time to time, the coffin trust has stood firm as a rock, with shares away up out of sight and not to be bought on the open market. In the earlier days, I believe, rival trusts were started from time to time, but not one was able to compete successfully, and for the last two hundred and fifty years the attempt has not been repeated. To-day in China, south

of Amoy at least, no man can shuffle off this mortal coil without paying tribute to the coffin trust.

“You would imagine — I certainly did — that there could be no business more free from market fluctuations than the sale of coffins, but the experience of the trust goes to show that they have their dull seasons, too. Naturally desirous of keeping trade brisk and steady, the coffin trust from time to time has invested some of its surplus capital in what you might call ‘feeders,’ to combat the Chinese tendency to longevity. Their favorite and most successful method of stimulating the demand for coffins has been in lending money to start rat and cat restaurants, very much in the same way as our brewers at home advance money to start public houses in promising localities. The death-rate in Chinese cities, at least, is of course always very high, but whenever an epidemic is bred, why, of course the trust declares an extra dividend.

“Now a practical people, not given to superstition, like the English or the Americans, if coffins were too dear, would make shift with a shroud or a cheese-cloth, or anything that came handy, but your Chinaman, so utilitarian about all that pertains to life, is the very quintessence of sentimentality and extravagance in everything that relates to death. He would deprive himself of anything and give up everything, including even the prospect of ten, twenty, or thirty more years of life, rather than run any danger of passing through the dark gates that lead to the hereafter in any other form or guise than that which has been prescribed

by the Confucian Board of Rites since the beginning of the year one. Believe me, this is not an extravagant statement. I can assure you hardly a week passes in China but what some coolie, who has but a doubtful prospect of a funeral on his own account, steps forward to take the place at the execution block of a wealthy criminal who is rich enough to pay his debts to society in the person of a substitute. These substitutes are found willing and even eager to die a painful and an ignominious death provided only that they are allowed to die in rich clothing, that they enjoy the advantages and the honors of an orthodox funeral which means plenty of tom-tomming to keep away the evil spirits, and the red light of a great number of prayer papers to attract the good ones. All of these expenses, of course, the wealthy criminal, who 'resumes business as before at the old stand,' is expected to pay, and does pay religiously. Again, I suppose you know that in life there are no people in the world upon whom the home tie is less binding than upon the Chinese. They roam all over their own vast empire, from Siberia on the north to Sumatra on the south, to speak only of the Eastern hemisphere, in search of work. They shiver from the cold while working on the Trans-Siberian Railway, and they swelter in the tropics when seeking bird's-nest soup for the tables of their mandarins. But when they are dead, when they can feel nothing, they want to lie comfortably at home in the family acre and drink in the incense which their pious descendants will surely burn before the ancestral tablets. With these

ideas so generally accepted you may indeed imagine that the coffin trust has a good thing of it."

"A lead pipe cinch," said Jim, with emphasis.

Our host looked perplexed; then brightening up he said:—

"Ah, yes, quite so. What a deuced graphic way you Americans have of putting things. And now I am going to tell you how I know that the coffin trust is so flourishing. In 1895 we were having a very slack season of it in teas, and I was condoling with one of the largest hong merchants, a Chinese millionaire, over the disastrous result of the crop, when he said, with a benign smile—I had quite forgotten that he was the king-pin in the coffin trust—'It has been a bad year for the teas, but we have made it all up in coffins.' Then he went on to say that in Canton alone, though to be sure some of the boxes were for export trade, he had sold ninety thousand coffins in the past seven months. Since then, whenever I run across the old boy, I make him take me into his confidence and tell me more about this astonishing business. Two weeks ago when I met him, however, he was as glum as the undertaker of the stage. 'Only twenty-five thousand coffins this summer,' he protested, 'and yet both the plagues are going.' 'What can be the matter,' I inquired; 'is the human race getting tougher?' 'No,' he answered, 'it's the viceroy. He has those new-fangled notions about the rat and cat restaurants and has closed them all up, and has even gone so far as to have all the pedlers of rat and cat meat expelled from the city.

We have appealed from him to Peking, and if he does not recall his order soon, why there will be trouble, and when he goes away, as go he will, we won't ask him for his boots to hang up over the city gate.'¹

"Two days later — I thought the viceroy would listen to the trust — I read in the paper that his order had been revoked, and now the filth restaurants are going full blast again, but probably your pedler had not heard the news." . . .

Jim, who had listened to this ghastly tale with breathless attention, now turned to me and shouted:

"Hurrah, Herndon! Hurrah for our octopuses at home! Their burden is easy, their yoke is light in comparison to the coffin trust of China."

Of course I cannot vouch for this story, and yet the responsibility for it does not lie exclusively with our host, Mr. Watson. A dozen men of all nationalities sat around the club table as he told it, and each one had some detail drawn from his own personal experience, to add to the grewsome picture, and no one objected to it as not being on the whole a faithful example of Chinese business methods and official corruption.

¹ This threat of the rich Chinaman will prove rather perplexing to the average reader. He refers to a curious custom in China. At the end of their term of office — and for various reasons, viceroys are not allowed to remain at one post for more than four years, — if his rule has been on the whole acceptable to the people, they do him the honor of asking him as he takes his departure to leave his boots behind. These are suspended above the city gate in memory of his successful administration. This compliment is rarely paid in China to-day; as a general thing the people are only too glad to see the viceroys depart, and with their boots on. — THE EDITOR.

The next day was scorchingly hot, and I am very glad indeed to hear from many quarters that we are not likely to experience such weather in the Philippines. Jim and I were quite content to let Mr. William Chang go out with a party of globe-trotters while we sat under the punkah until the Hong Kong boat left. In a few hours our dry, parched faces were fanned by the fresh breezes of the sea, and we had looked for the last time, I hope, upon all the filth and inhumanity of that world which is Asia of and for the Asiatics, unrestrained. I, of course, do not know whether it be true, as some theologians maintain that the Chinese are condemned to eternal damnation because they have not heard or have not heeded the word of the Lord Jesus Christ, but I do know, with a positive sickening certainty, that, as long as they live they are condemned to lead lives after which the torments of hell, so far as known, can be but a pleasant change; and, believe me, the moans and even the howls of those wretched submerged millions that still ring in my ear are not any more easy to listen to because of the fact that they are hardly human cries. . . .

Soon, as the island of Hong Kong rose out of the mist before us, we turned our thoughts away from this sad picture and the no less distressing memory of what the once admirable Portuguese civilization had come to mean in the East. I can assure you that we looked upon the English fortress and the English market-place as it came into view with very different thoughts than when we first arrived from Singapore. For us Hong

Kong is no longer simply the advance post of a nation of shopkeepers extracting what money they can out of the golden East. Now we recognize in it the seat of the greatest power for civilization and for the advance of humanity in the China Seas, and I was truly glad to see that this stronghold of hope was built upon a rock, and I gloried in its peerless strength. Jim had very much the same idea, though he put it in a different way. As we came abreast the lights of the world city of Victoria, he lifted his hat and said, "Herndon, do you know, I am glad the queen is my aunt, after all."

The morning of the next day we truants were on duty examining stores which the *Sherman* was to carry across to Manila for Admiral Dewey as well as for the army. The repairs upon the transport are proceeding apparently to the satisfaction of our skipper, and we have every reason to believe that a week hence we shall be in Manila Bay; and then to business.

Early in the afternoon we left cards and a letter which Burton had given us on one of the merchant princes of the place. He had assured us that this gentleman, a Mr. Aylward, a son of the first English merchant established in the colony, was, as he put it, "distinctly worth while." He had lived out in the East all his life, and would be in a position, Burton thought, to answer the innumerable questions which were suggested every minute of the day by our new and surprising surroundings. This was evidently just the man we wanted to meet, for such acquaintances as we had hitherto made at the Club were, or pretended

to be, as ignorant as carps concerning the history of the colony; but unfortunately we did not find him at home. Our other acquaintances seemed to think that Hong Kong, like Topsy, "had just grown there," or that their predecessors had found it built and ready to receive them as they came sailing around the world in their English ships. Later, we secured a couple of China ponies, and went out for a ride. As we galloped out along the Queen's Road, our short-legged Manchurian ponies gave us something of the long forgotten sensation of riding hobby-horses. Once in the open country, we entered a small cañon called Happy Valley. It is a lovely place. All the beauties of tropical nature which seem to be denied the rest of the sterile island have been lavished here with a bountiful hand. At the entrance, the valley is comparatively broad and carpeted with grass that might have grown in Old England, so green and thick and velvety it is. We rode past the officers of the garrison playing polo, and the Sikhs of the Hong Kong regiment taking a dignified amusement in some Indian game, which I did not quite understand, and the soldier boys of the English regiment playing foot-ball, just as they do all the world round. We were particularly struck and amused by a lot of little school-girls, who were having a picnic and running foot-races. After each one of these contests, the defeated maidens would sob bitterly until the victor consented to "run it over again." And again I thought I saw why it is that the English make better colonists than the French.

And then, a little later, we came to the burying-place, where in the cool ground those are laid who fall in the heat of the battle for civilization. A week ago we would have gone through this court of peace with but a passing glance and the stereotyped respect which we are accustomed to pay the dead. But this was changed now — we had seen the brothers of these men at work, and we wanted to know in what quarter of the field those who were buried here had laid down their lives.

As we walked through the long rows of graves, and read the simple epitaphs which told of how they had died upon the battle-fields of strenuous life, we could not but raise our hand to the salute with each tombstone that we passed, for we were conscious in our hearts of having wronged them, and we wished to make what reparation we could. What touched us most was that they were all so young. They had given up their lives when the sacrifice is a sacrifice indeed—in the flower of youth. Now and again we paused and read the epitaphs; short and concise they were, but more than one thrilled us through and through like a trumpet blast. This one had died in fighting the famine in Hainan. Here were sleeping together two young midshipmen who were murdered by pirates off Kowloon. Here is resting a soldier of the Cross who carried the word into Honan, the most Christian-hating province of China, where he was crucified, and his body thrown to famished dogs. Here lies a young doctor who died fighting the plague in

the Red River country, and over there a young trader, the pioneer of the West River, where he was murdered by his own crew. He is dead, but his work lives after him, for the West River is open to the trade, and the commerce, and the civilization of the Western world to-day. Over there in a secluded corner is sleeping a young engineer "who," so the epitaph runs, "at the request of the director general of the Yellow River, 'China's sorrow,' was permitted by the Colonial Government to go to the scene of the floods for the purpose of devising a scheme to prevent their recurrence. He was drowned in the waters he attempted to control, but," concludes this epitaph with a sober note of triumph, "the works that he designed were brought to a successful conclusion after his death by two of his countrymen who, undeterred by his fate, followed in his footsteps."

"That's the whole thing in a nutshell," said Jim. "It goes hard with the pioneer; more often than not he gets wiped out; then the other fellows come on and do the business, God bless them."

On our return to the Club, we found a very cordial invitation from Mr. Aylward to dine with him that evening, and at half-past seven the chairs and coolies arrived to take us to his home half-way up the mountain. There we found to our dismay quite a large party assembled, including the chief justice, and the acting governor, and the vice-admiral and an under secretary of state travelling around the world, and they were all, including two M. P.'s, passed over in favor of the

Anglo-American alliance, and your humble servant, who, as the representative of Uncle Sam, had the honor of taking the hostess in to dinner.

While we were all settling down comfortably, I must tell you a very good joke on Heth. Of late, the airs and foreign graces which some of our Plattsburg boys have picked up on their journey around the world have grown quite noticeable. They have become polyglots, and pose as men who have seen many cities and strange countries, and cannot contemplate the prospect of ever settling down again to a humdrum army post existence. This fever has even reached the officers' mess. Jim, particularly, has been putting on recently no end of foreign "lugs," and in Singapore he confided in me, half in jest and half in earnest, that he had begun to feel just like an African explorer he had once seen in a circus, with a dog-faced boy acting as valet. At this dinner, however, fate overtook Jim in the shape of a young lady — a fairly young lady — but "old enough to eat hard corn," as they say in the cavalry. Jim began to speak about his travels and the things he had seen, but soon I noticed that his flow of conversation was checked. It developed that the young Amazon with whom he went down to dinner spent her time in roaming about the world like a sea gypsy, and that her home ties sat upon her as lightly as they do upon the nomads of the Kirghiz steppes.

Jim's eyes grew big as saucers as the young lady set forth in a loud voice her scheme of life. She would permit nothing in the world, she said, prevent her

spending November and December in Manchuria tiger-shooting, and September, or the best part of it, on the moors of Scotland after grouse. These events were the two fixtures of the calendar with which she would allow nothing to interfere. During the rest of the year she was ready for anything that turned up, and willing to go anywhere with anybody. With a missionary lady of her acquaintance who knew Thibetan, she had made a dash for Lhassa, and been turned back by the Lamas, like every one else, and she had gone up the Mekong in a flatboat, and had been the very first woman who wore clothes to visit Angkor-Wat. And then she had gone to the heart of Java and taken snap-shots of the stone Buddhas at Buro Budor, for which the king of Siam had rewarded her with the order of the White Elephant. "And when she talked about running home," said Jim, later, when he confided to me some of the fragments of their dinner conversation, "why, you might imagine that her home was just across the Hoboken ferry, and not ten thousand miles away."

We were both somewhat depressed and not a little disconcerted at the size of the company we found assembled; we had not come for a "long feed," though this would probably be our last opportunity for many months. We came, avowedly, to "talk shop," as they say out here. In the end, however, fortune favored us, or rather our tactful host, who, seeing what we wanted, knew how to lead the conversation into the channels we desired. The talk fell upon the Philippines, and I remarked in the somewhat apologetic strain, which we

have all begun to assume in regard to recent events over there, that the problem had come upon us when we were unprepared, and that our policy had been vacillating and drifting, only because public opinion at home had not pronounced decidedly for one solution or the other of the question. "This is all changed now, however," I maintained. "People still disagree as to whether we should have gotten into the mess, and as to the course which we should pursue when the island is pacified, but all important elements of public opinion are united on the present policy of smashing the rebels in the field as quickly and as thoroughly as possible."

"I am very glad to hear that," said Mr. Aylward; "I never allowed myself for a moment to doubt that this would be the popular as well as the official decision, as soon as the facts of the situation were known, but you are wrong in supposing for a moment that things have gone against you so far. On the contrary, we, who have been watching the course of events from the beginning, are agreed in saying that you have had 'Yankee luck.'"

I am afraid I showed some astonishment at this, so that Mr. Aylward felt called upon to enumerate our windfalls of good fortune.

"In the first place," he began, "the Tagals did not attack you until you not only had a sufficient force on the distant field to hold your lines, but even to advance, and of course your being able to do so has exerted a prodigious moral effect, not only upon the Tagals, but upon all the other tribes that live in the islands. It is

not remarkable that the other tribesmen did not join Aguinaldo after you had begun to punish him, for savages never rally to a losing cause; but it was a piece of great good fortune that they did not make common cause with him against you before the fighting began and they found out, as they have now, that they had to deal with a more capable and energetic foe than the Spaniard. My agent at Manila from the very beginning of the hostilities has written me that the reason why the Tagals who are in arms refuse to accept your rule is, that the leaders are men who, under the Spanish régime, held paying positions in the native army or in the civil administration, and that up to the present they have not been able to secure assurances from the American commanders that in case of an immediate surrender they would be given something else just as good; and quite right, too, that was a mistake for which the Spaniards paid dearly in the end.

“Again, it is the best thing in the world for you and the whole East that right at the beginning the Tagals turned their guns upon you rather than that they should have made a sullen submission. In this case you would have had a series of petty insurrections on your hands, and permanent peace could not have been effected under twenty years. Now you have them in the field where you can get at them just as soon as the rains let up, and don’t forget when the time comes, that the peace which will follow will be complete and lasting, just in proportion as the thrashing you inflict upon them is thorough.

"How lucky you have been in other respects can best be shown by a comparison between what occurred when we took possession of Hong Kong and your first year in the Philippines. Here we got hold of a clean and uninhabited island that was reputed to be very healthy, and we had no enemy to contend with in the field; while on the other hand you had the accumulated filth of ages from the Spaniards, who are the most unsanitary people in the world, and at the same time you came in for a rebellion which was primarily directed against them. Within a very few weeks after we took possession of Hong Kong the black death and the cholera were raging here, and more than fifty per cent of all the people who landed in the colony lost their lives. You have held Manila for a year and you have not lost a man from either of these Asiatic plagues, and the smallpox, which was endemic there for fifty years, has been practically stamped out. This, of course, was good management and not luck. Then you haven't had an earthquake to speak of, and none of the provinces have been flooded by tidal waves, and you haven't lost a single ship in a typhoon. The number of men you have lost by disease is incredibly small when you compare it with the cost of other campaigns in the tropics. But remind me to read you after dinner some entries in my father's diary as to the early history of Hong Kong. They will make you appreciate better than any words of mine can, how favored by fortune your occupation of the Philippines has been so far."

After dinner Jim declared without a blush that he

never smoked under any circumstances, and the last I saw of him he was leading the much-travelled maiden upon a voyage of discovery that had for its objective the darkest corner of the veranda. As I saw the foolhardy and wholly unmasked advances which my second lieutenant was making into the enemy's country, I could only hope that in the breach of promise courts, as in public law and international morals, ante-bellum promises count for but little. After showing the other men of the party into the smoking room, Mr. Aylward led me into his study to fulfil the promise he had made during dinner.

"As you perhaps know," he began, as he opened a despatch box and took out of it several manuscript volumes bound in vellum, "my father was the first civilian to land in Hong Kong. I will read you, from his notes made at the time, some of the difficulties which beset the colony in the earlier days. . . . The island was ceded to us in 1842 by the treaty which concluded what is so unjustly called the Opium War. The question at issue, then temporarily decided in our favor, was whether the Chinese can be compelled to respect the rights and privileges conveyed to foreigners by treaty. It had become apparent, after many bitter and costly experiences, that it was impossible to carry on trade successfully and profitably without having a port near to China where our vessels could be refitted and our merchants enjoy the protection of the flag. Such a port we demanded of China as a penalty and an indemnity for the senseless war they had provoked. There was, of course, the usual discussion as to

where this port should be located. To be as little objectionable to the Chinese as possible, it was understood from the beginning that the port in question would not be on the mainland. Some were in favor of Chusan, the island off the Yangtze, others advanced the claims of Formosa, but the government of the day decided in favor of Hong Kong, because it was unoccupied, and there were no Chinese to be dispossessed or graves to be disturbed (this latter was the rallying cry of the anti-Christians in those days), and incidentally because it was near to Canton, then the greatest and almost the only outlet of the China trade upon the East coast.

“A month after landing at Hong Kong my father writes: ‘The Canton merchants have decided they will have no dealings with Hong Kong, and the viceroy has forbidden coolies to come here in search of work under pain of capital punishment. Lord Derby announces in the House of Lords that we are not to colonize the island but to utilize it for commercial and naval purposes. How this is to be done is not at present apparent. No business is springing up and all but two of the hongcs established have gone into bankruptcy.’

“Two years later my father makes this still more gloomy entry: ‘The maintenance of the island is costing the government a quarter of a million pounds sterling annually, and the receipts do not amount to ten thousand. The *Agincourt*, a cruiser stationed here to protect the colony from the threatened attack of the pirates, lost more than half her crew from fever and cholera in two months, and is gone away. This year,

1843, we had a garrison of 1526 men. There have been 7900 sick, or each man has been, on an average, in the hospital five times.' In 1844 he writes: 'The Ninety-eighth Regiment came here fifteen months ago with an effective of 700 men. Two hundred and sixty have died and not a score of those who survive are in a condition to carry a musket, much less to enter upon a campaign. The commanding officer has written home to Lord Fitzroy Somerset that the continued occupation of Hong Kong will cost Her Majesty's Government a regiment every three years,' and you must remember there was no fighting, only police work for the soldiers to do.

"In 1847 my father writes: 'The outlook is better and perhaps we can hope that the worst to be feared from the ravages of the climate is over. This year only twenty-four per cent of the soldiers have died, and about ten per cent of the civilian population.' And so," said Mr. Aylward, closing the volume, "the entries go on for ten years, showing nothing but hope to live upon. For twenty years it was all outlay and nothing coming in, and there were heard in England, on every side, much more powerful organs of public opinion than is, I take it, the Anti-Imperialist Society of Massachusetts with you, demanding the evacuation of the island, which was denounced as utterly worthless — simply a 'white man's graveyard.' The government of the day was constantly questioned in parliament, and the leader of the opposition pronounced the retention of the island 'an egregious blunder and one that, if per-

sisted in, would border on insanity.' I don't think even Mr. Bryan has said anything more sweeping than that. And for ten years the London *Times* thundered against the colony, and its correspondents and editors made sport of those who, like my father, persisted in saying that the island was worth all that it was costing and that it would pay in the end. Although when we took possession it was a worthless rock, where, as one eloquent member of parliament said, only fevers, piracy, and cholera flourished, we have made of Hong Kong what you see it to be, and you can do the same with Manila, but it may cost you many lives and much money, and the American people must make up their minds, and do it quickly, if they have not done so already, whether or not in their opinion the results which are assured are worth the initial cost. If you establish yourself in Manila permanently, we know perfectly well you will prove a dangerous competitor for the China trade, for then you will be able to stretch out your hand upon an equal footing with ourselves, which you have never been able to do before because you had no base or local standing on the market. But we have no fear of any competitor, and there is room out here for all fair traders. What we do fear is having the markets closed against us, but with you in Manila, and with us in Hong Kong, Russia would not, and a power ten times stronger than Russia could not, succeed in closing the ports of East Asia to the trade of the world. With your coöperation the commerce of the Yellow Sea will soon be carried on under as civilized conditions as is the trade of the

Mediterranean, only this trade, once all unnatural restrictions are removed, will become of vastly greater importance, for through it we shall reach a market of 600,000,000 people."

Much sooner than I wished, Mr. A——, mindful of his duties as host, closed the pages of his father's interesting diary, and we rejoined the party in the smoking room. Here, in a very few moments, a discussion developed as to the future of the tropics and the part which the present inhabitants of the temperate zones will play in their development. Some one, I think it was the travelling M. P., or the under secretary of state *en tour*, set the ball rolling by expressing a certain curiosity (and in my eyes this stamped him immediately as an Englishman of an unusual type) to know what the political map of East Asia would look like a hundred years hence. What will be Russian, and what British, where will the Japanese Empire end, and what part are the Americans to play in Asiatic affairs, were questions, he said, he would like very much to have answered by those best acquainted with the present conditions.

To my surprise the chief justice entered into the discussion without the slightest reserve. He apportioned out territory, made and unmade kings and emperors as though they had been prisoners at the bar. Then drawing a map of this most interesting part of the world upon a scrap of paper, he began:—

"Prophecy is a dangerous profession, but as I shall have left the woolsack and probably this world before

my prophecies fall due, I am going to tell you what I think East Asia will look like after the conference of world powers at Washington has reached the conclusion of its labors, which will be, I think, toward the end of the year 1906. That will be an epoch-making congress in the history of diplomacy and the development of public law. Often before the great powers have met to decide the fate of a single country, but never have they been convened to sit upon the political corpus, as it were, of a whole continent. Ah, yes, I remember the bull of Alexander VI, but after all, you know, that was an edict and only on paper." Then he divided his map into sections, one of which he called British, the other Russian, and the last, but not the least in size, American. And China — well, as far as I could see, China was nowhere, and Germany but a drop in the bucket.

"Wonderful as is the spectacle which the east coast of Asia presents to-day to the eyes of the observer," he went on to say, "it does not indicate at all a new phase in the world's history, and again we must confess with regret that there is nothing new under the sun. The condition of unrest, that state of fermentation which prevails here to-day at the end of the nineteenth century, corresponds with the condition of affairs along the North American coast toward the end of the seventeenth century. After all it is only another round, as it were, in the inevitable struggle between the superior and the inferior races for the possession of the earth, with an inside fight going on between the superior

powers as to which shall attain the greatest colonial and commercial efficiency. To-day it is clear that the future belongs to the large and the powerful state. The day of the little compact and self-contained states, however high their social efficiency may be, is over. People who thunder against the natural and inevitable expansion of the world powers close their eyes tight to the fact that the conditions of life are different from what they were when the arguments that they still use gained and deserved a respectful hearing. Even in France, short-sighted and emotional as we may think Frenchmen to be, for the most part, there lives a seer, M. Paul Leroy Beaulieu, who writes : —

“ ‘Early in the twentieth century France will have upon one side of her 120,000,000 Russians about to expand into the temperate regions of Siberia, and on the other side 120,000,000 English-speaking peoples about to expand into a vast inheritance in the temperate regions of the world. Therefore, colonization is for France the question of life or death. Either France must become a great African power, or she will become, in a century or two, but a second-rate European power, and will count for no more in the world than Greece or Roumania do to-day.’

“The only trouble is that no amount of intelligent insight and foreshadowing of coming events, such as this Frenchman has given evidence of, will help his country to become a colonial power, and therefore a world power, when their instincts and the genius of their institutions are all against it. To my mind there

are only three world powers to-day : Russia, the United States, and Great Britain. The policy of Russia, while it certainly is admirable in many respects, especially in regard to the treatment of the savage races, promises to become utterly disastrous to the commercial and other vested interests of the Western powers in the markets of the East. To my mind, if the English-speaking people are agreed that no markets which have once been opened are to be closed to them, if they are agreed that these still unproductive portions of the world must be opened up and developed as a trust imposed by civilization for the benefit of posterity, it is now high time to act. We must bear in mind the wonderful colonial expansion of certain continental powers during the last three decades, in which nearly 5,000,000 square miles of territory have been brought under their control and fenced around with walls in which there is no open door for our trade. We have only to remember what has happened in Algeria and Tunis, and the recent behavior of the Russians in their Yellow Sea ports, to know what this means.¹ It means that these 5,000,000 square miles of the world's surface are a closed market to the products of our industry and our commerce. To cap the climax, only yesterday I

¹ It is only fair to say that the Imperial Russian Government is pledged to the opening of Talien-Wan, the ultimate terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railroad, as a free port, open to all comers and without any restrictions upon trade whatsoever. In the Far East, however, merchants by bitter experience have learned that even the most solemn pledges of Russia, as well as of several other powers, are not to be regarded as having binding force. — THE EDITOR.

was reading in a paper the announcement that a ukase has recently been promulgated by the Russian Czar to the effect that after January 1, 1903, when it is expected that the Trans-Siberian and their other great railways will be completed, the products of foreign nations will not be admitted at all to the Russian ports in the Baltic and upon the Pacific unless they are brought in Russian bottoms.

“You Americans are selling to-day about \$40,000,000 worth of goods in the market of the Far East. You sell \$8,000,000 or \$10,000,000 worth of cotton goods alone in Manchuria, but that market will be lost to you the moment Russia asserts her influence and openly dominates all Northern China, as she does to-day in point of fact. The trade of the Philippines, which will soon be entirely in your hands, even under Spain, which, from a commercial standpoint, is simply a barbarous nation, amounted to \$31,000,000 in 1896. Under the conditions of fair treatment, and the preservation of law and order, which you mean to establish, this trade cannot fail, in the opinion of the most conservative critics, to reach \$100,000,000, and of course I am merely referring to the expansion of the present trade in the natural products of the islands which the Spaniards, with the best will in the world, could not altogether prevent. I do not refer to the mineral wealth and other latent resources of the islands which you will develop, because up to the present they have been jealously guarded, and their extent and value are little known.

“To-day as America enters the field a world power, not at all because you want her to, but simply because your country is too large to keep off the broader stage, you will find that much of the waste land of the world, or that which is only occupied by the inferior races, has come into the nominal possession, at least, of powers which have never colonized successfully, whose people will never develop these unworked estates, and whose governments will prevent Englishmen and Americans from doing so, or at all events that is their programme. You will also find in the East that the future depends upon the success or failure of Russia or Great Britain in the realization of their respective national policies, which have become world-wide in their application. As you know, Great Britain stands out here, and everywhere else, for the ‘open door,’ and a trade that is free and unhampered. Russia stands for the closed door, and an expansion which, in its commercial aspects at least, is simply self-aggrandizement.

“Once this proposition is presented and thoroughly understood, to my mind there is not the slightest doubt but that the United States and Great Britain will stand, commercially at least, shoulder to shoulder in the Far East. There are other and higher reasons why they should do so. But there is one ; I think Mr. Lowell was the first to see it, and he thought it a remarkably cogent one. I do not remember exactly how he put it, but his view of the situation was that America and England, standing together, can and will rule the world according to the law and the word of the English race,

but once they are divided the world may rule them according to its pleasure.

“I have read a great deal in your newspapers lately about the unwisdom of departing from the policy laid down in the beginning by the founders of the Republic, and I confess that all these wise saws and axioms, which you are expected to listen to reverently and with bated breath, would be worthy of the closest attention if the world had not been transformed since they were spoken, the conditions of your national existence wholly changed, and if we had any reason to believe that in spite of these changed conditions the founders of the Republic would still lend the great weight of their authority to the policies which they advocated a century ago. At the time of their activity you must remember they were opportunists, availing themselves of the advantages of their geographical situation with sagacity, and facing the difficulties of it with courage. They would act in the same way to-day, and so will, I am sure, their descendants. It isn't possible to-day even for the Chinese to remain behind their wall and maintain their former isolation, much less for America, because by the natural progress of events, the inevitable course of destiny, the United States has become a world power, and Europe is only five or six days distant from your Atlantic coast, where it used to be three months, and Asia, which formerly you had to sail all round the world to get to, is now your neighbor across the Pacific, and for all practical purposes as near to you to-day as France was to England at the time of the Black Prince.

"I can only consider it a great good fortune, both for you and the world at large, that the United States has become a world power, with world-wide responsibilities and opportunities, at such a propitious moment. Had there been simply the delay of a generation you would have come into the world too late for the complete realization of what is evidently the rôle you are destined to play.

"I cannot but see the irony of fate when I recall the titanic efforts which Germany has been making for the last twenty years to secure that position in the world and those possessions which have come to you as the wholly unexpected result of a well-nigh bloodless war. Bismarck might say, as he did, that he would not give the bones of one of his Pomeranian Grenadiers for all the over-sea colonies in the world, and I would be entirely of his way of thinking if he had limited the scope of his remarks to the German colonies in Africa. But in opposing the colonial aspirations of his countrymen, Bismarck only showed how narrow-minded and short-sighted he was, once removed from the sphere of action in which he was born and in which he so greatly distinguished himself. Germany to-day is practically unanimous as to the necessity of finding suitable colonies for its overflow population, so that the German element may not become submerged in the flood of aliens under whose flag they live. Fearful of subsiding into a power of only continental and not world-wide importance, the Germans have searched the world over for territory suitable to become the scene of their expan-

sion, that 'Greater Germany' of which you hear so much in their papers and debates, but which as yet you can find traced on no map.

"The Germans have become rather disgusted with the African continent, owing to the utter failure of their colonies there, and latterly, as you know, they have turned their attention to East Asia, and, curiously enough, to South America. Indeed, quite recently there was published an official letter of a German diplomatist, in which he suggested that the political conditions existing in some of the South American republics made them extremely suitable fields for the expansion of 'Greater Germany.' Evidently this Metternich had neither read the Monroe Doctrine nor Webster's Hülseman note, and was unaware of the experiences of the Holy Alliance. Out here in East Asia Germany wanted Formosa badly, and Japan got it. Then she set covetous eyes upon the Philippines, and they came into your possession, rather against your will than otherwise, and it was this second disappointment, of course, which inspired Admiral Diederich to behave in the childish way he did at Manila.

"One of the most curious phenomena of the day, I think, is the fact that just in proportion as the superior races who go far afield bring into the world large areas which have long lain fallow, the smaller and more crowded the world becomes. This is, of course, because of the extraordinary development of travel and facilities of communication which distinguish this period. We have come to speak of the British Empire as being

scattered all over the world from end to end, and yet it is a fact which some of our statesmen and most of our critics might bear in mind with advantage, that we have to-day no possession so difficult to reach and so withdrawn from easy communication as was our Duchy of Guienne, just across the channel, during the time of the Plantagenets. Before leaving the Germans to stew in their own juice I want to say that I only wish they could find a colonial outlet, so convinced am I that their unsatisfied aspirations in this direction are a menace to the peace of the world. Some day, perhaps, by an arrangement with Holland, an arrangement in which the 'mailed fist' will figure, Germany may take over her East Indian possessions, Java, Sumatra, Borneo etc., but I am not sure of it, the Dutch are so very tenacious. When they get their colonial empire it will be the better for the peace of the world at large, but not for that quarter of the world in which 'Greater Germany' will be situated, for I hold that the Germans have uniformly failed as pioneers as invariably as they have succeeded as small traders and colonists, when, the work of the pioneer had been done for them. I have also been struck by those Americans who say: 'Well, I am for continental expansion. Let's go to the north or let's go to the south; but I am, on conviction, against over-sea colonies, and I don't think our flag should fly over any place you cannot reach by the railroad.' One might well imagine that these good people have just awakened from a long, long sleep which had certainly not quickened their per-

ceptions, for it is the land that separates, and the seas that bind and bring people closer together, and old Sir James Harrington foresaw the secondary importance of land communication even before the railway was dreamed of. This is often called the Railway Age, and justly so, I think. Never again will the railways cut such an important figure, never have there been so many miles of steel rail laid down as recently in the construction of the trans-continental roads in the United States, the Canadian Pacific, and the Trans-Caspian, and the Trans-Siberian in Asia. But in spite of this great and unprecedented expansion of the railway systems of the world to-day, the sea-going trade of the world, that which is carried in ships, continues to increase greatly over that which is carried in cars. The ocean brings together, and does not divide as it did in the centuries which are closed, except for a few dreamers who linger 'superfluous upon the scene.' Thanks to this fact, never was the strength and power of the British Empire more centralized than it is to-day, and an illustration of this truth, and a forerunner on a small scale of what will happen on a much larger one, should ever the necessity for it arise, is to be found in the way in which our imperial authorities, in the attempt to rescue Gordon, put Australian and Canadian volunteers on the field in Egypt much more quickly than Queen Elizabeth could have brought troops up to London from Yorkshire.¹

¹ The speed with which the very considerable volunteer contingents from Canada and Australia have reached the Cape to take part in the Transvaal war is a more recent illustration of this fact. — THE EDITOR.

“After the North American colonies secured their independence the English Government, and in fact the English people came to the conclusion that the French philosopher, Turgot was his name, who said that as soon as colonies are ripe they drop from the mother tree, was a true prophet. Evidently, then, the creation and the nourishing of a colonial empire was a thankless task, and it was decided as best for all parties concerned to let the colonies shift for themselves. To pave the way for the separation that was looked upon as inevitable and merely a question of time, the classic policy of exploiting the colonies was discarded and the era of fair treatment, leading as it was then thought it would to a friendly separation, was inaugurated. It was an understood thing that any colony that wanted to go could go and that England was prepared to say, ‘God bless you, my children! Only remember when you have made money and want to spend it, to come back to the old shop.’ But under this policy, naturally enough, though it was a great surprise doubtless to those who had formulated it, the colonies prospered mightily, and now we are beginning to see that colonial possessions are not only a strength in time of war, but that they are the blood and sinew of many of our industries in time of peace.

“To be frank, I hold that we owe at once the suggestion and the development of this policy, which has made of England the great world power that she is, to the lesson taught us by the North American colonies. There are, I know, statesmen in England to-day who never look

upon the map of North America without howling with rage and bursting out into anathema against George III., Lord North, and the rest of them. I am not entirely of this opinion, and I think that we owe to this king and his unfortunate statesmen, jointly with the signers of the Declaration of Independence, the most profitable lesson that we have ever learned. They taught us, to begin with, that the day was past when men of English blood could be ruled over according to the methods introduced by the Romans in their conquered provinces, and we learned the lesson in time to retain the rest of our colonies. But, for a time, they were very little good to us; indeed, they were sources of weakness. We did not know how to utilize them or how to govern them in a way that was just to them and fair to us, until we learned it in studying your federal and representative system of government. This being indisputably the case, how strangely it sounds to hear some Americans, who are undoubtedly inspired by conscientious motives, say that the American system is not suitable for the government of colonies! Why, we never had a task as difficult or a province, practically if not actually, as distant from the seat of our government as you had when you took over Louisiana and its mixed population of hostile French and Spaniards and negroes and Indians; and where we have succeeded, it has been by adapting the methods and the machinery which you, with your genius for government, improvised to meet this emergency. So while others deplore the fact that the American colonies separated from the mother country, I find some consolation

in the thought that had they not done so, the British Empire would not exist in the shape and form that it does to-day."

Then, by natural gravitation, as it seemed to me, the conversation turned upon the future of the tropics. Upon this subject the discussion, at times, waxed fast and furious. But as the chief justice won out hands down through it all, and as to him were conceded all the honors of the impromptu debate, I shall confine myself to endeavoring to place before you what his views are.

"The struggle for colonial supremacy," he began, "which was the underlying motive of nearly, if not all, the wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with the possession of unoccupied lands in the temperate zone as their objective, has been overwhelmingly decided in favor of the English-speaking peoples. We can say to-day that practically the white man's lands are in a high state of cultivation. Some social economists maintain that now we must proceed to the conquest of the tropics. Others with equal authority, that we should let well enough alone and stay where we are well off. To me it seems that our personal feelings and inclinations will have very little influence in shaping our course in the future. We did not bring into cultivation the unworked lands of the temperate zone because they were eyesores, or because we had a farmer's pride in seeing all the country round about us look well, but simply because we were compelled to do it by the exigencies of that struggle for existence, the international struggle for existence—as I

call it—which is daily growing sharper. The needs and the increasing numbers of the superior races require the usufruct of the tropics, and this, I take it, is the reason why the tropics will soon be conquered and the present savage inhabitants brought under civilized control.

“The one sphere of commercial activity which is to-day in its infancy is the interchange of products between the tropical and the temperate regions. This is not only the business of the future, but constitutes, to an extent almost unsuspected, one of the great trades of to-day. The wealth of the tropics has proved sufficient incentive during the last quarter of this century to induce a great number of our merchants and our traders and men of the planter class as well, to take up their residence in the torrid zones. They have done this in sufficient numbers to excite in some minds dire apprehension as to the future of these wandering tribes of our race. Sad-visaged men clad in sombre black have been heard from, pointing out the certain ruin which will overtake our race if we persist in this course which is so contrary to nature, as they think. There is nothing new in what they say, and it has all been threshed over a hundred times; only these good people, being ignorant of history, as well as of many other important subjects, do not know about it. The same warnings were uttered with equal emphasis when the colonization of America, of Australia, and of South Africa began, and the achievements of these great commonwealths to-day show the utter fallacy of the ancient bugaboos. Some say that the colonization of the tropics is more difficult than that

of the temperate zones ; that the climate is more dangerous to our race as at present constituted. Certainly the change is sharper, but owing to the advance of science I believe that the colonization of the tropics will not entail as great a sacrifice of human life as did the occupation of the temperate zones during the last century. No, the habitat of the white man of the Anglo-Saxon race is the world ! The individual may go to the wall, and many will doubtless not survive the physical ordeal of the process of acclimation, but the race will, just the same as it did when transplanted to Australia, and to America, and to South Africa. When we consider what these great commonwealths beyond the sea have cost England in lives and in treasure we should strike a balance between the past of suffering and the present of prosperity, and we shall find that the losses constitute the tribute money or the 'footing' which man has always to pay when he opens up a plantation of his estate — the earth — which has long been left idle.

"To my mind nearly the whole coast of East Asia is suitable for the residence of white men. It will cost at first, no doubt, heavily in human lives, but not more heavily than did some colonies which now enjoy a world-wide reputation as health resorts. The Russians on the north, the French in Indo-China, the Dutch in the East Indies, and the British everywhere are paying this tribute, and yet I see no sign from any of them of a desire to relinquish their projects and to turn over the continent to the inferior races."

"I agree with you with regard to the East Coast

being a suitable residence for the white man," said Mr. Aylward, "only to a certain extent, say from the Amoor as far south as the Yangtze, including Eastern Siberia, Corea, Manchuria, and all Northern China, but not as concerns the tropics; we must devise some means by which they can be made to yield their wealth and treasure without necessitating the presence of a large white population."

"I deny that absolutely," said the chief justice emphatically. "Our people who come out here are very careful of themselves, and perhaps wisely so. Sometimes when I hear them talking after dinner, I think I am in a sanitarium where every man has some organic disease. They are forever hurrying home or running across to Japan for the summer, and perhaps as they are able to do so it is well, as their caution reduces the cost in human life of getting control of these new regions to a minimum; but I assure you this is not necessary. Just look at the Dutch in Java! Do you ever hear of them going home for a change of air? Hardly. The Dutch planters rarely or never go to Europe. The families of many of them have been settled in Java for eight or ten generations, and they are splendid looking men. The Dutch civil servants, if they want to, can go home once every fifteen years of their service, but of course when a man has lived uninterruptedly in the East Indies for fifteen years, he doesn't want to go home particularly, one by one the members of his family have died and the home ties are weakened. I maintain that the east coast of Asia is as suitable for the coloni-

zation of the European as far south as the Yangtze as was the Atlantic coast of America down to the Carolinas. South of the Carolinas, and south of the Yangtze special conditions prevail, but they will be overcome. Georgia and Alabama and Mississippi, all your gulf states, in fact, support a large and vigorous population. White farm labor is carried on as well in Central and South America, in tropical Australia, and in the West Indies, and there is no reason in the world why the white man, especially the Anglo-American, should not become acclimated in the tropics of East Asia; in fact, it is no longer a problem; there is already a large white planter class in the states of the Malay Peninsula who lead quite as comfortable and as healthy lives as do the cotton growers of Georgia and Alabama. It is all in getting accustomed to the new conditions and acting prudently while doing so. When I came out here forty years ago, a man's life in Hong Kong was not thought to be worth five years' purchase. The colony was known as the 'White Man's Graveyard.' How different it is to-day, when the longevity of Europeans who live in China is almost proverbial, and all life insurance companies are only too anxious to secure them as clients, especially after they have been in residence out here two or three years. All that is wanting is a knowledge of the science of life in the tropics. Mr. Chamberlain, the secretary of state for the colonies, has understood this, and in founding in London a medical institute for the study of tropical diseases and the collection of all data bearing upon this subject, he has made a splendid move in the right direc-

tion. When white men first came out here, they were doctored as they would have been at home, and this had a great deal to do with the high rate of mortality during the earlier years. Gradually, however, a doctor would learn by experience—for which, in the meantime, his patients often paid with their lives—and be in a position to act intelligently. When such a practitioner died, however—colonial medical men not being generally men of scientific attainments—their knowledge was too often buried with them. Now, however, under the auspices of this institute the study of the conditions of life in the tropics is to be pursued in a systematic way, and the result will be, I am sure, that the coming generation, upon whom the duty devolves of taking possession of the tropics, will enter upon the task clad in an armor less vulnerable than that which the followers of Cortez and Pizarro wore. Now, it is upon the world powers that the moral obligation and the material necessity to develop the tropics devolves. To this there are some people who say—I think because in their secret hearts they are ashamed of their idle lives, spent wholly enveloped in cotton-wool:—

“‘Oh, these people, these savages of the tropics, were much better off before we came to trouble them, and shall be again if we only leave them alone. They only acquire our vices and never our virtues, and it is much the best policy both for us and for them to let them work out their salvation in their own way.’

“This is one of those statements which would be interesting if true. To prove the absurdity of it one

has only to review the present condition and the recent history of the islands of Australasia and the Malay Archipelago. The people of these islands can be divided into three distinct classes. Where they have fallen under the control of a European power, with colonial and administrative ability, you will find them as they are in Java, quite happy, well fed, and increasing rapidly in population. The islanders are not so happy nor so peaceful, and the population is invariably at a standstill, where they have come under the control of a power of low colonial efficiency; for an example, observe the result of Portuguese rule in Timor; but where the islanders have been left, as in Borneo and in New Guinea, and in some of the smaller islands, almost entirely to their own devices, they are wretchedly wanting in all material prosperity, utterly savage in all their habits, and, fortunately for all concerned, are fast disappearing from the face of the earth.

“Let us draw, at considerable length, a parallel between the experiences of the Dutch in Java and the Spaniards in Luzon. To my mind it furnishes one of the most instructive lessons of colonial history. Whenever I look at what Holland has accomplished in the past, as well out here as at home, I can only regret that the day of small states is over. As you have heard, — and, indeed, you are having just at present a very forcible demonstration of the fact, — the Spaniards began to rule in Luzon in a mediæval spirit. The duty has devolved upon you Americans of facing the consequences of this selfish and most unintelligent policy.

However, they got the island of Luzon under some sort of control, and apparently without much difficulty, in the first instance, because the inhabitants were a mild, in-offensive people. Certainly the resistance they made was nothing like as vigorous or sustained as that of the Javanese against the Dutch, the reason being, of course, that the Javanese have a much larger admixture of the Malay strain than the Filipinos, and that of course is the fighting blood of the East. By generations of bad government, and the occasional perpetration of wholesale atrocities, the Spaniard succeeded in forcing the Filipinos into open revolt every ten years, and turned a peace-loving people into the inveterate bandits which you will find a large number of them to be when you come to look over your heritage by the treaty of Paris. They are in a state of anarchy and not in revolt, and it will take a decade of the hardest and most patient kind of military and administrative work, — and mind you, without gloves, — before you inspire them with a respect for the law.

“Now let us look at how the Dutch fared in Java. They fought out the fight from the beginning in an uncompromising spirit until there was not a man in arms against them on the island. Then they put every able-bodied islander to work under the *corvée* system of enforced labor, the Dutch for the most part overlooking and intelligently directing their labor, and of the fruits of this partnership the Dutch undoubtedly kept the larger share. When we accepted responsibility in Egypt, we abolished the system of enforced

labor, and the result of the measure has been so far excellent; and of course there are some, 'the unco guid,' among us who throw stones at the Dutch, and call attention to the alleged fact that we treat the native races much better than do the Dutch. I wish I could think this was so, but of course the comparison is unfair. This is perhaps a case where the proverb, 'Other times other morals,' should be accepted. Certainly it is my personal conviction that the whole prosperity of Java to-day, and the well-being of its inhabitants, is due entirely to the system of enforced labor, and I think that in a somewhat more modern form and with a fairer distribution of the results, it would be well for you to introduce some such system in the Philippines."

"But the rights of man, the Declaration of Independence, and Congress!" I gasped.

"Yes," laughed the chief justice; "I had quite forgotten that there is a large number of people in the United States, very conscientious citizens, too, I have no doubt, with only a sprinkling of noisy demagogues and foolish doctrinaires among them, who, knowing nothing about the conditions out here, and having never come in contact with the Asiatics, and being blind (I should hate to think that they would willingly close an eye) to the lamentable results of their policy toward the negro, regard these mongrel people who live in the Philippines to-day — perhaps it would be fair to call them the refuse of Asia and of Australasia, — as capable of exercising all the duties and responsibilities of popular government which our own race was only

able to assume after an apprenticeship of more than a thousand years. You should always remember in dealing with the Filipinos that they are spoiled children—spoiled in equal measure by ill-judged severity and by ill-advised concessions. There is no danger now of a repetition of the atrocities that the Spaniards committed in Luzon, but it would be as disastrous for the Filipinos themselves, and for you, and a thousand times more disastrous for all white men having an interest in the development of the East Coast, should your statesmen and legislators be hoodwinked by their bombastic proclamations into treating them as civilized men capable of self-government. All their talk about an independent republic is, of course, the most utter nonsense. They don't know what a republic is, and they don't know what independence is. In the twenty-first century, when, being an optimist, I believe the world will be more civilized than it is to-day, people like the Tagals will be put into reformatories and manual labor schools, and kept there by the world powers under the same restraints to which at present we subject all lunatics and others who, at liberty, would prove a menace to society.

“But what I began to tell you about was the result of the *corvée* system in the island of Java, which I visited some years ago on my ‘short’ leave. There is not an acre of land on the island capable of being tilled which has not been brought under cultivation. While the natives have never received anything like a fair proportion of the profits of the partnership, they have been given

enough to live on comfortably. They are invariably treated firmly and at times with some harshness, but never unjustly except in so far as the basis of the partnership, that to the Dutch belongs the lion's share of the profits, is unjust. That this system has been, on the whole, advantageous to the natives, both morally and materially, is shown by the way in which they have prospered under Dutch rule. In this century they have increased in population, without the aid of immigration, which is practically forbidden, from three to thirty millions, and they are all living in comfortable circumstances, in the absence of which, of course, such an increase in population would be impossible. To-day the *corvée* system has outlived its time, and has been, in part at least, abolished. The Dutch were rather lukewarm in upholding it latterly because, owing to the fall in coffees and sugars, there was more trouble than profit in the system, and again they were quick to see that the people of Java are not what they were a hundred years ago: that during this century of stern rule they have acquired habits of work from which they are not likely to relapse in the near future. I met many of the prominent Javanese and can vouch for their high intelligence. They are perfectly well aware of the weakness of Holland as an Eastern power, and undoubtedly the insurrection of Aguinaldo in Luzon is being exploited by ambitious and unscrupulous leaders of the Malay race to foment insurrections in those Malay countries which have been placed under the restraints and the police of civilization. Yet I believe the Javanese will remain quiet and do their fair

share of work, and for this we have to thank the intelligence of the Dutch and their training-school of forced labor. I do not speak of that most interesting experiment in a similar field which the Japanese are carrying on in Formosa, because there some of the conditions are different, the Japanese being a semi-Asiatic race; but principally because it would be manifestly unfair to begin to judge of results when the plans which the Marquis Ito drew up for reclaiming the island have not yet been fully worked out. The greater portions of New Guinea and Sumatra remain practically in the condition they have been in for hundreds of years, and they are closed to the outside world. When the Dutch began to civilize Sumatra, they were no longer the power they had been when they took possession of Java, and there they have failed to repeat their wonderful illustration of what the government of a tropical island should be. In New Guinea the Germans have just begun to colonize, and here, as elsewhere, they are showing their want of aptitude as pioneers."

These scraps of the chief justice's interesting remarks will, I fear, appear to you somewhat detached — staccato, as they say in music — but you must remember he was not speaking by the card or from a paper, and that he was constantly interrupted by questions and not infrequently by objections which I have not the time to reproduce here. On the whole, however, the accuracy of his facts was admitted by all, and most of his conclusions, though not all, were accepted. It was twelve o'clock before we got away to our chairs and awakened our Chinese coolies,

who had been sleeping soundly while we were shaping the destinies of their fatherland and the adjacent countries. Jim only joined us shortly before midnight, at which time his companion had said it would not do to be seen sitting out on a veranda in Hong Kong, "but in Manchuria" . . . I was somewhat alarmed, though Jim assured me that he had said nothing that could be used against him in a breach of promise action. He admitted frankly that he did not know what might have happened had she not worn such an ill-fitting gown. So many men have been lost through the artifice of the dressmaker, that I think it only fair to mention the way in which Jim was preserved to the regiment and the "dry weather" campaign.

HONG KONG, April 25, 1899.

. . . This is our last day here, and I have chosen to spend it alone in the library of the Club up above the chimney-tops and the rush of trade and traffic below. The *Sherman* is reported ready and we are all more than anxious to get to our journey's end. While the colonel has heard that on account of the rains our little army will probably be forced to remain on the defensive until late in the autumn, still the *Sherman* is urgently needed to carry back to San Francisco the western volunteers, who have rendered such splendid services, and for so many months over the time they were bound by the terms of their enlistment to remain with the colors.

The moment we get under way we shall begin our preparations to disembark. The run across to Manila

is a short one. We hope to make it in sixty hours, and once there you will hear from me less frequently, for, rains or no rains, we of the Twenty-first, as well as the regimental officers of all the so-called regular organizations will have our hands full in getting into shape the raw recruits which compose the reënforcements that are being sent to General Otis to the extent of at least eighty per cent. There will be little time for letter-writing, and perhaps we shall have to defer this exchange of impressions as to our new possessions and upon the way in which the Government is meeting the new responsibilities until we are both home again from campaigns which will, I am sure, prove on one hand to be a triumph of peace and on the other a victorious war. Suppose we now arrange a dinner to be held in Washington under the auspices of the Golden Horseshoe? We will call it a fixture and let nothing interfere with it. I promise to appear in sackcloth and ashes and publicly recant all the nonsense I have written about the imperialistic tendencies of the day and our selfish policy of aggrandizement. Then I trust you will exert your influence, as one of the founders of the Spanish War branch of the society, to have me admitted into the number of those fortunate men who, unlike the Apostle Thomas and your humble servant, believed though they had not seen.

It is a radiantly beautiful day. Perhaps you who found it too hot even in Santiago would find it warm here, but there is a pleasant breeze blowing from the west to-day and the punkahs are going, and altogether

there is nothing to complain of. This tropical sunlight magnifies and renders more beautiful and attractive everything upon which it falls, so as a precaution, as I look about me here for the last time, I shall reverse my glasses and look upon the scene from the larger end, for by magnifying it one would, and that is, I believe, the only way one could, belittle the achievement of Hong Kong. I have hidden from the youngsters and dodged a kind invitation to a farewell banquet at the mess of the Engineers, because I felt, so many strange scenes having passed before my eyes and so many new views and ideas having come into my life, that a day of absolute solitude is required, if only to catalogue my impressions, for a perfect understanding of these new wonders is a matter that will require months, if not longer.

. . . If you could but listen with me to the disjointed words and the scraps of conversation which find their way up the spiral stairway, softened, but not entirely subdued by the distance, you would imagine that these traders out here have anything else on their minds but the conquest of the East and the opening of this closed world to their commerce; but that is an old trick of the English, and certainly if it be a trick it is an unconscious one. There was, to be sure, a little group of men in the paper room as I came through who, I was amused to notice, as though they did not have enough unsettled questions on their hands out here, were bothering their heads about the Transvaal. But I should say that what they one and all really seem most

interested in is the odds upon the Derby, and the conflicting reports as to the favorite's morning gallop, and all the stable gossip about the Irish horse that promises to capture the Grand National, and they pay daily large sums of money — for cabling to Hong Kong is expensive — to learn all about these important matters at about the same time that the "*Pinkun*" spreads the sporting gossip of the day before the London public.

It is all so strange that for a moment I think that the visit to Hong Kong is a dream, and I am not at all easy in my mind until I have another look out of the window and see Kowloon across the narrow strait and all the filth and wretchedness of China beyond. . . .

I am showing the strength of mind or the laziness of body to turn away again from that fascinating window and to close my eyes to the beautiful prospect below. I am sitting under the punkah, reading a book that I grasp firmly in my hand, while my eyes are closed, a form of reading in the tropics which is, perhaps, not quite unknown in Puerto Rico. This is the last time in many a long day that I can rummage about in a library, for I hear that over there the insurgents have destroyed many of the monastic libraries, with their priceless manuscripts and documents relating to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in the East, so as I cannot sleep I decide to make the best possible use of my opportunity.

As I run my eyes along the shelves filled with books dealing with the East, I am struck with the deep political insight into the situation which the librarian displays

in their arrangement. For instance, there is a shelf labelled, "The Portuguese Empire in the East." It is well filled with stout and portly tomes bearing the imprint of the last century, and of course they are, without exception, mildewed and worm-eaten. I run my eyes along the shelf, glancing over the titles, until suddenly my attention is arrested by what? You could never imagine — a block of wood! So the Portuguese Empire in the East is brought to an abrupt conclusion, and the librarian has utilized the space remaining upon the shelf to stow away the literature which has grown up out here (for the raw material, in part at least, comes from an island near Macoa), dealing with that useful commodity — Portland cement. At a glance one sees that the librarian regards the Portuguese Empire as dead, and that he has not even had the piety to leave space upon his shelves for an epitaph or some stray volume of antiquarian research dedicated to the shades of the mighty past. He has also curtailed the space devoted to the Dutch in the East in much the same way — only here, works on Demonology intrude — where room should have been left for the two or three volumes that have to be written to close the account and complete the history of the Dutch Colonial Empire.

The French are treated more courteously than the countrymen of Linschoten and Daendels. The story of the great empires which they have built in the East, the one which they lost, and the other which they are about to lose, is set forth in scores of volumes, and quite a space is left for anything that may yet have to be said

before the English enter into possession and reap what the French sowed, as they have done in Canada and elsewhere. The Spaniards, I regret to say, do not even get the honors of a shelf to themselves, and in but half a dozen volumes their story is told, and with, I think, but scant justice to their great achievements in the earlier days. This slight I take to be quite unintentional. The English do not know and do not care to know anything about the Spaniards in the East. They may have come in contact occasionally, but they never mixed—they never could, any more than oil and water.

When my eyes, wandering on to the next shelf, were caught by the caption, "America in the Far East," as you can well imagine, I lost all interest in those shelves upon which these volumes of ancient history are crumbling into dust. I cannot tell you what surprised me most in this, our corner of the library; whether it was the goodly number of books in which the achievements of our people in the East are worthily set forth, or the great area which the librarian, with prophetic insight, has left for expansion. I could not refrain from hastily running over the names of those Americans who are well remembered in the East, though they may be forgotten at home. First, there is Horsfield, the American naturalist, who did for Java and Malaysia, in the eighteenth century, what Alfred Russell Wallace, the Englishman, has so brilliantly done in the nineteenth—only the American was the pioneer by a hundred years; and there is that fine story of the opening of Japan by Commodore Perry, told by Doctor Hawkes

in an old-fashioned strain of patriotism, which I would like to see come into fashion again; and there is the diplomatic history of Townsend Harris in Siam and Japan. Even the British, with all their experience and wider range, can show nothing superior to his success in negotiating with the "sullen peoples." Then comes the pioneer work of Judson in Burmah, and Bradley and his colleagues in Siam.

And here, between the plain and prosaic boards of a U. S. Senate Document, I have actually unearthed a story of adventure. The Senate published this document in 1859, and I have forgotten the name of the hero, but no matter; he was a Californian and an American. For years he travelled through Mongolia and along what is to-day the Russo-Chinese frontier; and while doing so, he conceived the idea of the great Trans-Siberian Railway which is now nearing completion, though perhaps no one in Russia to-day knows by whom the idea was first suggested. He lies here, buried in a Senate document. It is pleasant, however, to think that, even in the less spacious days in which he lived, Congress thought his very practical impressions of travel worthy to be printed; and who can say, had not the great calamity of the Civil War intervened, what results might not have followed upon his daring project to open up the Asiatic markets, and to build railways through lands which belonged to no one, and which might have become American for the trouble of taking possession?

Again, I think there is nothing finer, and certainly

nothing could be less widely known, than the story of that expedition which, fitted out by one of our great telegraph companies, crossed over from Alaska to Siberia in 1864, for the purpose of surveying a telegraph route across Asia, so that Europe and America might be brought into instantaneous communication by the electric spark. Several of these daring pioneers were frozen to death, others died of starvation, but nevertheless the survey chart had been all but completed up to the Urals when submarine telegraphy was invented, and the first cablegram sent to England. For a time, it must have seemed as though the sacrifice in life and limb which these men had brought was made in vain, the object for which they suffered having been attained in another direction. The project upon which they worked the land wire across Asia was, for a time, abandoned, but only for a time, for the Russians took it up and, to meet the requirements of the growing empire in Siberia, carried it to completion; and in running their land line across Siberia, they have availed themselves, in a great measure, of the survey of the Americans who froze and starved out there forty years ago.

Running along the array of books I come to our little war with Corea, in which Admiral Rodgers cracked the shell of the hermit kingdom and introduced to the world at large the most recluse of the hermits of Asia. The Coreans, I believe, and this was the cause of the war, had a way of killing, and in some instances of eating, American seamen who were wrecked upon

their coast, and the disappearance of a bark which, curiously enough, like our transport, was called the *Sherman*, was the cause of the little war, and this expedition paid, because since then there has not been another case of piracy along the Corean coast. It is wonderfully creditable to the sturdy, uncompromising American spirit that (and this was the cause of our little war with the Barbary Corsairs) we have never compounded felony by conniving at piracy, or paid a surreptitious tribute to the pirates, as all the Mediterranean powers did for so many years to the Moors, and as some powers out here have undoubtedly done to the Sulus.

As you see, I am confining my list, taken from the library shelves of Americans famous in the East, exclusively to men of action. If I admitted to it sinologues, and men of science and of religion, such as Morison, whose grave you will remember we discovered in Macoa, and Doctor Wells Williams, or diplomatists such as Robert McLane, Caleb Cushing, Anson Burlingame, Ross Brown, Denby, and a thousand others who have served the interests of their country well upon the east coast of Asia, this letter would soon grow into a volume.

As I look upon the vacant space, and it is a large one, that the librarian has left for American expansion, there comes home to me the thought which Lincoln so well expressed with the words, "We cannot escape history." No, there is no shirking that, and with my mind's eye I see the row of volumes which will soon fill that vacant

space, telling the story of American civilization in the Philippines and whether we did our task there well or ill, and I am glad to have the opportunity to play a part—the small and fractional part of a regimental officer, but still a part—in that chapter of our history. . . . And of course there are many volumes, and good, sterling, straightforward books they are, going right to the heart of the subject, which tell of the expansion of British trade and consequently of British power. It is such a splendid achievement that the story cannot fail to impress you however drearily the historian may prose along. I turned over many hundreds of these pages, but in vain. I could not fully grasp the greatness and the glory of the achievement until I turned from the book shelves and looked down upon the ever changing panorama of activity and life which from the windows stretched out before me as far as my eye could reach. And in the first flush of enthusiasm, as I began to understand it all, I could hardly refrain from cheering those gallant ships as they came and went, proud as they might well be of the flag they flew and the men at the helm and the men behind the guns who had transformed a robbers' nest into this emporium of Eastern trade within the short day of one generation! . . .

There is a detail of the picture which tells the story of what Hong Kong stands for in the East to-day better than any number of the pompous, stilted phrases to be found on the printed pages. We did not notice, or rather we did not understand, this side scene before our visit to Canton. But all along the coast of the little

island, in every nook and corner of its bays and inlets, you will notice, lying at anchor or with a line passed to the shore, an infinite number of leaky sampans and small crazy junks which are crowded with refugees from the injustice and the mandarin "squeeze" of their Chinese homes. Here they are awaiting a chance of employment, for the little island is crowded to overflowing, and the labor market is glutted with thousands and tens of thousands of coolies who have flocked here and who are still coming from every quarter of east Asia, only too glad of an opportunity to work fourteen hours a day in the broiling sun, and for what? Wealth? Not at all: but for a pot of rice, seasoned, when work is plentiful, with a little seaweed in lieu of salt.

I had returned to my cool rattan lounge under the punkah and to my book which did not intrude, when suddenly the Westminster Chimes fell upon my ear and I thought to see the great tower under which parliament sits, and to hear the Temple bells, and was expecting every moment to hear the rumble of the "busses" and the creaking of the harness as they slow up passing St. Mary's, where the Strand dies and the Fleet begins; but it is only the bells in the clock tower of the Post Office and the Custom House across the way, that ring out the music which the English have carried around the world with them. . . .

But, that dream has given me an excuse to take up my stand at the window again and watch the steamers as they switch in and out of the harbor. Every flag that flies passes in review, but of course the British pre-

dominates. Our flag is such a rarity in this great market that the boatmen as they pass the *Sherman* rest on their oars and point with astonishment to the stars and bars. Since we have been here we have only seen our flag once, and we heartily wish we had been spared the humiliating spectacle. It flew from a vessel that, judging only by appearances, must have been built about the time of the *Constitution* or the *United States* and those other fine old line-of-battle ships which one stumbles upon every now and then, rotting away in some odd corner of our Navy Yards. The owners would seem to think that they had complied with all the requirements of the times by putting low-powered engines into these old hulks, calling them mail steamers, and sending them across the Pacific at less speed than the ordinary tramp or collier, though they are under contract to carry the United States mail. Such vessels as these, until the Spanish War, were the only outward and visible signs of American power to be seen off the east coast of Asia. There is weeping and gnashing of teeth, I can tell you, among the traders of Shanghai and Hong Kong when they learn that their letters have "caught the American mail." . . .

In front of the Post Office here they have a bulletin-board with reversible shutters, very much like those indicators in our railway stations which list the places where the train that is about to start will stop; only this bulletin-board is much larger, as it should be, for it is a time-table of world travel, and it registers the heart-beat of commerce throughout the East. It is a fascinating

sight. Try as I may, I have never been able to take my eyes off it, once they become glued there, under an hour or two. Upon wooden slats are printed the names and the destination of the ships as they come and go. These little placards fall before my eyes and are replaced like shuttles in the loom of time. I shall not trouble you with the names of the steamers which came and went with their argosies as I stood and watched. It would read like any page taken at random from Lloyd's list of full-powered steamers; but I send you a list of their destinations as I copied them while the shutters of the bulletin-board rose and fell. It is the simple chronicle of the commerce of Hong Kong for four hours of an afternoon in the slack season: Kobe, Nagasaki, Amoy, Swatow, Kudat, and Sandakan (Borneo ports), Port Darwin, Sydney, Melbourne, New Schwang (Manchuria), Vladivostok (Siberia), Manila, Ilo-Ilo, Kelung (Formosa), Yokohama, Shanghai, Bangkok, Saigon, Hanoi, Singapore, Benkulen, Rhio (Sumatra), Batavia, Surabaya (Java), Calcutta, Bombay, Colombo, New York (a tea steamer by way of Suez), Marseilles, Brindisi, Genoa, Bordeaux, Odessa, Amsterdam, and of course London and Liverpool many times repeated.

U. S. TRANSPORT *Sherman*,

OFF NAGASAKI, JAPAN, May 12.

MY DEAR GILL :—

I would like to see your face as you read the above date line, but be sparing of your emotions; 'tis but the first of the many surprises that the log-

book of the *Sherman* for the last three weeks has in store for you. We have been farther, much farther north than this, very near the arctic circle, I should say, but, strangely enough, not above the mosquito line. We did not lose our reckoning, as the sailors say, but were simply caught in the grip of the first typhoon of the season, and when it let go we were a thousand miles and more out of our course. It appears that while our skipper, the close-mouthed old clam, said nothing about it at the time, the facilities afforded us at Hong Kong to repair the *Sherman*, through no fault of the British authorities, were not as complete as we had hoped for. One of Dewey's ships, the *Baltimore*, I believe, was in one dry-dock, while the other was filled by a large P. & O. mail steamer; so our skipper had to content himself with sending down divers to tinker with the plates that were giving trouble. The result was that as soon as we got out in the open and the storm came on, the *Sherman* began to go "tender," as the soldiers said, and had to be handled accordingly. But to my story. We were hardly out of sight of the Peak when the great scattering winds came on to blow. In a very few minutes they beat up a tremendous sea and the *Sherman* was tossed about as though she were a cockle-shell, and we had a wretchedly uncomfortable time of it, I can assure you, with 1200 soldiers rolling about the deck in the throes of seasickness. Typhoon is, I hear, a Chinese word which means four winds, and is supposed to be descriptive of the way in which, during these hurricanes of the East, the wind

blows from one quarter and then from another in quick succession, until it has nearly, if not quite, "boxed the compass." We had, I think, more than our fair share; at least ten winds, it seemed to me, converged upon the *Sherman* and took part in the atmospheric mix-up of which we were the storm-centre. Upon our decks there was more suffering than upon any battle-field, and nothing short of the august presence of the major-general commanding could have maintained garrison discipline. On the third day of this misery—I am speaking not from memory but by the log—the scattering winds combined forces, and the result was a "southwester" that sent the *Sherman* travelling north at the rate of seven or eight knots an hour, though we only had enough steam on to keep the ship under the control of its rudder. I only wish I could describe that storm to you, but I can't; the fact is that though I felt it all keenly, I saw precious little of it. To us on board, it was an eternity of suffering, but upon the unfeeling log it is simply set down as a typhoon from whose track we were unable to escape for three days. When the row began it had been my purpose to remain on deck to set an heroic example to my command. I proposed to have myself lashed to the mast *à la* Farragut and so preside at once over the battle of the elements and the company streets; but I soon found out from indications which it was impossible to misinterpret that whatever I may be on land I most certainly am not a Dewey. I had not the stomach for a sea-fight, and in order that I might not lose the last atom of my self-respect, not to speak

of all prestige with my men, I retired to my bunk, which was fortunately in a deck cabin. The following days of misery are almost, but not, however, entirely blank; I had at least two moments of consciousness. One was a feeling of utter despair when, as I swigged away at my flask that contained all my meat and drink during the storm, it gave out a throaty sound and my lips remained dry. The other incident which I recall was not so tragic. You will remember, doubtless, the ties of Homeric friendship that exist between Sherman and myself. I appreciate how our Munchausen wearies of talking to the unimaginative dough-boys, and so am only too glad to have him crawl out by me of an evening on the hurricane deck to smoke a pipe and chew over again the cud of our Cuban and his Afghan campaign. It was only an hour before "hell broke loose"—for in this way the soldiers describe the coming of the typhoon—that Sherman communicated to me, in the strictest confidence, a plan which he has hatched out during the voyage and proposes submitting to General Otis at the first opportunity. He expects that it will win him at least a second lieutenant's commission in one of the new regiments.

"Perhaps you don't remember, captain," began "Windy," "though it's all down in the War Department records right enough—so my senator says—that I took part as color sergeant and gineral right hand man to Bertie Kitchener in the famous march of the camel corps from Suakin to Dongola. We were after rescuing Gordon at Khartoum, you may remember, and it

wasn't any fault of ours that we didn't. If he'd only lived a little longer we would have rescued him right enough." And with this preliminary flourish, "Windy" got down to business. "Now, captain, I am the man that trained thim camels, every mother's son of thim, and what I did then I can do again, because I am just as good a man though I do weigh three stone more. What Gineral Otis has been wanting for a long time is a camel corps, and he can't corner 'Aggie' until he gets one. Horses would drown sure, floundering through those paddy fields; and there isn't another man in the army as can train camels like me, though perhaps I'm saying it who shouldn't."

"But suppose there are no camels in the Philippines, Sherman," I suggested, foolish man that I was to think for a moment I could upset Windy's aplomb.

"Well, if there ain't any camels out there," he answered, calmly blowing out ringlets of smoke from his short clay pipe, "we must do the best we can with jay-raffes; they are just as big and strong as camels, but a deal sight harder to break in to business, and it takes a single cinch broncho buster to sit 'em, I can tell you." On this the first afternoon that I began again to take notice of things, I saw the commander of the camel corps crawling on all fours upon the deck past my door. He crept along close to the scuppers, and I could not help laughing as I saw him peeping down through the hawse-holes and talking to the waves. "Now be good, won't you? Be quiet, and if you can't be quiet, be as quiet as you can until I find my compadre."

Well, after only three days of this suffering, according to the log, but after what was, according to the chronicle of our feelings, an eternity of discomfort, the scattering slap-dash winds of the typhoon combined, as I have told you, with the result that a steady southwester came on to blow, covering the Yellow Sea with a rancid foam, and we were compelled to run before the gale, though every mile we were making to the north was adding to the distance that separated us from Manila. In the present condition of our machinery and our hull, the *Sherman* could not for a moment have been turned south to buck against the storm. In this plight, we ran on until we came to and crossed the Kuro Siwo, or the Black Stream of Japan, which is the Gulf Stream of the Pacific (we were running north outside Formosa), and now the waters, which had been as yellow as melted butter, turned a blue black. When the fourth day dawned, we were still held in the grasp of the gale, and the *Sherman* went flying past Nagasaki, where we had hoped to coal and refit. Things began to look a little serious now. The stores which we were carrying over for both the army and navy had considerably curtailed our bunker space, and what coal we had left was simply dust. All that evening we switched in and out among the islands of the Korean Archipelago, and finally "halted" as Jim said, behind, or rather in front of, one of them, which was Quelpart or Tshushima. We didn't quite know which it was, and our skipper did not care to enlighten us. The next morning we got out an anchor and remained there all day quite comfortably, for we

were, in a measure, protected from the violence of the storm by a bold headland and the innumerable islands which dotted the sea ahead of us, and in fact all about us, and broke not a little the force of the great waves which came rolling in. Soon a fog that was suffocatingly thick came up and shut out the view of our cheerless surroundings. I spent the day with the skipper in the chart room, where there was much talk, wholly incomprehensible to the landsman, going on concerning quadrants and sextants and sun calculations, in all of which I now took an interest, which was, I can assure you, not wholly academic.

Shortly before midnight the wind veered a point or two and another great sea was kicked up and our anchor began to drag, and soon we lost it in the rocks. There seemed to be no help for it now but to let the *Sherman* run ahead. Bad as that was, it was better to take our chances of finding the open sea than to pin all our hopes to our last anchor in such a gale as this, blowing on a lee shore. Groaning in every timber, throughout the night the *Sherman* steamed slowly ahead. Our skipper stood on the bridge leaning far forward, and with his nostrils extended, as though he was smelling out the lay of the land, and I for one, at least, had as much confidence in the captain's nose as I had in the nautical instruments.

"Give her a point, two points, to starboard," I heard him say time and again to the quartermaster, "it seems to me I smell less dirt in that than any other direction;" and so we went ahead, following the

skipper's nose, and of course with the lead going incessantly.

Shortly after the break of day we ran into a wonderful and, for the landsmen, a most uncanny phenomenon. Up aloft the fog cleared away, and the masthead of the *Sherman* was soon bathed in golden sunlight, while down on the decks we were still enveloped in the cold mist. Soon a strange sound fell upon our ears; it was like the beat of a screw keeping time to the revolutions of our own propeller, and it came nearer. An expression of almost superstitious terror shot over our matter-of-fact skipper's face, for in the bottom of every sailor-man's heart there is a strong belief in the supernatural, which crops out upon such occasions as this; not that he admitted it, however — not for one moment.

"We have poked our way into some almost landlocked bay, probably," he said, in answer to my look of inquiry, "and that sound you hear is the echo of our own screw sent back by the rock-bound coast."

I did not take the trouble to point out that had the sound been simply an echo it would not be heard simultaneously, but a little later than the roll of the *Sherman's* screw. It was not worth while to combat an opinion which I saw at a glance the skipper himself did not believe in for a moment. When the uncanny noise first fell upon our ears, he had called down to the engineer to stop her and then to back her at half speed. The waves kept tumbling about us in a way which still further put to scorn the theory that we had found our

way into land-locked waters, and as we slowed up the echoing screw beat faster and faster. My men had passed the night crowded together on the bow deck. As I ran forward to be with them in case anything serious happened, I saw them springing to their feet and gesticulating wildly, and as I followed the direction in which they pointed, I saw over our bow ahead the Stars and Stripes, bathed in the warm sunlight up aloft, floating on the breeze, and apparently suspended from nowhere. We stood as men spellbound for a moment; then the spell was broken by the sound of a bugle, and the opening bars of the "Star Spangled Banner" came across the sea. The flag rose higher and higher, though we could not see how or by whom it was raised. Then we heard the tramp of many men hastening along a deck, and the skipper said, "We will clear her all right now, I expect. It's one of our own war vessels; she's hoisting her colors; it must be just eight o'clock in the morning." Then, turning to our second mate, "So make it, Mr. Watson."¹

Then as our men swarmed up the shrouds and cheered the flag to the echo, the heavy damp fog, as though not wishing to stand in the way of such a reunion of the services, lifted, and there she was—the *Petrel*—one of Dewey's gunboats, so close to us that the proverbial biscuit could have been thrown from

¹ Captain Herndon here doubtless refers to the custom on board United States men-of-war of raising the flag at eight o'clock in the morning. The captain of the *Sherman* knew this, and set his time accordingly. — THE EDITOR.

one ship to the other. She was creeping down the dangerous coast of Corea from Chemulpo, for, as perhaps you know, a detail of the white man's burden in the East is the keeping of a man-of-war off that port and a guard of marines at the legation in Seoul. The captain and our colonel had quite a talk, without having to use the 'phone, and as we began to drift apart, the jackies dressed ship and the "dough-boys" presented arms. Soon the fog thickened and fell again like a pall upon the waters, and the flag of the little gunboat that had appeared before us in such a strange way faded from view.

I do not think I ever realized before this experience how I loved every star and every bar in that dear piece of bunting — no, not even excepting the day when Preston brought up the flag of the Sixteenth to where we crouched, a thin and broken skirmish line, around three sides of the San Juan fort. There the flag was where we expected it would be, and where we were prepared to defend it with our life's blood, but here we were taken off guard, and could not quite disguise our feelings. Who would have thought to see "Old Glory" rising out of the gray fog-banks off the Corean coast?

I shall spare you a repetition of the notes in my diary for the next day or two, important and indeed of vital interest as they were to us at the time. Such matters as empty coal-bunkers and hollow sounding water butts would probably not thrill you in far-away Puerto Rico. The southwester blew on steadily, and as at this stage of the monsoon it was likely to keep on blowing with

unabated vigor for weeks to come, our skipper gave up all thought of putting back. Creeping along the Corean coast, however, as we now decided to do, we could hope to make the port of Gensan, and, once there, perhaps secure some Shantung coal. As ill luck would have it, however, when we did reach there it was only to find out that the Russian Asiatic squadron had called ten days before and taken away every ton of coal there was.

Still we had a chance to stretch our legs on shore and to see another picture of that Far East which is disappearing so fast. The port itself we found to be one of the finest harbors in the world, an advantage which is all the more appreciated because the rock-bound coast hereabouts is almost bare of harbors or even places of refuge. The English took possession of one of the neighboring bays some years ago, when war with Russia seemed inevitable, but they relinquished it when the war-cloud was dissipated by diplomatic methods. Gensan is now practically Russian, though they do not fly their flag over it. Russian engineers, however, have marked out the sites for batteries, and even built, it is said, though we did not see them, the emplacements for the harbor defence guns which are ready and waiting in Vladivostok to be shipped here the moment the political situation shall require such a step. So you may take it that Gensan belongs to Russia, though the lexicons will tell you that it is the second port of the Hermit Kingdom of Corea.

Gulliver in all his travels saw nothing more surpris-

ing than we did during our short stay in this strange out-of-the-way corner of the world. After his first look around Jim announced that the appearance and the behavior of the people was so astonishing that he, with a reputation as a truthful reporter at stake, would not dare to touch upon the matter in his correspondence without the corroborative evidence which only his never sufficiently to be regretted kodak could furnish. As we came on shore the heat that prevailed was almost overpowering. Several thousand men, dressed like clowns in a circus—that is, in dirty white loose fitting gowns, but without spangles—were out on the beach to greet us. They were all smoking pipes from two to six feet in length. They all seemed very tired, as though they had been working for years without a let-up, and now they were taking their rest in the strangest position imaginable. I am afraid I cannot make it quite plain to you without cuts or anatomical charts. All our fellows on board have been practising this position, but without success, for ten days past. Well, in a word, they watched us, following our every movement with curious eyes, not standing or squatting, or sitting upon their hams, but perched high up upon their heel-taps, and though so weary, they did not fall from this extraordinary perch. They were all smoking away, as I have said, but the largest number of them were far too weary and exhausted to hold their own pipes. These, the swells and the officials of the town, as we afterward learned, had their slaves squatting in front of them on the ground, and upon their shoulders

the yang-bans, as the officials are called, rested their pipes.

Very fortunately we soon came across a Russian, who said he was trading in furs. He took us in tow and very good-naturedly showed us all the sights. Every man in the long row of tired ghosts who greeted us on the beach was sweating like a stuck pig, which, in view of the temperature and the thickness of their clothing, when we came to examine it, was anything but surprising. Not only their tunics, but their balloon cut trousers, as we found, were heavily wadded and even bolstered out with pillows, until each and every one of them looked like Humpty Dumpty of the circus "gotten up" for his great fall.

"You see," said the Russian, in answer to our looks of blank astonishment, "the heat has come a little earlier than usual this year. According to the Chinese calendar the great heat should not be here for three weeks, and of course nothing could induce the Koreans to put off their winter clothing until the calendar bids them to; no, not if they should all die of heat apoplexy in the meantime." It was the most amusing and invincible *non possumus* that I have ever come across in travel, in history, or in politics.

We then wandered on into the town. Here the main street runs between rows of pigsties constructed of mud and straw, which afterward developed into the residences of the Koreans,—the people, not the pigs, though I am afraid this is a distinction without a difference. We came in a few minutes to a great swamp

covered with filth. Opening upon it were several low-class Japanese tea houses, in one of which we took up our station to observe more closely the wonders of this new civilization that is, I believe, about five thousand years old. Some of the officials who had gone down to the beach to greet us were now escorting us mounted upon ponies about the size and weight of Harlem goats. Each of the officials required two minions to hold his steed for him by the ears or snout, while another servant walked by his side and held him in the saddle. To our surprise our Russian guide told us that the swamp covered with filth was the market-place, and that soon the natives would assemble there to show us "their skins." We were, of course, not a little curious to see them, for, swathed and muffled in their sack-like clothing, with broad-brimmed hats pulled down over their eyes, and with great spectacles, rimmed with horn, covering their faces, and mufflers over their mouths to keep out the air, we could up to the present only boast of having seen the tips of their noses. But this hope of a plain view of the Corean was never realized, for a few moments later the merchants, still sweltering under the weight of their winter garments, assembled in the swamp and spread out a countless number of tiger and leopard skins before our astonished eyes. They offered them at temptingly low prices, I can assure you, a leopard's skin going for three or four silver dollars, and a large tiger skin for from fifteen to twenty. It was amusing to watch the changed behavior of our men toward the Coreans from the moment they caught sight of this

evidence of their prowess against a by no means despicable foe. Every man jack of them bought one of the tawny skins, until now the regiment looks like the Hungarian body-guard of the Austrian Emperor. Our Russian guide told us that the country all about Gensan is as full of tigers and leopards as the woods at home with chipmunks and squirrels, and how the tigers came to town every night for the garbage, and sometimes even carried off a baby, or a drunken man found sleeping in the road.

As we were not sailing until sunset we immediately decided upon a tiger hunt. In order to make known our wishes to them, the Russian, who spoke their language fluently, invited the Korean officials to a council. So dismounting from their war horses and staggering under the weight of their affected infirmities, leaning heavily upon the shoulders of their servants, they formed a semicircle around us, taking up, as they did so, their uniform position, perched upon their heel-taps, and now a long and noisy powwow ensued.

In about half an hour the Russian informed us that the council had reached a conclusion, and it was to the effect that it was impossible to have either a tiger or a leopard hunt.

"Why?" we asked; "we will pay big money."

Then there was another powwow, but finally the Russian gave us our answer.

"They say it is impossible to comply with your request for the following reason: the Korean sporting calendar is divided into two seasons of equal length.

In one man hunts the tiger; in the other the tiger hunts the man; the present is the tiger-hunt-man season, consequently the hunt that you desire would run counter to the natural order of things, and besides it might prove dangerous."

We turned away from this solemn assemblage of stolid clowns with a disgust which you can imagine, and this feeling was only increased by the explanations which the Russian hastened to offer.

"The man-hunt-tiger season," he said, "is during the winter, when the tigers are weakened by starvation and are hampered in getting about by the heavy snow-drifts. At these times the valiant Corean sportsmen dig great pits in the ground near the drinking places of their prey, which they cover over with twigs and saplings and loosely packed snow. In the middle of this deceptive flooring a lamb or a kid is made fast, as a bait. Soon the ravenous tiger scents him out, and with a tremendous spring pounces down upon him, only of course to fall into the deep pit. When they are assured by his roars that the tiger is where he can do them no harm, the Coreans come hastening from their villages and blow him to pieces with their blunderbusses and Chinese muskets. Of course the fur traders have told them that a skin intact, or nearly so, is worth twenty times as much as those secured in this way, but no monetary consideration is strong enough to cause the Corean to depart from a course which the old custom and his notorious want of courage has indicated as the proper one." . . .

The last scene of all in this strange world of topsyturvydom was perhaps the most amusing. Two of the dignitaries of the village had a dispute, it seems, over their relative shares in the profits of the skin trade, and they had been wrangling and shouting in angry tones at one another for the best part of the afternoon. Just as we embarked to return to the *Sherman* their anger escaped all bounds. Words it seemed could no longer express their contempt, and as we saw the champions darting along the beach toward each other, both quivering with rage and foaming at the mouth, we were prepared for something more forcible, and rested on our oars to await a display of the pugilistic art, according to the Korean dispensation. When they came to within twenty feet of one another, however, they halted at the same moment, as though inspired by common impulse. "Now they're ducking, getting ready to go in," shouted the delighted soldiers, who were, of course, making bets on the result; but no, the wordy warriors removed their curious fly trap hats and bowed low, with the courtesy of Spanish grandees, maintaining the while an unbroken silence.

"You have seen the end of a lifelong friendship," shouted the Russian, choking with laughter, more I imagine at our blank faces than over the antics of the old gentlemen. "They have exchanged a formal bow; they have taken off their hats in contempt, and that in Corea is the one supreme and unpardonable insult." And so we rowed on back to the *Sherman*, knowing that there are things in this world hitherto undreamed of in

our philosophy, and that one of these is the manners and customs of the Corean.

Outside the southwester still blew half a gale, and our skipper decided to run before it to Vladivostok, about twenty hours farther north, the Russian Gibraltar of the Eastern seas. Once there we shall put to a practical test that cordial understanding which has existed between the Russian and the United States Governments since the dark days of the Civil War.¹

We tried to put the best face possible upon this still further postponement of our arrival in Manila. Though we have all gotten our sea-legs now, and our other important organs have settled down to business under the new conditions, we are one and all heartily sick of the sea. Who was the French poet who declaimed so eloquently against the *interminable ennui* of the plains? Well, each to his taste, but as for myself, I would rather spend my days in a lean-to upon an alkali desert than in a floating palace upon the ever changing but monotonous sea. Still we cannot count the time as lost that we are to spend in Vladivostok, where we are to see still another picture in the wonderful panorama of East Asia. We know from experience how long it takes the *Sherman* to coal, so we hope to get an insight into the wonderful colonizing and civilizing methods which characterize Russian policy to-day, and by means of which I believe the rule of the Czar is bringing so much of

¹ Here, and with greater frequency as the correspondence proceeds, Captain Herndon has simply taken out the daily entries from his diary and enclosed them in his letters. — THE EDITOR.

happiness and of peace to the savage hordes of Central and Eastern Asia. . . .

We were again delayed for many hours by a fog off the entrance to Peter the Great's Bay, but at last we steamed slowly in, in spite of the frowning batteries and the dangerous reefs, to which we had no chart, — a bold step indeed in more senses than one, for, as far as this corner of their empire is concerned, at least, the Russians have the reputation of being anything but hospitable. As we learned in Hong Kong, the admiral of the port only a few weeks before, had ordered three ships to put to sea with no other reason than that they were flying the British flag, and consequently it bored him to have them around. But our stock of patience as well as diplomacy was now exhausted, and the moment the sun came out and cleared a narrow lane of light through the fog-banks, we steamed in, trusting to the traditional friendship of the Russians for our flag not to be blown out of the water.

In a moment there came out to meet us a large ocean tug. We hove to in obedience to several very peremptory whistles, the tug drew up alongside, and in a few moments the most extraordinary looking creature I have ever seen hopped out upon our deck. Though he looked like an undersized anthropoid ape his uniform showed him to be one of the port officers. His boots were greasy with black butter, and the four or five hairs of his mustache were stiffly waxed out until they looked like wires. After looking over our papers I must say he was exceedingly polite and cordial, and, as

soon as he had pointed out to us a place where we could anchor without danger to ourselves or the submarine mines, he hastened away to report the news of the surprising arrival to the higher authorities on shore.

We were more than interested in the antecedents of this strange looking creature, and I hope you are, for I am going to tell you what we learned about him the following day. About fifteen years ago, it seems, a Russian exploring party, while pushing down the Sungari River into China, was attacked from the shore by savages. The only spoils of the victory which they soon achieved was a naked boy who had been wounded by one of the Russian volleys. The Russians carried the strange little urchin back with them to Vladivostok, and there men wise in tongues talked to him in Chinese and Manchu, Tartar and Gilyaki and Goldi, but it was found that he understood neither one nor the other of these languages. A week later the child of battle was received into the bosom of the Greek Church with great pomp and ceremony, the wife of the governor acting as godmother, and of course he was baptized Ivan. He was then educated at the cost of the State, and when he had completed his studies he entered the civil service, and only fourteen years after the day he began to wear clothes we found him assistant port officer to the great Russian fortress on the Pacific. Do you wonder now why the Russian Empire grows? They may close things up to foreign commerce, but they certainly leave an open door to talent and ability from wherever it may spring.

I had read the story, that wonderful story, of how Skobeleff, after the terrible slaughter of the Turcomans at Geok Töpe, lassoed their chief, Ali Khan by name, and then presenting him with a gold lace uniform, placed at the disposal of General Alikhanoff (if you please) any division of the imperial Russian army which he might choose to command. I never quite believed this story until our meeting with this foundling of the tundras, who has risen to high rank in the way I have described, and if but half we heard of the services he had rendered be true, he is one of the most useful servants of the Czar in Siberia, where his influence over the native races of the Primorsk is very great. . . .

We had hardly reached the anchorage that was pointed out to us when a strong land-breeze sprang up and soon blew away the last vestiges of the fog. The panorama of the town now opened before us as it straggles up from the water's edge along the hillside to the crests, where the flags flying reveal the presence of otherwise well-concealed batteries. The settlement stretches for about four miles round the bay; some of the houses are of brick, a very few of stone, and by far the greatest number, of logs and plaster — regular backwoodsmen's homes. From the sea a very curious effect is made by the board walks, which form the only pavements of the town, and without which the pedestrian would sink knee-deep in the red mud. As they run, in squares and octagonals, and now suddenly off upon a tangent, against the red and black backgrounds of the mountain, they suggest so many geometrical figures

upon a gigantic blackboard. The channel leading into the inner harbor, though very deep, is quite narrow, and before it broadens out into the bay, where the navies of the world could ride at anchor, you have to pass under the direct fire of at least twenty batteries, any one of which, under these circumstances and at such point-blank range, is thought capable of sinking the stanchest battleship afloat. Saturated as I had become, in the course of our long voyage, with the sluggish atmosphere of the East, and all the inactivity of existence in the sleeping lands of Asia, the plunge into the bustle, the noisy, restless life of the Russian settlement, aroused me as though by an electric shock; it was like falling into an arctic stream after the warm and tepid baths of Japan. At a street corner I came upon two white men dressed as laborers, one carrying a hod, the other pushing a wheelbarrow—to me a most surprising spectacle, from which I could not tear away my eyes; for you can visit all the East Asian possessions of England, France, Holland, Spain, and Portugal, and never see the like. In the voyage north, whatever the charts might say to the contrary, I passed out of the dreaming world of the slipper and loose pajamas into a land where red-shirted and heavily booted pioneers are working at the head of a shaft and driving at high pressure into new fields a thin wedge of our civilization. The hills above the settlement are terraced with batteries and fortifications, all leading up to the Great Tiger Battery upon the crest of the topmost hill, from which the flag of the fortress flies; it is a dirt

battery, with invisible guns upon disappearing carriages—a good example of the unpretentious simplicity of modern artillery science. Here, and all about the fortress, the ground is covered with dense thickets, which there has as yet been no time to clear away; they form, indeed, an ideal lair for big game, and I was not surprised to hear the story of the way this battery received its name. Only five years before, I was told, when the soldiers were breaking the ground for this fortification, they were disturbed and put to flight by the furious onslaught of a Manchurian tiger, filled with rage and fury against the men whom he discovered shovelling away the watch-tower from which he had so long commanded the situation.

The morning after our arrival—it was Sunday—a warm, balmy wind from the south blew away the damp mist clouds which had clung over the settlement, and a warm, tropical sun came out and shed a new and more pleasing light upon the gray scene. It also disclosed to view the unexpected presence, in the harbor, of two great emigrant ships that had come in overnight from far-away Odessa. Their decks were bright with animated throngs of emigrants, who looked eagerly toward the haven so long desired. Their clothing was as many colored as Joseph's coat, for the Russian moujik is as great a lover of color as the Spanish peasant. Men with great bushy beards jumped upon the bulwarks, and clasping the ratlines, shook their hats, and raised a loud hurrah as the mist clouds were swept away, and the land of promise dawned before their

eyes in such a beautiful light. When eight bells rang from the sluggish battleships that guard to-day, as ever, the entrance to the Mistress of the East, the St. Andrew's cross, the piece of bunting which the emigrants had followed around the world, was run up at every peak, amid cheers which must have reached far beyond the confines of the settlement. It was a loud and stirring greeting to the new land in which they were to live and die, and it told of the joy that these pilgrims experienced to find, after many trials and much suffering in passing through the land of the dark-skinned heathen, and the domain of the plagues, both black and yellow, that here, at the end of the world, the same flag is flying in the breeze, and the Greek cross rises over the familiar shrines and over all they had left, or thought to leave, behind them in Holy Russia. They awakened, as from a dream, to find themselves still in the land of the great White Czar, the loving, all-wise, and provident father of them all.

Softly the sound of the sweet familiar bells, with all their burden of sacred memory and greeting from the home land, with all their power to reassure, stole gently across the bay. Soon the sound of the tolling bells became faster and more insistent in its tone, calling upon those who lived ashore to give praise, and summoning those now secure from the dangers of the deep and all the heat and the pestilence of the terrible Red Sea, through which, even as the children of Israel of old, they had passed, upheld and protected by a righteous, omnipotent hand, to raise their hymn of thanksgiving. And

now, as we watched, a crazy little craft, bearing a strange ensign, which I did not know, and looking no larger than a rowboat as it danced upon the crests of the waves outside, or disappeared entirely from view in the shadow and the sweep of the great billows that rolled into the bay from the ocean outside, steamed slowly into view. But I was the only man in Vladivostok, that Sabbath morning, who did not know what the ensign meant, and who had not awaited its coming with impatience and anxiety. Even the chubby-faced children, who, wearing great masses of tow-colored hair, and black and greasy boots, as though they were a uniform, were playing in the Svetlanski with the grave and quiet air of frontier children all the world over, — they, too, were awaiting its coming with suppressed excitement; and long before the admiral's launch drew alongside the cranky little steamer, which was bringing the good bishop back across the sea from Saghalin, where he had gone with words of brotherly love and of comfort to the convicts and the exiles who dwell there, the shore was black with people, and the word "Episcopus!" "Episcopus!" fell from every lip, and drowned the moaning of the waves with its great volume of welcoming sound. For they knew, one and all, that the good bishop of Blagovestchensk, whose name is a blessing and a benediction, from the Pacific to Lake Baikal, and from the Arctic to the upper Amoor, was coming to pay his long-promised pastoral visit to this corner of his fold — a fold that is, indeed, as extensive as an empire.

As I afterward learned, he had travelled this summer six thousand miles, and his pilgrimage was far from being over. He had floated down the Amoor to Nicolavieff, and having visited there all the settlements which sleep in the cold gray light of the midnight sun, he had gone by sea to Saghalin and cruised along its uncharted coast, visiting, one after another, the convict camps and the penal stations of that lonely shore.

Before the admiral's launch, propelled by the oars of twelve sturdy man-of-war's men, reached the beach, great barges black with people were floating through the waters to the rhythmic sound of Volga boat-songs, and the sailors and the soldiers, the emigrants and the Cossacks, were being disembarked by every possible means of marine conveyance, from the smart steam-launch of to-day to the birch-bark canoe of the native Yakuti. As his boat was skilfully steered through the surf, the bishop climbed upon the little half-deck forward, and, as the keel grounded, he stretched out his arms across and over and about the strand that was black with kneeling people, as though he would embrace them all and draw them each and every one to his bosom.

The excited, almost hysterical, throngs now formed in line, and followed the bishop as he started up the hill-side to the heights above, from where the bells of the cathedral church rang out their joyful carillon. As he strode at the head of his people, I could see that he was a man of gigantic stature, built in a heroic mould, well suited to the herculean task that the almost bound-

less extent of his bishopric imposes. He wore his hair long, uncut, and untrimmed, like the Nazarite. It was dark red, and fell like a lion's mane over his brawny shoulders. He walked with the stride of a Crusader, surrounded, as he went, by half a dozen priests, all wearing the purple robes in which they were to celebrate the services of the day. The procession as it advanced moved more slowly, for the bishop's progress was now impeded by the ever growing press of people, who thronged the unpaved streets, lined throughout with frame or brick houses, all alike, at least in being incomplete and unpainted. And the people formed in lines upon either side of him as he passed, bending forward and kissing the great seal-ring he wore upon the finger of his right hand, that was always extended. It was a strange and varied world this. All sorts and conditions of men had come to greet the bishop, from the admirals (there must have been three at least) in gold lace and gorgeous epaulets to the emigrants in coarse and ragged clothing, with the roar of the sea still in their ears, and the roll of the waves still perceptible under their feet. All the races and the castes that dwell in the maritime province were represented, from the civic dignitaries in black cap and sombre gown to the wretched little Goldies and Yakuti, the remnants of the native races, who came to greet the bishop, their scrawny limbs smeared with rancid butter in honor of the occasion. And in the crowds that pushed and shoved for position, there was a captain of one of the Corean colonies which the Russians are planting along

the Tiumen, who, from the way in which he wore his gold lace, and kicked the Goldies who got in his way, and kissed the bishop's hand with unction, was a most striking triumph for orthodoxy and Russification.¹

In the midst of this throng, so varied in costume and cast of features, the bishop came upon a gang of convicts who, on their way to the railway station, had been mercifully allowed to await the passing of the good man. They were all clothed alike in garments of a dull, dirt-brown color. About their feet hung loosely chains that were not very heavy, but so arranged as to prevent them from assuming any but a short and shuffling gait, which quite precluded the possibility of escape. Upon the backs of the tunics which they wore was dyed in black an ace of diamonds, and their hair upon the left side of the head was almost invariably close-shaven, while on the other allowed to grow long, luxuriant, and unshorn. A most repulsive disfigurement, but one which is said to prevent more escapes of convicts than do the detaining chains, and of course it is most useful in identifying those who are recaptured. Above the ace of diamonds on the back of the tunic stands a number in lieu of a name, which the convict leaves behind him in the central station of the district to which he is assigned. Their wrists were, with one or two exceptions, free of manacles, and as he came toward

¹ Great as are the miracles which Russian faith and persistency has wrought in Siberia, the greatest of these is the way in which the Russian has not only made the Corean go to work, but to grin and seem to like it. — THE EDITOR.

them many stretched out their hand toward the stern and yet kindly face of the Episcopus. I was glad to see that as the bishop approached them, "the unfortunates," which is the kindly word by which the convicts are known in Siberia, he walked more slowly and lingered longer in the midst of them than he did with the free, and that he enveloped them, one and all, with the same kindly, benevolent look which he had for all his sheep, whether the fleece of their growing was white or black.

As we approached the cathedral, there rang out to meet us a song of thanksgiving and a *Te Deum* of praise. The church was now thronged with the eager worshippers, and even the great bare graveyard that surrounds it, with but a single lonely mound, the resting-place of some unfortunate who had, indeed, looked from Pisgah, but was cut down as he walked toward the land of promise, was far too small to hold the living multitudes—the many who will be lying there so still before that wilderness that opens before them shall be made by their labor to blossom like the rose. It was a sunlit scene of vigorous, hopeful pioneer life, over which the struggle and the defeats of the days that are to come could cast no shadow,—those sombre gray days which are to dawn in the wilderness where the mighty rivers roll on amid the trackless wastes of the tundras that have no end.

Lighting his candle at the main altar, followed by his priests, and heralded by songs of thanksgiving, the bishop walked with slow and measured tread through the long dim aisles, lighting the tapers that stood before

each shrine as he went. This new soft light dispelled the hazy clouds of incense and lit up the familiar features of the sacred *ikons* which the humble multitude of emigrant moujiks who followed in his wake had thought to leave at home and see no more.

"Why, there is St. Cyril," whispered a little boy, as the shadows faded before the light, and the image of the apostle to the Slavs grew plainer; for all answer his father pulls his ear and tells him he must not speak so loud. But his mother's lips trembled and her soft gray eyes filled with tears. Yes, there was St. Cyril, smiling upon them and protecting them, just as in Holy Russia. And others, who were not little boys, but great bearded men, and women who had come through the lands of the grinning idols, were glad, too, to see again the familiar faces of the saints, and after seeing them the great bleak land was less fearful and strange to look out upon.

After a few minutes the Episcopus came from behind the wall, which in the Russian churches screens the sanctuary from the eyes of the congregation, and spoke to them in simple words which came from, and went directly to, the heart. The sonorous tones of his voice rang through the church and beyond, reaching the ear of his most distant listeners by the fresh grave in the great bare cemetery. Exhausted and completely worn out by the excitement of the day, the strange scenes and the climb up the hillside after all the months they had spent cooped up between the decks on shipboard, many of the emigrants now fell, prostrated by fatigue, on

the stone flaggings of the isles, and there they listened to the words he spoke. He conjured them to remember that now, for one short happy moment, their trials were at an end. He begged that they should remember in prayer Him who had led them safely to the land which in His mercy He had prepared for them. The service was concluded with that most beautiful and catholic prayer, which might so well be translated from the old Slavic into every tongue that is spoken in our religious Babel. With impressive earnestness he prayed that the blessing of God's favor and of His guidance might be extended not only to His children of the orthodox fold, but to all Christians, and in no less a degree to all human beings created in the image of God.

Throughout the long summer afternoon the bands of bearded men, of tall, deep-chested women, of yellow-haired children, climbed the hilltop to the sanctuary and took rest and comfort in the light of the familiar faces, in the goodly fellowship of the saints. Before each shrine they would kneel and kiss the cold stone flagging, as though it were instinct with love, and then move slowly on to the next. But before the shrine of their patron, that saint whose particular protection and especial favor had been invoked by the pilgrim family, a longer halt was made and a longer prayer said, and only as the dying light of the passing day grew fainter, the pilgrim mothers drew out from their kerchiefs two candles, and while their big-eyed, wondering children clung to their skirts, they lit the slender tapers at the great candle which stood before each shrine, burning

lower and lower as the darkness of the evening grew deeper and deeper. One of these candles they would leave burning as an humble votive offering before the *ikon* of their special trust and love; the other, after it had burned for a few minutes, the mother would snuff with trembling fingers, and taking it from the altar, where, for a few short moments, it had shed its silver light over the familiar features of the patron, carry it away to her home in the barracks, or in the ship—the most precious treasure of her little stock of precious things. This candle is preserved until the weary wanderings of the pilgrim family are over, and they have reached the home allotted to them, somewhere in the frozen north, or down in the valley of the upper Amoor, where the sky is blue and the air balmy as in the sunny Caucasus. There, when the little mud and log hut is built and the family god, the image of the patron saint, unpacked and reinstalled as the presiding and guiding spirit of their humble home, this candle and another brought from their place of worship in Russia will be lit on the day when first a blessing is invoked upon the virgin soil they are about to break, and upon the struggle for existence in stern, merciless conditions upon which they are about to engage.

It seemed to me as I watched this scene, unconsciously but yet inspired by the same spirit, the Russian moujik is carrying into these waste places of the world to-day the beautiful allegory of the Greek colonist of old, who, when he left his home and went out of the gates of the city where he was born, whether he went toward the

Western world of Massilia or to Antioch in the East, carried with him as his most precious treasure a spark of the sacred fire which burned before the altars of his fathers in the place where he first saw the light of day. . . .

But to return to matters which more closely concern the *Sherman*. The request for coal, which the colonel made to the authorities immediately upon our arrival, was honored in the most liberal manner possible. The ranking naval officer in the port was Admiral A——, who, to put it mildly, did everything in his power to provide us not only with the necessities which we required, but with not a few luxuries. What a small world it is, to be sure! I saw a great deal of the admiral, being frequently sent to his office, and one day I suppose he noticed the expression of surprise which I could not conceal, try as I might, at the great pains which he was taking to entertain a regiment of unimportant infantry soldiers who had, as it were, strayed upon his range.

“I must tell you,” he began—I suppose he was offering this by way of explanation of his generosity—“that like all Russians I care for the American people more than I do for any other, always excepting my own, and, believe me, this feeling, which most of our people entertain, is not mere sentiment, as the English maintain, and destined to disappear the moment the most autocratic and the most democratic governments of the world come into close contact, and consequently in conflict of interests. You see this conclusion might prove correct if

the statement of fact upon which it is based were not so absolutely without foundation. The Government of the United States is not more democratic than the Government of Russia, however much publicists with a strong anti-Russian bias may preach to the contrary. Both are democracies, and both are governed not by the people, but by an aristocracy, an élite, if you like that word better, of intelligence. The only difference is one of method, the way in which this selected committee is obtained. You doubtless imagine that the men who rule Russia are exclusively creatures of the Czar. There never was a greater mistake. The men with us who are drafted into the various administrations are the men who are required by the situation. And while our Romanoffs have not been, one and all, angels sitting on a throne, yet there never has been one of them without that instinct of self-preservation which is displayed by the employment of the very best possible talent upon the affairs of State."

The admiral soon returned from this excursion into the realm of comparative politics, and growing more confidential he told me of the personal reasons he had for loving America. "If I have been of any service to you during your stay here, do not, I beg of you, go away with any sense of obligation. I am merely acquitting myself in some slight measure of a debt of gratitude which your countrymen placed me under years ago. When the Pendjeh incident had so greatly strained the friendly relations between Great Britain and Russia, and a peaceful solution was despaired of, I was hurried

off to the United States upon a moment's notice to purchase as many commerce destroyers — a type of vessel in which our navy was then very deficient — as I could lay my hands on. While I had the Russian treasury behind me, the expectation in St. Petersburg was that many weeks would necessarily elapse before they could hope to hear from me that the object of my mission had been accomplished; but, as a matter of fact, in thirty-six hours after reaching America I had secured ten vessels, and within three days they were provisioned and had steam up and were ready to sail upon a moment's notice. So, thanks to the American way of doing business, I was able to telegraph St. Petersburg that everything was ready, and that all I required now was an hour's notice before the declaration of war, so as to avoid any possible conflict with the neutrality laws. With these vessels we could have inflicted simply incalculable damage upon British commerce. As you know, there was no war, but my successful mission to America made me an admiral ten years before my time. Do you wonder, then, that I love Americans?"

After this we were not so modest in accepting the admiral's favors. We came to regard his residence as a club, and the more we made ourselves at home there the better he seemed to like it. There are still many things lacking in Vladivostok, the most noticeable being the absolute want of bath-tubs. The water front itself was generally preëmpted by the Cossack maidens, who, with no other protection than their native modesty and their long, carrotty hair, disported themselves at all

hours of the day in the surf. So we made a requisition on the admiral for bathing facilities, and he turned over to us his tubs and his private steam-room and his embroidered bath gowns, and served us himself after the bath with iced sherbet and other strange drinks, until all our hardships were forgotten, and we came to the conclusion that, despite the typhoon, the old Twenty-first was still sailing under a lucky star.

I now secured leave for three days, our colonel's captain, the Cape Cod skipper, having announced that he would not be ready to leave port for four or five days. Something was radically wrong with the engines, and, as it could all be set right here, and probably could not be at Manila, it was the part of wisdom to wait, and be patient. I went ashore on the first liberty boat, and spent the first day in and about the emigrant barracks, asking questions of the new arrivals, until my escort, Lieutenant S—— of the navy, who had been ordered by the admiral to take care of me, was worn out with fatigue, and the emigrants puzzled and not a little afraid. In the long, low-lined sheds which stretch along the hillside there were at the moment at least eight thousand emigrants, recently arrived, who were making their purchases and taking a short rest preparatory to starting out for their frontier homes in the wilderness, which they were to win for civilization and for Russia. In the first shed we discovered some fifteen hundred Cossacks, men, women, and children. Down the middle of the shed ran a broad corridor, opening upon which were numerous alcoves. Each family was allotted two of

these, men on the right and women on the left; they were a fine-looking set of people, and evidently would prove excellent pioneers. The Cossacks have been soldiers for centuries, and, as they still are, wards of the state, very much like the Manchu bannerman in China, and the Emhaznea of the Sultan in Morocco. They do picket duty on the frontiers of China, and have brought security out of the savagery which reigned there, but I hear they concern themselves very little with agriculture, and not at all with commerce. In times of peace they are found to be rather lazy, and care to do nothing but fish and shoot and break ponies. But, be this as it may, they have succeeded in keeping down the marauding Tunguses, and protecting the other less warlike colonists as they till the fields. They are, it is needless to say, always ready for active operations, and once the outfit—the land and the rifles and the ponies—have been given them, they become practically an army that is always mobilized and self-supporting. These particular Cossacks wore the blue band around their hats which is the distinguishing mark of the Orenburg brigade. A committee of selectmen, or elders, had already gone ahead to examine the land in the interior which had been allotted them, and those who remained behind were contentedly engaged in passing the time brewing tea in their great shining samovars, and in smoking papiros. One of the Cossacks, evidently a petty officer, having given a military salute, made us very much at home in his alcove, and between the tea and the cigarettes told us the conditions upon which

they had consented to leave their country and become the guardians of the marshes and the fords upon the Chinese frontier.

The alcove and the corridors, as we stood and listened to the starosta's story of his wanderings from Odessa to the East, were thronged with honest looking, freckle-faced little boys, who opened their green-gray eyes very wide indeed when they heard I had come from America. They took a delight in showing their fathers' rifles, their saddles and bridles, and the samovars which their mothers had brought from home. In the next long shed we found a band of free and some assisted emigrants, who were to settle upon farming-lands near the Tiumen River. They were decidedly less warlike and more well-to-do in their appearance than the Cossacks, and equally amiable in their reception of us, and their readiness to show us their treasures. Every woman possessed a sewing-machine, and kept it in noisy use; the little girls were darning socks, and one grave-faced boy of twelve was engaged in putting a pair of new soles upon his father's boots. We were about to return to the settlement, our inspection concluded, when the leader of the Cossacks, followed by a deputation of very grave and serious looking men, intercepted us. He carried in his hand a Krynka rifle, which he presented to S—— for examination. He hoped his Nobility would not be angry with him, would not consider it an impertinence, but he and his brothers had held a meeting in the shed after our departure, and he and those who were with him had been

selected to lay before his Nobility their grievance, and through him to seek redress. "This is a Krynka rifle, and a very good one," said the captain, as he fingered it in a fond, familiar way, "and one has been given to each of our men; but in Russia they promised us magazine-rifles, and that is what we want. We are, of course, perfectly willing to fight the Tunguses on the China frontier with these rifles, or without any rifles," he said proudly, "but we think we could do better work if we had the magazine-rifles that were promised."

S—— was greatly amused, and that evening, on our return to town, told the governor of the complaint, and the next day the promised magazine-rifles were served out. It was a great day for the Cossacks of the Orenburg brigade, and when we called we were received with shouts and hurrahs; but I am afraid it was a day of evil omen for the Tunguses down on the Amoor River.

The following morning I ran out upon the last section of the Trans-Siberian Railway, which had only been completed as far as Iman. This is a small settlement buzzing with sawmills, about one hundred and twenty miles from the sea on the banks of the Ussuri, one of the great tributaries of the Amoor. Iman was as fresh as paint, I can tell you, and here were fewer creature comforts in sight than with us you would find in a prairie-dog village. The settlers, however, were great, sturdy fellows, and we found the whole place literally humming with activity and go. The heat, however, was simply intense. To my mind, the heat of

the tropics is not so prostrating as when it is hot in these high latitudes; and Heth and I were very glad indeed to avail ourselves of an opportunity to escape from the settlement and take a sail up the river in the direction of the Amoor. We sailed in a little steel steamer that had been recently brought out in sections from Belgium. At times, as we steamed along, we would hear a rustling noise in the underbrush of the bank, and now and again catch a glimpse of some solitary Gilyak or Goldie stealing through the forest alone, like a hermit thrush. These little creatures belong to the remnants of those inferior races who have run their course and are now disappearing before their vigorous supplanters like snow before the sun. Now and again we would meet a flotilla of these little people paddling mysteriously along, dressed in their clothing made of salmon skins and their hats of birch bark, but they did not often give us an opportunity for a close inspection. The moment the sound of the powerful screw fell upon their ears, they would put all their force into their paddles, and disappear from sight under the trees that fringe the banks. And toward evening we met a steamer towing five or six steel barges, upon each of which there must have been at least five hundred soldiers. For several minutes both steamers slowed up, and there was the usual demonstration, that is the dipping of colors, the exchange of gruff hurrahs for Russia and for the Czar; and then we kept on our journey north and the soldiers on theirs toward the south, while for nearly half an hour after they had dis-

appeared in the darkness we could hear the great chorus of their song. About midnight we came upon another and a still more characteristic scene. It was a construction camp of the Trans-Siberian Railway in the midst of the wilderness, where, lighted by pine knots and torches of turpentine, we saw white men and yellow, black men and red, or, rather, copper-colored, working upon that great highway of civilization, which, without haste and yet without delay, the Russians are building over the waste places of Siberia, — the interminable steppes and the yellow, low-lying tundras.

Shortly after midnight we left the steamer, which was bound to the gold-washings of Blagovestchensk, and landed, to await the return boat that was to carry us back to Iman. I think this was the most bare and inhospitable looking of the many bleak little stanitzas we saw along the line of our journey. As the boat was only due at daybreak we rolled up in our steamer rugs, and, stretching out upon the rough planking of the landing-stage, prepared to make a night of it. Soon, however, the starosta, or captain of the Cossacks, and the village priest appeared, with profuse offers of hospitality, and at last, for the sake of peace and quiet, we were compelled to follow them up to the village. As we marched along through the mud of the road-bed we could see in the moonlight that all the houses were in course of construction, and that as yet they were all roofless, a circumstance that surprised us less when we heard that this settlement of Dondakoff-Korsakoff was

only five weeks old. At last we came to a halt in front of a log-cabin considerably larger than the rest. It was of strange octagonal shape and surmounted by a Greek cross, and to our surprise the building could boast of a roof. The priest unlocked the door, and with one hand upon his great shepherd's crook, and the other outstretched in a gesture of invitation, he said, with impressive dignity of manner:—

“’Tis the Lord's house and the first building which, under His favor, we have been able to finish in our wilderness home. It can in no way be better consecrated to His service than by lodging the strangers who have knocked at our gates. Will your Nobilities deign to enter?”

We walked in and soon the starosta returned, followed by a crowd of Cossacks carrying bundles of straw and long grass, which they spread out upon the floor for us to lie upon; and I can tell you, I have not often rested better than I did that night lying upon the floor of the first church in the wilderness of the Usuri.

I was up the next morning by sunrise, looking down the river for the steamer. There would, of course, have been the very dickens to pay had we missed it, and the *Sherman* sailed without us. It was not in sight, however, and I began to look around the settlement. Upon the bare ground in front of the church, wrapped in their mantles and greatcoats, several hundred Cossacks, men, women, and children, were sleeping. They were soon upon their feet, however, and crowding about us with kindly words of greeting and inquiries as to whether we

had slept well. As they were separating for the day, each man going to his allotted task, I could not refrain from asking, as I looked over the dreary desolation of the place which the cold, searching sunlight now laid bare in all its hideous ugliness, "And how do you like your new home?" An old man, the leader of the little band, thought for a moment and then answered:—

"Of course we were very happy and comfortable upon the banks of the Don, and we had the best horses in all Russia, and it makes a man from a horse country weep to see these scraggy Siberian ponies, and it's pleasant for a man to end his days where his fathers have lived and been laid away in the ground that their fathers won, yet when the great White Czar, our Father, said to us, 'My children, Holy Russia has need of you; I wish you to strike your tents and travel to the Amoor, there to guard the marshes and the fords against my enemies and yours, the Tonghaks and Tonguses,' why we came, and gladly." . . . I can tell you, the words of that old Cossack have rung in my ears many times since I reached here and have had a chance to read in the mail some of the disgraceful utterances of our public men at home. Still, I am sure that in the end it will be found that the patriotism and the sense of duty of an uneducated Russian Cossack, who is practically born a serf, is not superior to that of the free-born independent American. . . .

At Iman on the following morning we fell in with another little band of these Russian pioneers. Some were about to embark upon the river barges, and others to

break a trail through the pathless forests. As I saw them turning their backs upon comfortable homes and easy lives, to become a living bulwark between civilization and savagery, it seemed to me that they were realizing the purpose of the children of Israel as they announced it to Pharaoh: "We must go seven days' journey into the wilderness to make a sacrifice to the Lord our God." . . .

Everything is ready for our departure. We are to sail at midnight, and I am taking my last walk on shore. From out of the shadow of the forest trees a farm wagon is drawing near to the settlement. Upon a pyramid of sweet-smelling hay there sits a tall raw-boned frontiersman with a rifle by his side, and the cap of a reserve soldier on his head. About him on the hay cluster his wife and a great brood of flaxen-haired children. At this moment, more clearly than at any other time, I see the difference between Siberia and the other Western settlements on the East Coast. Here the Europeans do not come and go, hurried travellers through strange lands, or traders who work and toil and plan and scheme, and then some day sail away, never to return again. In the English and French, the Spanish and the Portuguese, and in the Dutch possessions, though in a less degree, the white men follow each other, flight after flight, like ducks who seek the low-lying paddy lands where the wild celery grows, and fly away when they have eaten their fill.

But here there are no transients; these settlers will never go back to Russia, but they will draw Russia to

them in closer union with every decade. These pioneers are great sturdy fellows, capable of bringing the rude land, which had been so long a waste, into subjection; from their loins will spring a race of men born to Eastern conditions, who will control and people this continent as far south as it is habitable for men of our race; and their women, too, are women fit for the duties, the responsibilities, and the emergencies of frontier life — great, deep-chested women, strong and quick of limb, wearing spurs, and using them, too, as they straddle their ponies manlike, and gallop down the unpaved streets to do a little “shopping,” with great masses of flaxen hair falling down over their shoulders; and when at home, what a number of babies there are clinging to their short skirts! . . .

My last hour on shore has come, and I am walking slowly down to the landing-stage. There are no windows, no glass, and no shutters as yet in the town, except in a few residences of officials, and so in the humble dwellings of log and plank and mud, which are springing up with mushroom rapidity, the intimate life of the home is open to those who walk the streets. The women are going about their household duties bright and fresh and hopeful, and wearing neat white aprons, and many-colored velvet petticoats, and with gay kerchiefs twisted around their heads and hair. I remember so vividly one of these homely scenes, that I shall endeavor to describe it, because I believe that it reveals the essence of the leaven with which Russia is working miracles in East Asia to-day. The house before me was very small,

belonging evidently to the very poorest among the settlers ; it was unfinished, as there were still many weeks before the season of the great cold. Under the image of the *ikon*, the protecting saint, which, smiling down upon the humble bed and board of the colonists, faces toward the door, as ever in a Russian home, so that whosoever enters may know that he has come among those who believe and who work and rest under the protection of his covenant, two little children sat upon logs upturned to serve as chairs, before a rough deal table, while their mother cut for them great slices of coarse rye bread. Their father, who had just returned from his work, was washing the dust from his face. Then he sat down to his pipe and *kvass*, and a smile of unalloyed happiness stole over his features as he looked about him. I tell you all these things, and especially the hay wagon, made me feel like getting home. . . .

In another hour we were under way. The sinister battleships and the great fortifications of the Mistress of the East faded from sight, as the *Sherman* ploughed her way toward the south, and soon the panorama of Russian power upon the Pacific had disappeared altogether. . . . It is strange that I should carry away with me from this out-of-the-way part of the globe not only light upon the future, but an understanding of our past. It was not until I saw those brawny Cossacks, those stalwart moujiks, with their implicit devotion to duty and their steadfast faith, starting out with a hymn of thanksgiving into the wilderness — it was not until I saw this thing that I had a realizing sense of some of the

earlier scenes of our own history. So different and yet how essentially like this picture from the coast of Siberia to-day must have been the scene when our pilgrim fathers flung their banners to the breeze and raised their psalm of thanksgiving upon the strand of the new world by the edge of the forests primeval. Even as the poor degenerate Gilyaki, with their tawdry feathers and greasy skins, looked on with dumb wonder as the Episcopus led his stalwart flock up the hills to the holy place behind the settlement of Vladivostok, so must the vanished Indian have stared and mutely wondered when Barlow landed on Roanoke island and claimed the new world for the Virgin Queen.

I had walked through the silent woods of Manteo and listened to all that the rustling leaves could say, and I had traced out the lines of those old earthworks there, which Time has laid so low, and I have stood upon the deserted island in the James, with its ruined chapel, and held my breath and strained my ear to hear, if but some faint echo of that cry of "Westward, Ho!" which was raised in Devon. And I have sat by the hour dazed by the sullen roar of the sea, as it surges back from the Pilgrim Rock upon the gray coast of New England, but I never could realize the pilgrim story, or present the scenes to my mind as they were enacted in these hallowed places of our history, until I watched again this same wave of conquest as it broke upon the eastern shores of the Pacific. Westward to the East truly the course of empire takes its way, and it seemed to me that in Siberia I was present at the

laying of the foundation stone, broad and deep, of the permanent dominion of our race and creed upon the shores of the new world which is the old.

... We have been coaling here in the harbor of Nagasaki for the last ten hours, and we are all as black as sweeps. What a capacity to consume coal these fast steamers have! When I think of it I am glad that I am not a taxpayer, or rather that I pay with my person, as the French say. We had, it seemed, coal on board and to spare for the voyage to Manila five hours ago at least, but the captain is a wary bird and not likely to be caught twice in the same trap. Lighter after lighter, loaded down with the soft, dusty coal of Japan, is brought out to us, and hundreds of pygmy men and women swarm up and down the side of the ship carrying the baskets of coal, until they are all as black as badgers.

You asked me to write you fully about Japan, but I find upon reaching here that my capacity for receiving impressions is exhausted. Jim is experiencing much the same thing, and as I write he is holding forth upon this subject and maintaining that the modern kodak is far better constructed than the human mind, and in a sense he is right; quite often of late I have wished to put in a new roll of film. Certain it is that there is not a man on board the *Sherman* who shows the slightest desire for further sight-seeing, and while the polite hotel runners have been coming on board all day to announce, after beating the deck respectfully with their foreheads, that "At twelve the great

wrestling match between the champions of Kaga and of Satsuma takes place," or "The beautiful wistaria are still in bloom by the Lake of Tatiyama," or "Danjiro, the world-famous actor, will appear this afternoon in a romantic drama of the Taiko Sama period," not a man jack of the regiment is to be induced to move an inch away from the shade of our awning. . . .

All I can tell you is that the place looks like the picture-books and the fans, and this was especially so when a shower came on and the women went skipping about over the mud puddles with their little wooden shoes underfoot, and their oiled parasols overhead, and the peasants came into the market-place wearing mackintoshes made, if you please, out of an infinite number of wisps of straw woven together. But in default of snap shots and instantaneous pictures I will give you — it is considerably easier as it all comes to us — a résumé of the best foreign opinion in regard to the probable course of Japan in the near future, for throughout the long afternoon that we lay off the port, the leading men of the foreign colony came out in sampans to visit us, and told us while sipping long drinks what they thought of the Empire of the Rising Sun and its marvellous people. Curiously enough the best opinion does not seem to suit the purpose of hasty scribblers and so rarely finds its way into print. One and all our informants agreed that the changes which have come over Japan are largely superficial, with the exception of the reorganization of the army and navy, which has been thorough, and it would be well to know

if it be true, as our informants maintained, that the Japanese have merely adopted our manslaughtering devices and, indeed, improved upon some of them, solely with the purpose of opposing the spread of Western civilization.

"In the main," said one of our visitors, "Japan stands to-day pretty much where she stood in the days of Jemmu Tenu, or, more correctly still, as she was when the Empress Jingo invaded Corea. Then, as now, she was not European, nor yet Asiatic, but purely Japanese, and the false face and veneer of our civilization which she assumes to-day is for the furtherance of purely Japanese policies."

"But," I exclaimed in my surprise, "I thought that our godchildren across the Pacific, by the grace of Commodore Perry, their sponsor, had become the Yankees of the East, and that they fairly worshipped that stanch American sailor who brought them into the comity of nations, when their rulers, hidebound in their own conceit, wished to keep them apart and far away from the world of progress."

"What you say about the cult of Commodore Perry is true in a sense," said a missionary who had walked through every province of Japan distributing Bibles; "it is true that at Koya and at Nara and perhaps at other shrines, they worship and almost deify Perry according to the Shinto rites, but it is not the Perry we know, to whom they bow down, and before whose image they spread rice cakes. They worship him simply because they think he came as a messenger from the sun-god-

dess to warn her children of the danger that threatened them owing to the advance of the Western nations in the art of war. They worship him because he gave them a chance to prepare for that war which in their opinion will undoubtedly follow the coming together of Eastern and Western civilizations upon the China seas."

"Twenty years ago," continued this missionary, "Marquis Ito, the most forceful and far-sighted of Japanese public men, went to China to warn the Chinese of the danger, and to urge upon the Pekin Government the necessity of preparing to fight the West with modern weapons. The marquis was received in Tientsin by Li Hung Chang, who showed some interest in what the envoy had to say and even made an effort to induce the authorities in Pekin to receive him, but without success. In those days the Manchu conquerors were too proud and haughty, too infatuated in their own conceit, to even listen to the counsels of the despised 'dwarfs,' and so the opportunity was lost, and to-day China is in danger of division, and the continental powers of Europe are in alliance against Japan. No one can tell what might not have happened had China followed Marquis Ito's advice, and started at that early day upon a policy of military and civil reform. I think it is just as well that they did not. Had they done so the 'yellow peril' would have become very real indeed, not only a menace to us out here in the East, but at home at our very doors." . . .

This is the eve of a great festival here which corresponds in a measure with All Soul's Day in Christian

countries. Within an hour we shall be steaming out of this beautiful Norwegian fiord, for such is the harbor of Nagasaki, though the shores are covered with tropical trees and flowering plants. I find myself almost wishing that we had a reasonable excuse to delay our departure still another day, and witness the celebration which opens with such promise of picturesque beauty, but we haven't. To-day there came by wire the first hurry call we have received from General Otis, and it would seem there is an advance movement on foot. Some time in June or in July in the Philippines there come a few bright dry days between the downpour and the deluge of the rainy season, which the Spaniards call the *veranillo*, or, "little summer," and the telegram leads us to expect that Lawton will avail himself of this weather to make an advance and capture several of the positions from which the enemy have of late been harassing our lines around Manila not a little, so we have time only for one last look around.

. . . Strange, ghostly fires are burning before every house as we steam by. The harbor is covered with twinkling lights that seem to swim in from the sea on the breast of the returning tide. Innumerable candles are lighted before the ancestral shrines and before the household altars, and in the homes of the rich and poor alike the *moschi* cakes of baked rice are spread upon the lacquer tables, at which no living man of flesh and blood may presume to sit, and the lord of the house, whether he be of daimio rank, a child of the sun-goddess, a samurai, or of the coolie class, stands with

lantern in hand, a suppliant before his wide-open door, and says, as the wind rustles by through the leaves, "May it please you, noble spirits of our glorious past, to enter your homes and partake of the rice that is spread for you upon the unworthy tables — may it please you to breathe in the poor fragrance which we burn before the ancestral tablets which are only bright and beautiful because they bear in gold letters the imprint of your soul names. Deign to enter and tarry awhile; you will find the words which ye spake still held in honor among us, and that we still follow 'the way of the gods.'"

MANILA, P. I., June 5, 1899.

MY DEAR GILL :—

Well, here we are at last; and very glad I am, I can assure you, to write Manila at the head of this letter. We have been so long at sea that a rumor, which I think your friend Sherman started among the men last week to the effect that the Government had decided to convert the old Twenty-first into what the French call "Infantry of the Marine," was generally accepted as a solemn and a very sad truth.

It was late on the afternoon of the 3d that the light-house on Correggidor Island rose out of the sea to greet us. Making quite a sweep to the left, the *Sherman* entered the Boca Chica, or narrow mouth of Manila Bay. On our left the coast chain of mountains rose to a great height. On our right lay Correggidor and the swift, dangerous currents and the very tame torpedoes

upon which, in the first instance, the Spaniards relied to stop Dewey's ships. Glistening like a diamond in the light of the setting sun, we caught our first glimpse of Manila far away across the bay. . . .

I cannot tell you how strange it is to see the old familiar faces under these new conditions and in such outlandish surroundings. Please try and realize how you would feel if you met, as I did this very morning, Mrs. Major K—— ambling along through the dark and gloomy streets of the inner city, with her latest olive branch coming on behind in the arms of a Sino-Tagal *ama*, or nurse, or should you see Colonel S—— of the Quartermaster's Department, he of the gouty feet, being carried around in a chair by Chinese coolies on the lookout for a missing mule.

The first day it was hard to do anything but shake hands, though there was and is much else for these same hands and many more of them to do. The moment we get all our stuff on shore we go to the front to take the place of one of those worn-out volunteer regiments that have rendered such splendid service. I cannot begin to tell you the news I have heard of those who are here and of those who are missing; I must postpone that for another time, perhaps when I am sitting out at the front under a palm tree with the Tagals popping away at me from the surrounding heights, but for the present I shall confine myself to impressions, and these, of course, must be of a superficial and hasty character. I suppose nothing would open the eyes of those wise owls who maintain, in spite of the evidence of our his-

tory, that we are not a colonizing race, and that we haven't either the machinery or the genius to administer the affairs of either savage or semi-barbarous races, which, as they admit, our English kinsmen possess in such a remarkable degree; but if anything could open their eyes it would be the scenes of which Manila is the theatre to-day. Here, practically the whole American army has been transported ten thousand miles from its base into a country of which not one in every hundred of our men had even heard six months ago, and yet to see them you might imagine that they had come out a little way on a new road off the Santa Fé trail to build another army post and protect the white settlers; and, now that I think of it, that is about what they have come here to do.

You will have read many flowery descriptions of the beauties of Manila, and there are beautiful things about it, but that portion of the place which has particularly charmed me has been passed over almost unnoticed. It is the old fortified city, Manila *intra muros*, which Legazpi the Mexican founded at the time when Santa Fé, and perhaps St. Augustine, were the great cities of the American continent. In the architecture of this gloomy, mediæval vault, where the sun never penetrates, the whole secret of the fall and utter overthrow of Spanish empire is laid bare. The walls of the houses, as well as the ruined fortifications, were built of a thickness anywhere from four to ten feet, and, of course, the first earthquake shock that came along shattered or threw them down; but the

Spaniards built them up again on the same old plan as they always have builded, and that is against the universal laws of natural development of the forces of nature, whether in man or in matter. Of the natives you see on the street the less said the better. The Chinaman is the only man that can be depended upon to do a day's work; for the rest, the natives who remain with us are greasy, slouchy peons who will have to be replaced by men of a sturdier fibre before we convert this city into a second San Francisco or an American Hong Kong on this side of the Pacific.

The day of the old let-things-slide policy is, I hope, over, so that when you come out to Manila, if you ever do, you will not have to blush, as I have had to do so often, at some careless word showing plainly what these United States have stood for during the last generation in the eyes of the white residents of the East Coast. To them we have seemed simply a race of selfish money getters "choked with cotton dust and cankered with gold," as Wendell Phillips said of Massachusetts; and from what I have seen I must admit the justice of their criticism. Out here in the East we have insisted upon sharing every profit; every market that was opened must be opened to our people and to our flag; but when it came to contributing men or money to explore these new channels of commerce, or to police the seas and maintain law and order in the Eastern markets, we have invariably refused our quota and shirked our share of the responsibility. Of course this is all changed now and it seems

to be recognized that we have put off once for all our swaddling-clothes and become more nearly citizens of the world. They see now that we are inspired with a high resolve to do our whole duty to mankind in Asia as well as in America, and to meet promptly all the obligations which our preëminent position imposes.

You cannot fail to notice how changed my views upon the Eastern situation are and what a very different man I am from the one who sailed out of New York harbor only three months ago very much against his will. Perhaps some day I shall be able to tell you how it happened. Perhaps if you glance over again the pages of my diary, which I have forwarded you in lieu of letters, you will see and understand it all better than I possibly could tell you.

Now a word or two about the campaign and the situation with which we are confronted. After all, the electric wire and the newspapers do not annihilate space, especially when there is a press censor at work, after the Spanish custom. People at home in or out of the administration have not the most remote idea of what the campaign has been, though I believe the Government is now coming to a realizing sense of the situation. Now and again you have read, as I have, of some dashing move of Lawton or McArthur to clear the country in front of us, and to add some new strategic position to our defences, but that is all. Very few indeed can possibly have a full understanding and appreciation of the services of the men who have held our lines night and day, practically under fire for five months.

They have more than held their own, but the cost has been simply terrific, and the volunteer organizations which came out here, anywhere from eight to twelve hundred men strong, are going home with less than three hundred effectives to the regiment.

The one thing I have learned since I came out here that has given me the most pleasure is the fact that everything was done by Admiral Dewey as well as the army men on shore to conciliate the Tagals from the beginning, and that the responsibility for the outbreak of hostilities rests with them and with them alone. A great deal too long for our prestige, in the eyes of an ignorant Eastern people, the negotiations looking to a peaceful adjustment of differences were carried on. Months before the first gun was fired, the Tagals had begun to ascribe our forbearance to cowardice and fear—they are learning their mistake now, a mistake which has cost them dearly and will cost them many more thousands of lives. In regard to the military operations that have taken place since February, when the first shot was fired, I shall not speak at any great length. The campaign does not seem to have been as effective as it might have been, but there is no use crying over spilled milk. Many of the forward movements to get in touch with the enemy and give them a taste of our quality were daringly conceived and most brilliantly carried out, but there has always been a hitch somewhere, a failure to make connections at the vital moment, and in the end very little has been accomplished. Of course there is no lack of excuses and

explanations to offer and some of them stand scrutiny. When the fighting began there were only thirteen thousand men around Manila and a large portion of them were volunteers whose time of service had expired. With the first reënforcements that were hurried out came the rains which put an end to active operations on a large scale. Still, with due allowance for all this, much could have been done that has been left undone and the army is unanimous in asking for a new leader. General Otis had the reputation of being a careful, painstaking officer, but he has not proved equal to an important command, as have several other general officers out here who are now serving under him. It is conceded that he would make an excellent commanding officer of a small army post, that he could run Fort Sam Houston and the four companies stationed there right up to the handle and there wouldn't be a saddle or a bridle missing from one year's end to the other, but those who have had the best opportunities to judge, those who have come in close personal contact with him, while they are impressed by his personal worth, his industry and integrity, all agree that he is incapable of commanding an army because he cannot carry more than a thousand men in his head at a time—if that. . . .

Now I come to Aguinaldo and the insurgents. It is well to bear in mind that the Tagals did not take to the fields in a revolt against our authority. They took up arms against the Spaniards, and they were in open rebellion when we came into possession of the island by the Treaty of Paris. As we took over the rebellion along

with the other fixtures, it is not unnatural that they should invest us with those ruthless qualities which they ascribe, and justly ascribe, to their traditional enemies and our predecessors, the Spaniards. Justly, I say, because even I, who saw a great deal of their fiendish work in Cuba, had no idea of what atrocities the Spaniards were capable of committing out here, where still more than in Cuba, they escaped the observation of the civilized world. Happily this chapter in the history of the Philippines is closed, and there is no reason to dwell upon it now except to admit, in justice to the insurgents, that it is natural for them to fight to the bitter end against a people who they are informed, and who they certainly believe, will prove as merciless in victory as were the Spaniards.

I was most curious to learn all I could in regard to the personality of Aguinaldo, who is at least the titular leader of the rebellion. I have talked with the officers who were brought into daily contact with him during the series of conferences which preceded the outbreak of open hostilities and I find them not unanimous; but the best opinion among them is, that the little Malay dictator is neither a blackleg nor an adventurer, but simply a natural product of the mixed blood of these islanders when stirred to hasty action by restricted and misleading knowledge of the outside world. The story which has been widely circulated in the United States touching the large bribe which he and his associates of the revolutionary junta took from the Spaniards, is quite true. The explanation of this step, how-

ever, has never to my knowledge been printed, though out here it is accepted as a satisfactory one. The rebellion, it appears, was on its very last legs, and the members of the junta sold out to General Rivera to save their lives, which they thought were valuable to their country, and to secure a war fund for another rising at the first opportune moment. This action was indorsed by all of Aguinaldo's associates, and there is every reason to believe that this fund was kept intact, and that it provided the sinews of war for that rebellion which broke out the moment our war with Spain began.

Of course the young dictator, with his half-baked mind and limited horizon, was greatly disappointed when, at the conclusion of the war, we did not turn the islands and the islanders over to him. He could not be made to understand how impossible it was for us to do this; and the very extensive offers of autonomy and home rule which were made him in a spirit of conciliation were rejected with contempt. Then I think it was that Colonel Crowder, one of our peace commissioners, put the situation pretty plainly, but not a bit too strongly, by pointing out that in assuming the rights of sovereignty over the islands we had accepted duties and responsibilities not only toward the Tagals and the other tribes of the islands, but toward the whole civilized world, and particularly toward those powers whose citizens had commercial and property interests in the Philippines. It was remarked to the young dictator that the Tagals were an infinitely small minority of the population less than

one-sixth, I believe it is — and that it would be perfectly preposterous to turn the reins of government over to him — Aguinaldo — when, in the eyes of the world, we would be held morally and perhaps at law responsible for what ensued.

“But we were in rebellion — in open rebellion,” said Aguinaldo.

And then came the answer. “And so were many of the other islanders in rebellion. And if it comes to the question of turning the islands over to the most successful insurgents, why, naturally the people of Mindinao should be put in control, because, for two hundred years without intermission, they have been fighting the Spaniards, and with such success that, during all this time, the invaders of their great unknown island have never ventured more than five miles off the beach.” Our commissioners, then, perhaps for the first time, were authorized to make known our programme, which is to treat the Tagals, the Negritos, the Moros, the Bisayans, and the Ilocanos, and the hundred other tribes that inhabit the Philippine Islands, exactly alike. They were informed that we proposed to put them all on the same footing and to establish and maintain law and order in that part of the world which we had taken in trust for civilization; and in conclusion, the only bribe we had to offer was, that whichever tribe should show the greatest aptitude in self-government and in the ways of peace would first be given the largest share of autonomy.

The result was war. The little power which Aguinaldo and his associates had enjoyed during the days

of the rebellion had become very dear to them. They saw that the era of wearing fine feathers was over and that of hard work had come. They saw that there was still a fighting chance of successfully opposing us because, as they were well aware, public opinion in America was divided upon the question of accepting the responsibility which the result of the Spanish War had imposed upon us, and that the present leaders of one great party at least were not ashamed to proclaim from its platform a policy of "scuttle." So the junta decided for war; those who follow — the poor devils who stop the bullets — are still fighting because they think that we are Spaniards or of the same stripe as the Spaniards, and they would rather take their chances fighting in the open than be murdered in their homes, or shot down on the Luneta to make a Spanish holiday, like so many of their fellows after the last rebellion, although they had surrendered with the promise of a general amnesty. One can have a great deal of sympathy with these poor devils, and at the same time recognize that they are not "embattled farmers," and that the only thing to save the situation, both for them and for us, is to give them a good, sound thrashing, and put them to work. There is one thing which I was glad to learn, and that is that, when once defeated, the Tagals will have to stand their ground and take the consequences. The best opinion is that they will not retire to the hills as we have from the first apprehended, because the hillsmen are more hostile to them than we are, and also because it is said that the lungs of these inhabitants of the swamp

and paddy-field are so constituted that they cannot live in high altitudes, so perhaps we will not suffer from dacoity, as the British did for so many years in Burmah. To sum up, all out here agree that "peace talking" and conferences are quite useless, and only serve to strengthen the enemy and draw recruits to his standard, and that the only solution of the situation is to be found in the complete smash-up of Aguinaldo's army at the very earliest possible moment. We have, or soon will have, the men out here to do it; but the leader to direct the movement is still wanting.

AT THE FRONT — NEAR LAS PINAS,

June 8, 1899.

. . . We came out here last evening, marching late into the night. To our surprise not a shot was fired. What is up we don't quite know, but it is evident that Lawton is preparing to make a sudden attack with that swiftness of movement and sureness of aim which are the characteristics of all his tactics. I cannot tell you how picturesque are the surroundings of our camp. Travellers who know maintain that there is no tropical country in the world more beautiful than Luzon. Some praise it more highly even than Java and Ceylon. I know nothing about this, but I do know that our line of march is leading us through a surpassingly beautiful country. We carry with us always the coast range of mountains, which every now and then rise into a volcanic cone or peak of great height. It is interesting to know that according to the seismographs the island is

always quivering and vibrating with the effects of some earthquake commotion, but as we have not had a shock as yet that we could feel, these conditions do not alarm us. At this season of the year the whole country is more than well watered ; on the march out we crossed at least a dozen streams as clear as crystal, and the water was very good to drink, though it was not as cold as ice. Incidentally, though it has nothing to do with the scenery, I must tell you that the canvas shoes which I invented for the Santiago campaign are a great success out here, and are, I believe, the proper footgear for campaigning in the tropics. They are light and comfortable, and dry out in five minutes. My experience has been that there is no such thing as a watertight leather boot unless they weigh about five pounds apiece, and once wet in this climate they never dry out. But now about the tropical scenery and vegetation I promised to describe. Much will be forgiven the soldier, I hope, writing from the front with a cracker box as a desk and a tomato can as a chair, for, as you know, when you march with Lawton you must travel light. In the scene before me there are two zones strikingly distinct : in the highlands there is seen the sober beauty of a temperate climate, in the lowlands the rank luxuriance of the tropics. All around us the pines are fringed with feathery bamboo, while up above, with what look to be bunches of fir trees, glorious palms are interspersed, the like of which we never saw in Cuba. Half concealed by the hedges of cocoanut-palm the little villages of nipa shacks nestle together between the

green rice-fields and the sugar plantations, while the gardens are filled with blossoms and fruits of many brilliant colors. Now the villages are deserted, most of the shacks burnt down, and the plantations are overgrown with trailers of every kind; still it is possible to see the beauty of what must have been in the peaceful days.

You know it is the little things that count in this world. As we all learned in McGuffey's Fifth Reader, it was the falling of the apple in the orchard that revealed to Newton the law of gravitation. And so it was that even after the whole east coast of Asia had passed before my eyes as in a panorama, I did not fully grasp the part which we Americans are called upon to play in the working out of the Divine Plan in regard to this neglected part of the world. It only came to me the morning after our arrival, when I saw the transports *Sheridan* and *Grant* steaming into Manila Bay twenty-five days out from San Francisco. They had not sailed, as we of the *Sherman* sailed, all around the world to reach our Eastern dependency, which has become our Western frontier. They had not paid to pass the European toll-gates, as we had done, and as our commerce has been doing for the last hundred years, quite as though the Pacific were an unknown and uncharted sea. They did not come by the route which the Europeans have surveyed, but by our own trail from the Pacific coast ports to Hawaii, to Guam; and every port of call is American soil until you come to Manila, where we stand to-day at the gateway and the cross-roads of the Eastern world. As I saw

them come in, and heard the rousing cheer with which the men on these transports hailed the flag, it was as though scales had suddenly fallen from before my eyes, and for the first time I understood that we were not embarked upon a venture, that we had not struck into the "wild way" that Sir Launcelot travelled, but that we are still upon the old trail — the world-winning trail of our race westward to the East, which the men of Devon started upon when they left the "swan's nest in a quiet pool," and ventured out into the trackless seas of the Atlantic.

When Dewey exclaimed a few days after his victory over the Spaniards, "I hope I shall never see the flag withdrawn from these islands," it was the unerring instinct of our race that spoke, and he was but listening to the voice of command which sent Spotswood over the first barrier of the Blue Ridge, Boone to blaze the track of civilization through "the dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky, MacKenzie to scale the Rockies, and Fremont to find a way across the pathless prairies, and Lewis and Clarke upon their daring journey which led us to "where rolls the Oregon." As Eppes said, "How the Old Dominion has grown since the days when the adventurous Virginians quenched their thirst in the waters of the Shenandoah!" What mountains have we not climbed; what rivers have we not crossed, until now we stand upon the threshold of the new world which is the old, and the curtain is rising upon a new chapter and a new scene in the story of our race. What the divine plan is we do not know; for what purpose we

have been raised up and made so strong we can only surmise, but can we not say as the heathen Omar did and with the same confidence, "He knows, He knows." . . .

Taylor, Lawton's striker, has been polishing the old man's helmet with pipe-clay until it shines like the head-light of an engine. The dough-boys regard this as an infallible sign, and say there is going to be a scrap; and, indeed, I have only time to close with best wishes and "good luck," for the halt is over, and the cry comes down the column, "Fall in, forward!" . . .

THE POSTSCRIPT

AT an early hour on the morning of Tuesday, August 8, 1899, a hurricane of violence, unprecedented even in the West Indies, swept over the island of Puerto Rico. For fully twelve hours there was not the slightest abatement in the force of the great winds. Walls were thrown down, houses unroofed, and ships riding on the crests of the waves broke their moorings and were carried far up the shore hundreds of yards beyond the water-line. While the experience was not an entirely novel one, for like all West Indians, they had experienced hurricanes before, the whole population was panic-stricken. Being without the habit of self-control and discipline, and lacking entirely the spirit of organization and concerted action, the people of Puerto Rico proved incapable of meeting the great emergency. Each man sought to save himself and his family, and the burden of caring for the city and the general welfare

devolved upon the officers and the men of the small garrison of United States troops that is still retained in the Capital. Thanks to the untiring efforts of the military governor and his staff, who worked without resting, day and night, order and systematized relief gradually grew out of the anarchy and chaos which at first prevailed. The wounded were cared for, the starving fed, and those without homes were lodged in the army barracks or sheltered under army tents as fast as they came in.

In the first lull of the storm, and when the pressing needs of the inhabitants of the city of San Juan had been relieved, the governor, Major-General Davis, began to collect all the available information and data as to the devastation and havoc that the hurricane had wrought, so that he might the more intelligently prepare for the work of relief that now devolved upon him. By the evening of the 10th it was ascertained that in San Juan alone about fifty bodies had been found, that the wounded were not to be numbered, and that at least ten thousand people were without shelter of any kind. Serious as had been the damage done in the city, sinister rumors began to come in from the surrounding country to the effect that in the south and along the coast, the devastation had been much greater, the loss of life larger, and that indeed, as afterward proved to be the case, the Capital had only been touched by the edge of the storm.

For many hours, however, these rumors did not assume a substantial form; still it could not but be

regarded as a sign of evil omen that not a word came in either by courier or by wire announcing how it had fared with the people of the other ports and adjacent *pueblos*. For all the governor and his staff could tell to the contrary, the rumor, which found ready belief among many of the Puerto Ricans that the provinces of the island outside of San Juan had been entirely submerged by an earthquake-wave, might well be true. On the evening of the 10th, when, as I say, the more pressing needs of the people in the Capital had been attended to, and the great wind had moderated its violence in some degree, the military governor took possession of such vessels as were yet afloat and capable of making steam, and hastily loading them with all the provisions and tentage available, sent them out along the coast to relieve the distress in the port towns. At the same time patrols of cavalry were sent into the interior to carry what assistance they could to the inhabitants of the inland villages.

While the inhabitants of the city were only thinking of their own selfish interests and struggling with their neighbors for the safe places where they thought they might hope to escape the rising waters of the sea, and the fires that had broken out in many of the wrecked dwellings, such among them as did not close their eyes, as they mumbled their *Aves*, saw an extraordinary spectacle which had never before been given the inhabitants of Puerto Rico to witness, for the military governor, instead of following the precedent set by his Spanish predecessors on similar occasions, of remaining in the hurricane

proof palace, came out and fought the rising floods with dikes and embankments, as though he had been born a Dutchman and was accustomed to dispute every inch of territory with the encroaching sea. It was not long before this example of courage and resourceful energy bore fruit. Soon the panic-stricken people, inspired by the example of the governor and his officers, began to pick up courage, and the fires were soon well in hand, and the rising floods apparently under control.

Seeing that this happy result had been attained, the governor returned to his office to draw up plans to meet the suffering and the misery which, as even the meagre reports that were now coming in showed only too plainly, were widespread throughout the island.

By means of the cable, which, fortunately secure in the depths of the sea, had not been broken, or even disturbed, by the battle of the elements, he made the following report:—

THE HON. SECRETARY OF WAR, Washington:—

At a conservative estimate, 100,000 Puerto Ricans have lost their homes and all they possess. The crops throughout the island, and particularly in the interior and upon the south coast, have been entirely destroyed. I ask that 3,000,000 pounds of rice and beans be immediately shipped. At the present moment, it is impossible to say how many people have lost their lives. The most conservative estimate, however, that has reached me is 3500 dead. The loss of life in, and around, Ponce is 1100. The resources at my disposal are not sufficient to adequately meet the situation, and I ask for such assistance

as you may think the situation requires, and the department may be able to give, under the circumstances.

This despatch had hardly been sent, when an answer came, showing that an alert man, quick to act, was in control at the other end of the wire. . . . It read:—

You are authorized to make such use of the military stores in your department as, in your judgment, may be required by the gravity of the situation. Congress is not in session, or else I am sure that the sympathy which is felt throughout the country for the people of Puerto Rico, in this hour of trial and affliction, would assume an immediate, and a practical shape. In the meantime, I have called upon the public for contributions to relieve the distress in your department, and the President has headed the subscription with a generous donation. Contributions are coming in from all over the United States. Under these circumstances, I authorize you to draw upon this department for any amount which you may deem necessary, to mitigate the sufferings of the starving and those who are without homes. The United States transport *Macpherson* leaves New York at noon to-day, with provisions and medical stores, and twelve additional surgeons. I am holding two steamers in readiness to sail as soon as I hear from you the nature of the assistance, most urgently required.

Your obedient servant,

ELIHU ROOT, *Secretary of War.*

Upon the receipt of this despatch the governor read it aloud to his staff, as a fitting reward for the fifty hours of unremitting labor which they had given in carrying out his orders, and they burst out into cheers for Root,

the right man in the right place. The members of the governor's staff now returned to their task of tabulating the information as to the conditions existing in the more distant districts of the island as it came dribbling in.

"Ponce almost entirely destroyed," read one report. "Three of our men killed, and more than a thousand natives. Of the village of Carolina, near here, not a vestige can be seen — as yet not a single inhabitant of the pueblo has reported. The natives declare that the whole place has been blown into the sea."

"Captain Eben Swift reports to General Davis from the port of Humacoa that the town is a complete wreck, and most of the ruins are on fire. Eight men of Troop C, Fifth Cavalry, have been fatally injured while fighting the flames, or in attempting to rescue the drowning from the floods. Eighteen hundred people are starving here, and we have distributed all available provisions. Commander Snow reports that Ensign Gherardi by his gallantry and coolness saved a hundred lives in the harbor of Mayaguez. Thirteen reported dead at Juanco, five at Las Pedras."

As fast as these returns came in Lieutenant Gill tabulated them, and sent the originals on to the governor, and to Washington. For some weeks, in fact since the day on which he had read the laconic obituary of Captain Herndon, Company D, Twenty-First United States Infantry, killed in action near the Zapote River, he had worn a band of crape about his arm. Only the evening before, by the mail steamer that had made the harbor of San Juan in the teeth of the gale, a letter

had reached him, which still lay upon his desk unopened because he had not the time to read, and he knew only too well the nature of its contents. At this moment Leverett, of the Cavalry, came in to get his final orders. He was to go over to the mainland with a squad of men, to try and locate the missing village of San Juan de Dios, and he dropped in to consult Gill as to whether he advised him to start on horseback or in flatboats. While the discussion as to the condition of the roads was in progress Manuel, the most noiseless of servants, a Carib in face, a Frenchman in manner, in blood a hodge-podge of all the races that have passed over the West Indian islands during the last five hundred years, slipped into the room, bringing a steaming bowl of *pollo con arroz*, or, chicken with rice, and trimmings of peppers and cucumbers.

"I hope you won't mind Manuel turning your office into an eating-house, but the fact is, I told him to do it. I haven't had a bite since the blow began, and I don't think I could stand it another twelve hours." Then he added, with a laugh, "Man is such a prisoner of habit; and that of eating is the hardest to break one's self of, though in the Santiago campaign I tried to do it with kola nuts, and with some success."

Gill told him to go ahead, and, to make room for the dish, he lifted the unopened letter from the desk, and placed it in the rack.

"A soldier's letter," said Leverett, as his eyes caught sight of the weather-stained envelope, "and stitched with black thread, too. I am sorry you are getting bad news."

"Yes," answered Gill, "it is about Herndon, from a private in his company named Sherman, a queer dick, if there ever was one, but true as steel."

"Poor Herndon," said Leverett, "perhaps you don't know that we were after Geronimo for nine months together. If you don't read your letter I shall feel I am interrupting you."

Gill cut the thread, for our soldiers have quickly found out that mucilage evaporates and sealing-wax melts or soon cracks in the tropics, and began to read aloud from the discolored pages, while Leverett ate like a man in a railway station and Manuel looked on in open mouthed admiration of men who can take an interest in private correspondence and eat with undiminished appetite though the sea is rising, the earth shakes, and all the witch women and voodoo prophets in the land say that the end of the world is coming.

IMUS-CAVITE PROVINCE, P. I., June 15, 1899.

DEAR LIEUTENANT:—

I am a poor hand with a pen, and so I write with a pencil. I take the liberty of telling you, who shouldn't, that I am the man who rustled you a blanket that night after San Juan, when you was doing so poorly, because what I've got to tell you won't perhaps hurt so hard if you know it comes from a friend and a fellow that thought a sight of him, too. We got on the move, marching along the river on the 9th, and on the evening of the 10th we camped at a place called McCarty. We wanted to push the brownies

over the Zapote and bag Imus, which has been "Aggie's" principal powwow place for a long time. We done it, too, but this company ain't celebrating much, because it lost, in the scrap, the best friend it ever had.

Early on the morning of the 11th, General Lawton went out with companies C and F, just to get in touch with the beggars, and the *Helena*, and some of them boats that "Uncle George" Dewey took from the Spaniards, began to drop shells into the jungle and soon there was a pretty smart cracking of rifles all along the line. In half an hour Lawton came back to Las Pinas tickled to death, and said he had found them, a lot of them, close on to 5000, and he wanted us to come and round them up, for he claimed that these brownies belonged to him and he didn't want one of them to get across the river. We pushed ahead flanked by a battalion of the Ninth, three companies of the Fourteenth and two of the Twelfth. The brownies held their ground better than they had ever done before. It seemed like they thought a lot of their position, but we closed in around them, and set fire to the bridge in their rear, and then came back to roll up the main body, who were lying in a rice dike covered with cinaguela bushes. We had some trouble in digging them out, and when we got them we had to put 'em back in the ditch again, for they was all dead. Some brownies were still firing at us from across the river with the old smooth-bore guns they stole from the Cavite arsenal last summer, but they was doing us no harm and everything was over but the shouting and the gathering them in. White

flags were cropping out on the top of all the bushes, and word was passed back to our mountain gun battery, "swamp angels" is what we call them now, to shut up. Our prisoners were coming out of the brush and we were waiting on the near side of the trench to go in and disarm the rest, when a little brownie with his leg broken and half his face shot away came splashing along the rice-ditch like a water-dog. When he saw us he dropped his gun and threw up his hands and yelled, "Amigo! mucho amigo!" which means, I am your friend. "Aguinaldo malo, mucho malo"—and Aguinaldo is a bad lot. So we felt that we had not only boosted them across the Zapote and taken a sight of prisoners, but beaten some sense into their heads in the bargain, which was a good deal when you consider we only had ten dead and forty wounded to take care of.

That boy was a sight to look at; the blood was coming from him like out of a spigot, and the captain called Waters (Waters, as perhaps you have heard tell, was his striker in Cuby, a good man but not much of a rustler) and they started to carry the little boy to a nipa shack which we had passed a couple of hundred yards back, and from there Waters was to go to the rear and drum up the hospital men. Before they started back the captain wrapped his own first aid bandage around the little worm, who was no bigger than a tin cup, and the boy kissed his hand respectful-like, like a dog (they are that way when they are licked), and said again, "Amigo! mucho amigo!" They hadn't gone back more than two minutes when I begun

to get uneasy, I didn't see any red flag flying over that nipa shack, and down by the river the firing was springing up, which showed that the brownies had caught on to how few we was, for all our noise, and were making a sneak to get across the river under cover of their white flags, so I took a couple of men with me and pushed back to the shack; and the little amigo was gone, though there was a trail of his blood in the bush if we had wanted to follow him, which we did not. There on the floor of the shack lay the captain, and Waters lay across him like as if he had been fighting to protect his body to the last. Some of the brownies had come sneaking by in the bush and carved them up with their cane knives and bolos and they had left the katapunan mark on them to let us know who done the dirty work. . . .

You wouldn't know the old regiment, so help me, you wouldn't—though we would like to have you drop in and look the outfit over, just as you used to do when we were setting Cuby free. The veterans have dropped out for many reasons, but mostly because they couldn't hang on any longer, and the recruits that we've got would make your heart ache, just the sight of them! The worst part of the show is they don't seem to have an idea what blooming scarecrows they be, they haven't learnt how to walk yet no more than a baby two hours old, they can't cook with or without a buzzycot, and they can't swing a cartridge belt so that it will carry, and they carry their rifles about as though they was umbrellies. For all that they are sandy boys with plenty of the right stuff in them, and they will have learnt a thing or two

I guess before they come marching home to Plattsburg Barracks.

I am a poor hand with a pen, as I told you, and I had almost forgot to say that I sent yesterday to the adjutant-general's office our captain's sword and the buttons off his tunic for the next of kin, as the regulations require, and there was also a golden horseshoe, which he had taken to wearing, pinned to the scarf around his sombrero since we landed out here. When we found him dead in the shack the horseshoe had been turned down by the briars as he pushed through the jungle, and that is how we think all his luck ran out by the heel corks. We all know Company D will never have a better captain. He never said "go," to the boys and then went back to Brigade Headquarters to shoot off his mouth in a council of war. No, he says "come on," and leads the way, and that's why we always come. . . .

"Poor Herndon," said Leverett, as he rose from the table, wrapping his cavalry cloak and poncho about him, "I would hate to be done up like that. A year ago, when it seemed that the world belonged to the money grubbers, it would not have mattered much, but to-day, with such a lot of good work to be done, I should hate to die."

"Perhaps," answered Gill, quietly, "perhaps it was thought that he had done his part."

THE END

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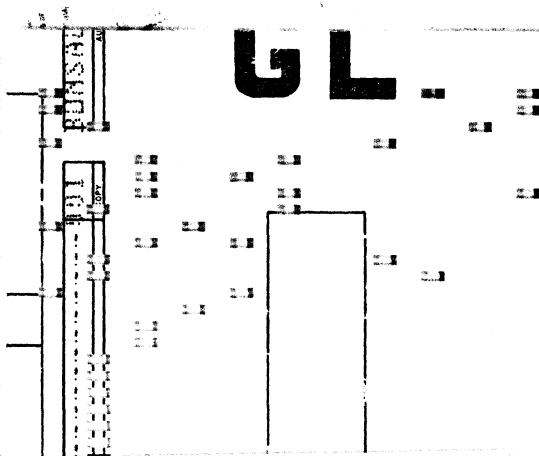
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